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ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

ISSUE 23

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

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DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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DRUMMER EXPANDS TO BRING YOU THE SAME FILTH, BUT NOW DIS-
GUISED WITH SOCIALLY REDEEMING SCHOLARLY SIGNIFICANCE



Alright. So where's DRUMMER get the leather balls to assume, yeah, assume to track, report, and chronicle what's happening in the masculine world of gay men? How legit can a rag get without losing its j/o quality? Pretty g.d. legit and pretty hardassd. No other mag sticks it into the gay subculture the way DRUMMER sticks it for you. No other gay mag touches the same raw nerve of what goes on in a wide cross-section of gay heads after midnight, after the lights go down

low. DRUMMER dares to reassure you that even with the extremes that you fantasize about in your most secret heart of hards: you are not alone.

GAY POP CULTURE

DRUMMER is no plastic fantasy. Every issue increasingly reflects what our readers want, as they send us more of what and where they're coming from: photos they snap, stories and articles they write, artwork they draw. DRUM-

MER exists by popular demand. Readers need their DRUMMER fix. We can't come out fast enough. If DRUMMER didn't exist, we'd have to be invented. DRUMMER's lucky enough to be a distinct medium for a genuine level of popular consciousness in the gay community. DRUMMER assures guys it's okay not to be locked into a 21-year-old all-American boy image, because our readers (you) are not boys. You're adult men.

EVEN BLUEBOYS GET THE COWS

You prefer hard sex the way you prefer men. You're not afraid of your rich fantasy life. You're not afraid of actualizing your fantasies. You've begun to notice that some gay periodicals are little more than soft-focus clones from erotic-photo mailorder catalogs. DRUMMER has always had a different, harder beat. DRUMMER isn't *Vogue* in butch drag. DRUMMER is increasingly a voice of a now less-closeted part of gay society. DRUMMER is a forum for men who enjoy authentic Sensuality and Mutuality.

We want to touch the way you really are after dark. When you've gone beyond the pretty-baby stage, you want articles, interviews, and fiction that stroke your head. We're not the last word on gay pop culture; but we're the first, and we're working to be the best. We dare to publish attitudes others repress. First, because you want our point of view which we picked up from you. Second, because certain subjects need to be printed to give full dimension to the genuinely alternate ways of being an adult, masculine, gay man in this country at this time.

DRUMMER IS AGGRESSIVE

Just you mention DRUMMER in a roomful of guys. You'll get a heavy feedback of attitude. They either love us or hate us. They either understand us (meaning themselves) or they refuse to understand us (again, meaning themselves). Some of them have every issue from Number One. Some of them wouldn't let DRUMMER sully their art-deco coffee tables. But lots of them interestingly enough, are closet-DRUMMER-boys: they keep their secret copy of our latest issue hidden handily under the bed next to the grease, the poppers, and the clothespins.

YOU ARE OUR VOICE

DRUMMER is a duo-purpose magazine. As we slowly evolve, we want to get your head off as much as we've always gotten your, uh, other head off. In short, DRUMMER has the balls to assume to report, rehash, and reshuffle at a certain expressive level of gay pop culture, because you keep buying and demanding this certain stuff issue after issue. You keep telling us what you want to see and read. We go beyond "models" — hot as they are. We prefer to reflect more authentic, real-life men. You ask for the same in our articles and fiction. It's you after all, who puts the *popular* in pop culture. Your very special, adult, masculine voice gives DRUMMER its very definite responsibility, purpose, and direction. ▲

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

S/M RELATIONSHIPS

In Rechy's book, *The Sexual Outlaw*, many of his criticisms of the S&M scene are well taken. However Rechy's world of the "sexual outlaw" is a far more dangerous place than the real world of S&M. S&M can denote 2 things: Sadist-masochist, Sm or Slave-Master, sM. As for Sm, the terms are strictly speaking heterosexual and I prefer to leave them to the straight world. A sM relationship can and often is a beautiful thing. I myself have the good fortune to be owned by a Master I adore. I doubt if here in the USA now, there are many lasting sM relationships, in which the Master merely exploits his slave. True the Master benefits from having a slave, but he has a responsibility to the slave. Most gays who become slaves really need Masters. In my own case, my servitude is a fact of life and why or how I became a slave is unimportant. There is nothing wrong with a Master using his slave sexually, or making the slave work for him. Even what is referred to as W/S does not harm the slave and most slaves are happy to be so used. A Master of course has the right to inflict punishments, such as spanking, restraint, incarceration, or tit clamps if the slave has been disobedient, insubordinant, or unfaithful.

It is true that some gays regard Masters as avenging angels to punish them for sinning in the supposed view of religion or society. Such an attitude is very damaging to the gay. In the light of my own experience, such slaves or would-be slaves are the exception and not the rule. Most slaves that I've known are proud to be gay and serve their Masters out of love. I certainly am and do.

A Happy Slave
Tampa, FL

BONDAGE FAN

Enjoy your publication — why not do a special bondage issue? B&D is a definite part of the leather scene and methods of binding and gagging an M or photos of a tightly bound (and gagged) model would be a real turn on; does Roger (Issue 21) do bondage?

A Fan

(We doubt it . . . but Target Studios is rumored to be on the brink of releasing a very hot, new Roger picture book. Alas, it will be the last, for a while, since the wags have it that Roger split from long-lasting boyfriend and disappeared into the San Diego hills with his new wife. That's gratitude for you. — Ed.)

WOULD YOU REPEAT THAT

Your mag is fucking hot!

G.M.
Stanford, CT

LET'S HEAR IT FOR ALBUQUERQUE

Just a note regarding your very belated listing of "The Depths" in Albuquerque, in Bar Scene of DRUMMER, Issue 21. Alas, it has been gone about two years now, and is nothing but a fond memory. The location is now occupied by "Rear Entry," which is about as far from a leather bar as you can get! It is a curiosity spot for straights to stare at the fluff that seem to make up a majority of the customers.

Although there is no strictly Leather/Western bar in Albuquerque, I would suggest you list the "Foxes" at 8521 Central, NE. It is more Western than Leather, a very friendly place, and the action is improving. Sunday afternoon, in particular, can become very interesting!

Keep up the good work.

R.S.
Albuquerque, NM

NEW, NUDE 'N NIFTY

Drummer is the greatest!!! I would like to tell your vast reading audience about a great new book just out called "The Complete Guide to the Nude Beaches of California," by Jack Swartz and George Campion. For those who dig skinny dipping on the isolated beaches of California, this book offers 44 detailed maps, 34 unposed photos and is indeed an encyclopedic guide any avid nudists or beginner will treasure for many years to come. Published by Pantec Publishing Company, P.O. Box 2580, Santa Barbara 93102, CA, it sells for \$7.95 plus .42 shipping and state tax.

With the ever growing impact on nude beaches and the changing lifestyle toward this free beach scene, middle America is indeed taking off its clothes and accepting it.

C.F.
Hollywood, CA

A STINKIN' HARD-ON

Congratulations, big ones, on Issue 21! Each issue of DRUMMER seems to be getting better and better, not only with artwork but with the writing too.

In this issue I was particularly impressed with the articles and stories by two people — Jack Fritscher and Phil Andros. Fritscher's piece about being a prison-tour junkie was one of the most exciting and absorbing things I ever read — smooth, slick, sophisticated and sexy as all hell, not only in the images and pictures called up but in his sensitive reaction to the aura of places and things, and his fantasies about what *really* went on in the cells of old Q. He was right more than he was wrong. I know, I was there.

The writing of Phil Andros is not

raunchy and it does not make use of "extremes" in language, but it is sure effective. After all, there were no "toys" in that solitary cell! I guess it is the slow and detailed approach, the build-up, that makes the story "In A Pig's Ass" more effective than if it had been full of violent dirt. Maybe that's the secret of writing good pornography. I've read a lot of Andros, and his approach is deceptive — it all seems very simple, but it all comes together just right. I haven't yet read a story of his that didn't give me a stinkin' hard-on!

Thanks very much for this issue. It really was tops.

A.K.C.
S.F.

WOW!!!

I decided to subscribe to Drummer instead of being at the mercy of my local book store.

I have read all the Drummer magazines that I have been able to obtain from cover to cover with a perpetual hard on. WOW!!!

D.T.
Miami, FL

DIRTY AND DAMP

I must complement you on your interview of Scott Smith (Heavy Rap with an Ex-con) in Issue 21. The best in absolute obscenity and filthy talk. I was beginning to wonder if anyone else got off on that sort of thing. More please! Also, how about some more watersports photos?

M.E.
San Francisco

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**UPSTAIRS OVER
A VACANT LOT...
THE
CATACOMBS
BY
JACK FRITSCHER**

If you want to know exactly where Tony Bennett left his heart, chances are you'll find it in a footlocker at the handball palace called The Catacombs. Saturday nights, by invitation only, the baaad and the beautiful haul ass into San Francisco's Mission District.

No North Beach neon lights the location.

The Catacombs is dark and underground. Debutantes from Dubuque never find it. Only reputation, referral, and friendsoffriendsoffriends can get you down the Victorian steps, past the cement watchdog, and up to the bell at the Joe-sent-me-door.

After you enter, you can do what you prefer and call it by the best name possible. The Combs is gay, bi, or straight, depending on the night, the guest list, and what you make it. The entrepreneur hosts are so much into "whatever's right" that Werner Erhard, if he were hot enough to wrangle an invitation, would climb the walls, literally, while some topfister opened his ass and raised his consciousness. In that order.

WHERE THE BIG BOYS PLAY

San Francisco is an x-rated bargain — an adult city with a nominal admission over either bridge. Sexually San Francisco enjoys a Golden Age that the rest of the US pretends not to notice.

After all, San Francisco is the place where when you go there, you turn yourself inside out.

The Catacombs is the spot to blow off your socks.

By 4 AM of a Sunday dawning, you can crawl up and out of The Combs on your hands and knees into the fog and know in the future, when your whole life flashes before your dying face, if you've been through The Catacombs, you're in for one hell of a rerun.

Little shots like:

- 40 men variously hanging in leather slings, tied down on restraint tables with their legs raised by shackles, or laid back on waterbeds and mattresses while 40 other men crisco up their fists to start the one finger march to a full fist gliding up the asshole to the elbow.

- A tanned, mustachioed bodybuilder crucified spreadeagle, hanging face toward the heavy beamed cross, while two leatherjeaned dudes flog his shoulders and ass taking time out only for six or seven fists, smallest to largest, to be plugged up his butt.

- A man with a lean blond swimmer's body hanging upsidedown by his paratrooper boots from a pulley hoist, needled through his tits and foreskin, being enthusiastically deepfisted by a 6'4" Texan plungefucking his big paw up to the USMC tattoo on his thick bicep.

This isn't pornofantasy. This is documentary. You don't need fantasy headtrips at The Catacombs. The reality is heavy enough.

And the balance is perfect, sane, and civilized.

S&M at The Combs stands for Sensuality and Mutuality. Nothing happens to any man against his will. Not even a well choreographed "rape" trip. You're safe

and you know it. But if one way or another, you ask for it, you got it!

SLINGS AND NARROWS

The Catacombs is three rooms and a bath.

The first room off the entryway runs the length of a 30-foot bar. Along the walls stand built-in leather couches. Erotic art hangs in pinpoint spots. The light is low; the music, hot. Clothes are stripped and stowed around the room. The refrigerator holds the byo beer. Heavy duty men, oiled in anticipation, sit casing the room, smoking jointly in the half-light. The takers cruise the tokers as the evening lifts off to a full-tilt boogie.

The second room centers around the world's largest waterbed. It floats in a heavy-beamed fourposter. Single mattresses, like islands off the coast of grease, surround the waterbed. One wall holds enough bondage equipment to restrain a small SWAT team. Out of the highceilinged darkness comes the soft light and the hard sounds.

In the ascending order of intensity, the second room leads to the third: The Room of Main Attraction. Over the doorway the fainthearted, weak in the knees from the reality of it all, can almost imagine the writing on the wall: "Abandon yourself, all ye who enter." Wonderful abandon is all that is needed in a space where all pleasure is realized. One glance and you know this place ain't a convent. The only writing on the wall says, "No smoking or drinking beyond this point."

CONSENTING ADULTS

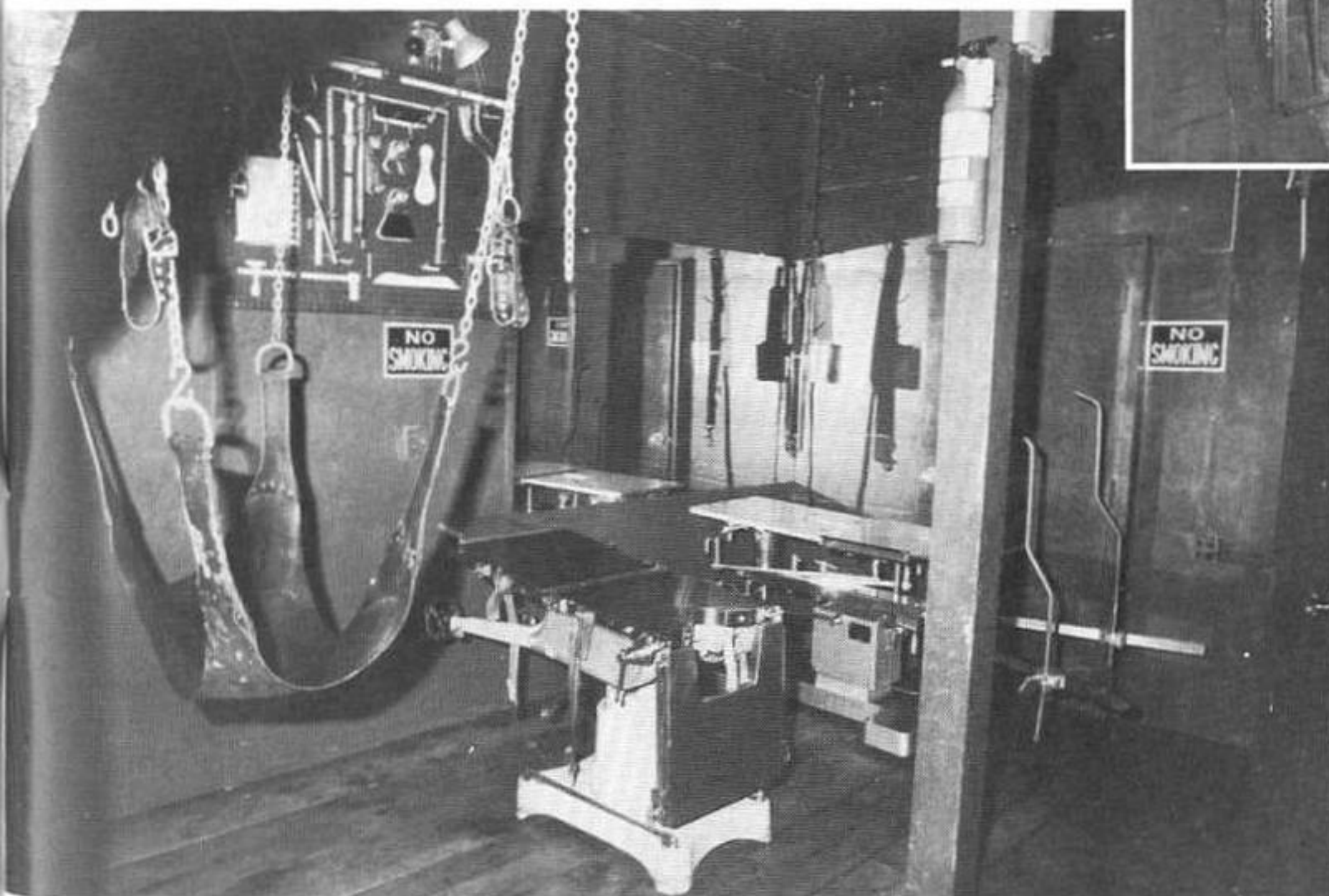
The Combs' guest list is international. No invitation? No entry. No matter how far a guy has slouched from Bethlehem to search it out. The international network is referred mainly through the T.A.I.L. connection. T.A.I.L. (Total Ass Involvement League) is so exclusive that a guy has to be invited to subscribe to T.A.I.L.'s specialty magazine. Only after that comes entree to the total T.A.I.L. circuit. T.A.I.L. and The Catacombs are separate entities. They function loosely together, socially and sexually. One is as private as the other.

FRATERNITY

Ironically, because of its low profile and because of the hosts' discretion, The Catacombs has become shrouded in mystery, fantasy, and rumor. Some guys insist that no such place as The Catacombs exists, and the reason they know for sure is because they themselves have never been there and couldn't find it when they looked for it. Others are terrified that The Combs is an S&M Palace operated by sexual terrorists. To some, The Catacombs is a political symbol of male sexism. What this means is that people tend to project out on others their own best/worst fantasies. What this means is that some people who've never been invited for whatever reason are up to their butts in sour grapes.

In actual fact, The Catacombs is Exhibit A of an attitude that predominates

PHOTOS BY LARRY OLSON

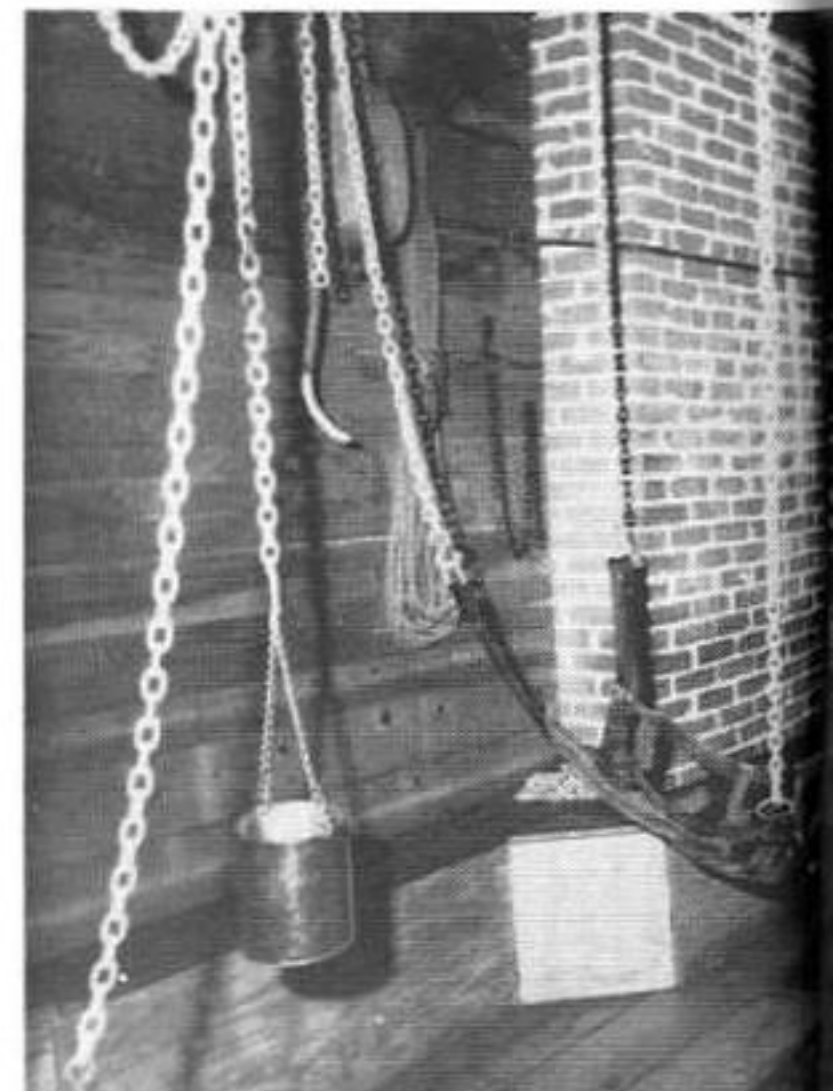
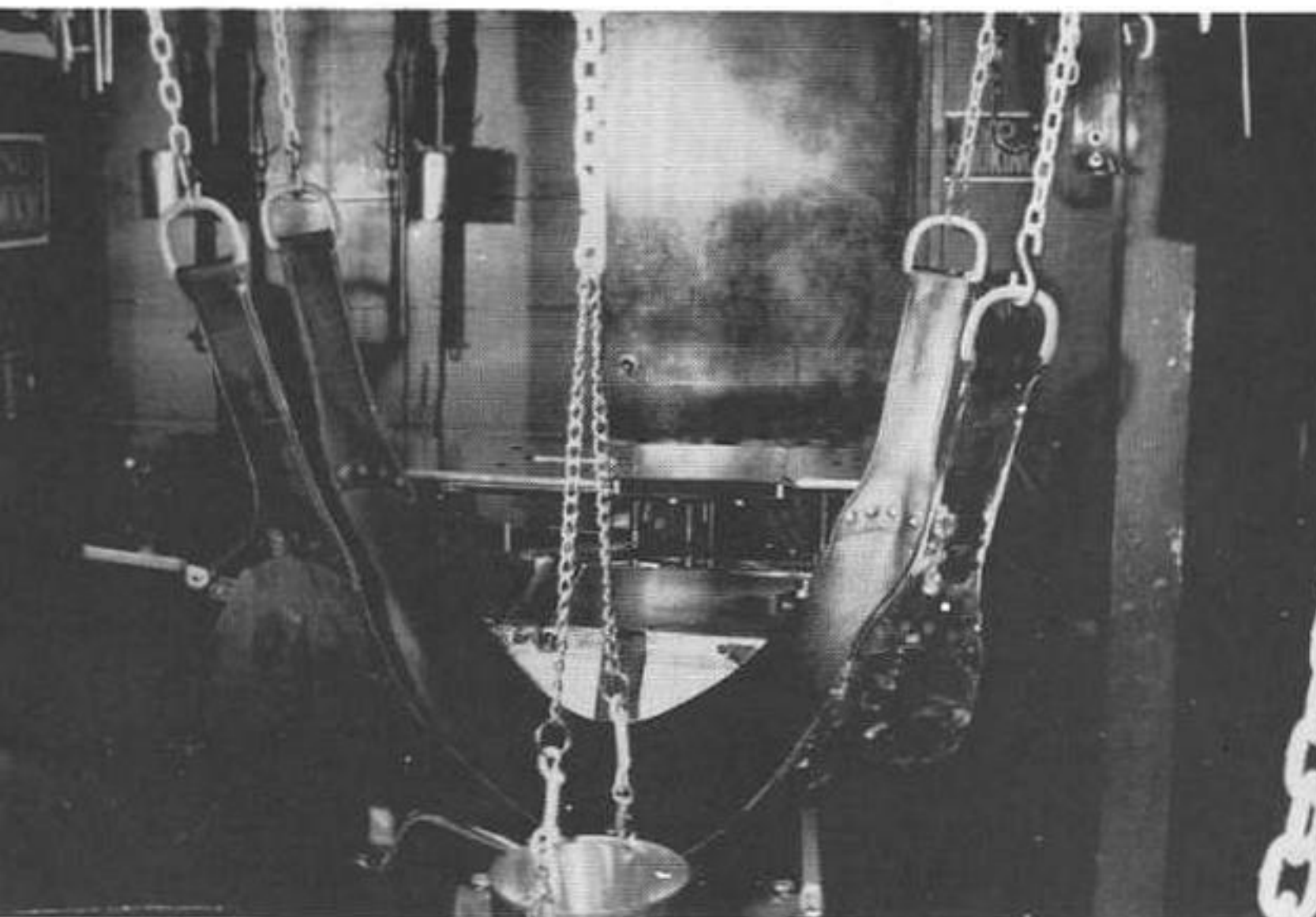




in the vanilla gay consciousness. Many vanilla (kiss-n-hug) gay people are as uninformed on S&M as straight people are on homosexuality itself. Many vanilla gays suffer from self-inflicted porn-violent fantasies that lie far beyond the gay S&M reality. S&M no longer means the classic DeSade/Hitler treatment inflicted upon the unwilling.

S&M IN THE GAY CONTEXT OF CONSENTING ADULTS STANDS INITIALLY WITH THE S FOR SENSUALITY AND THE M FOR MUTUALITY. Enough said.

The Catacombs is a handball court for consenting adults who are into a sensuality that goes beyond mere sexuality. Whole-body involvement is preferred to mere genital involvement. Heads as well as dicks get satisfied. Total body orgasm is idealized over a single spermy shot in the dark. A Let's-Pleasure-Each-Other attitude reigns. Singles have become couples and returned together to play with others. The Catacombs fosters a family aspect that a guy won't find at the anonymous tubs where if he has some difficulty, strangers will step over his body. At The Catacombs, people are not only permissive, they responsibly look out for



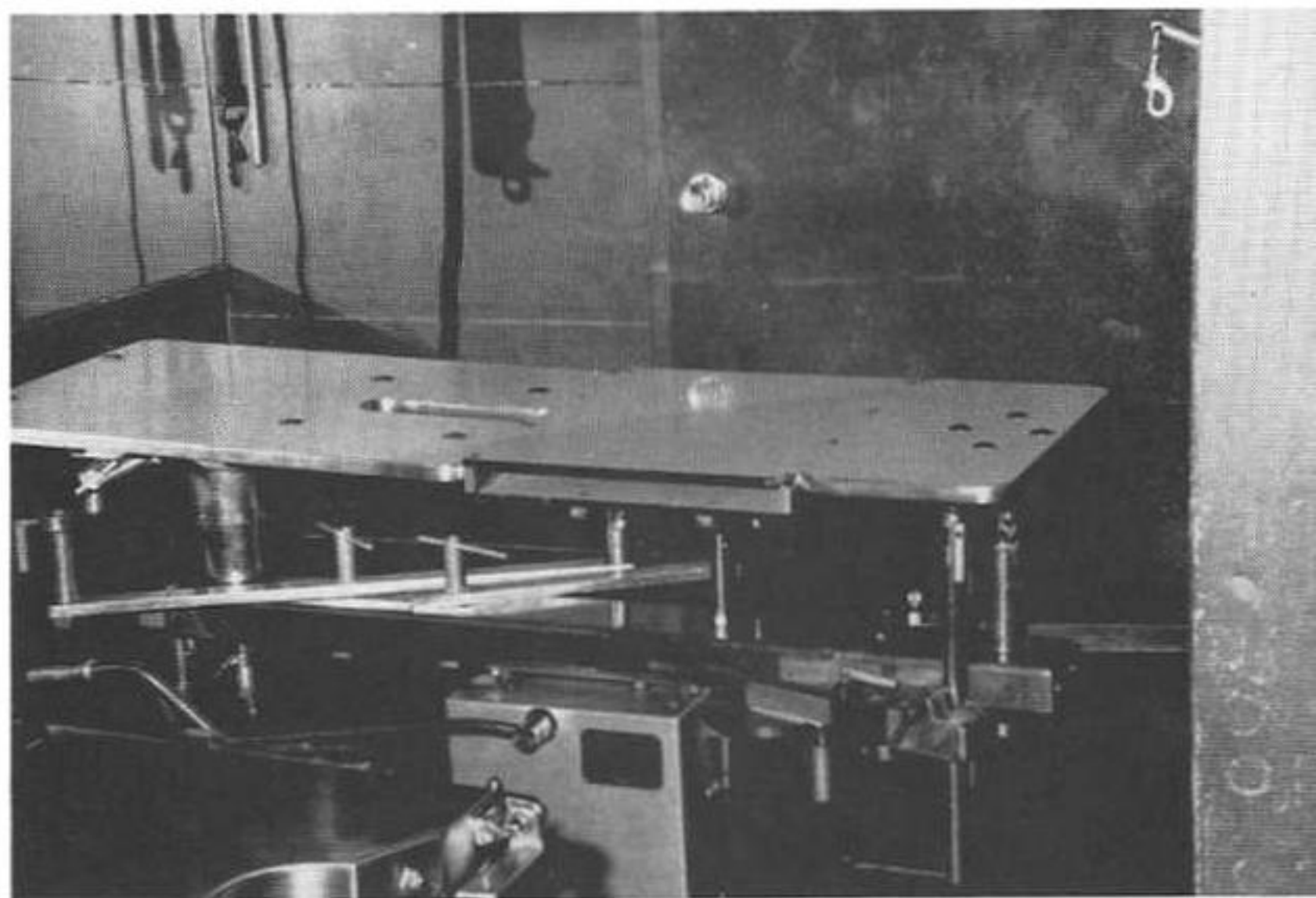
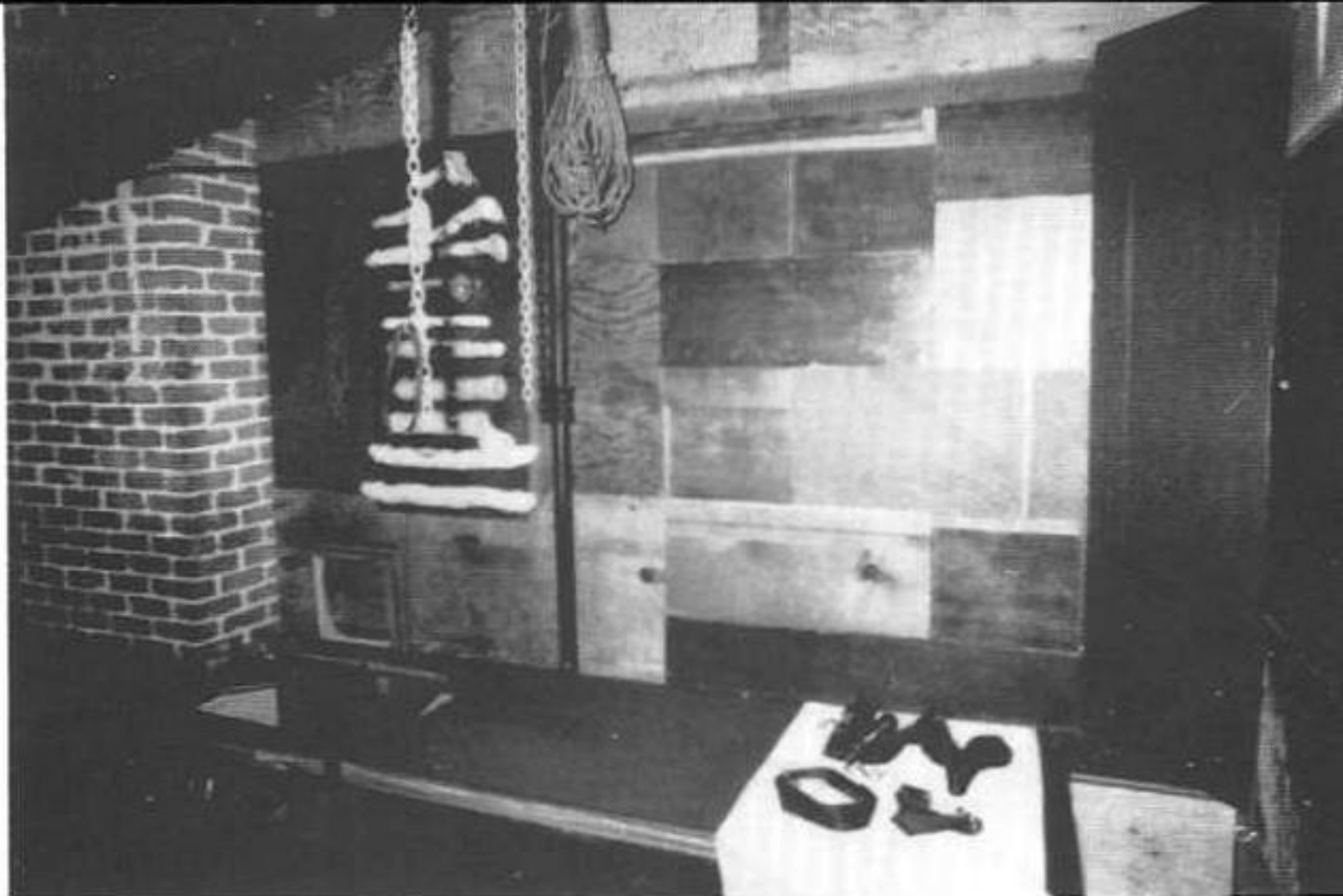


each other.

FOR THE BOOKS

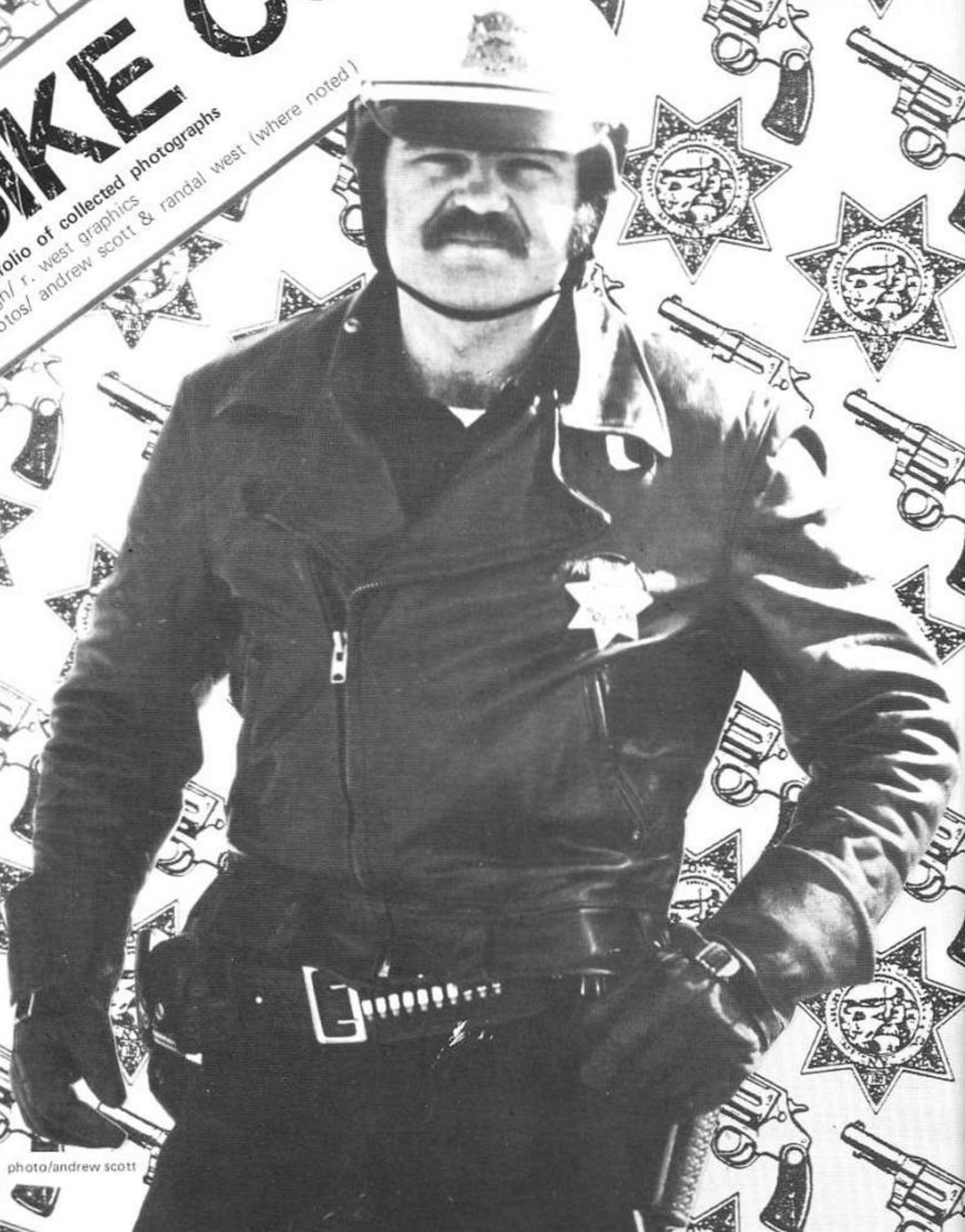
On an average Saturday night, The Catacombs goes through nearly 40 pounds of Crisco (figuring a half pound per ass), nearly 300 towels, and 2,000 gallons of water (using a total of 30,000 gallons a month). The Catacombs opened officially on May 7, 1975, and at the First Anniversary Party hosted a one-night record of 250 guests. Two "runs" to the country have been sponsored out of The Catacombs. What future direction The Combs takes is up to the changing tastes of the hosts and the guests. Nothing succeeds like variety, and The Combs is the place where, if you've wanted a permissive and protected spot to do your specialty, you'll find the atmosphere supportive enough and the environment creative enough, that if you can't get it on there, you're not going to find it easily anywhere. ▲

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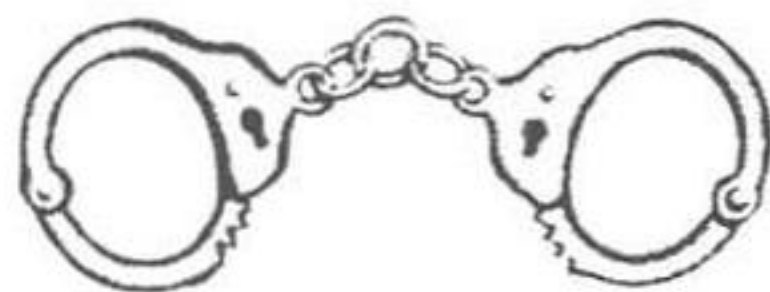
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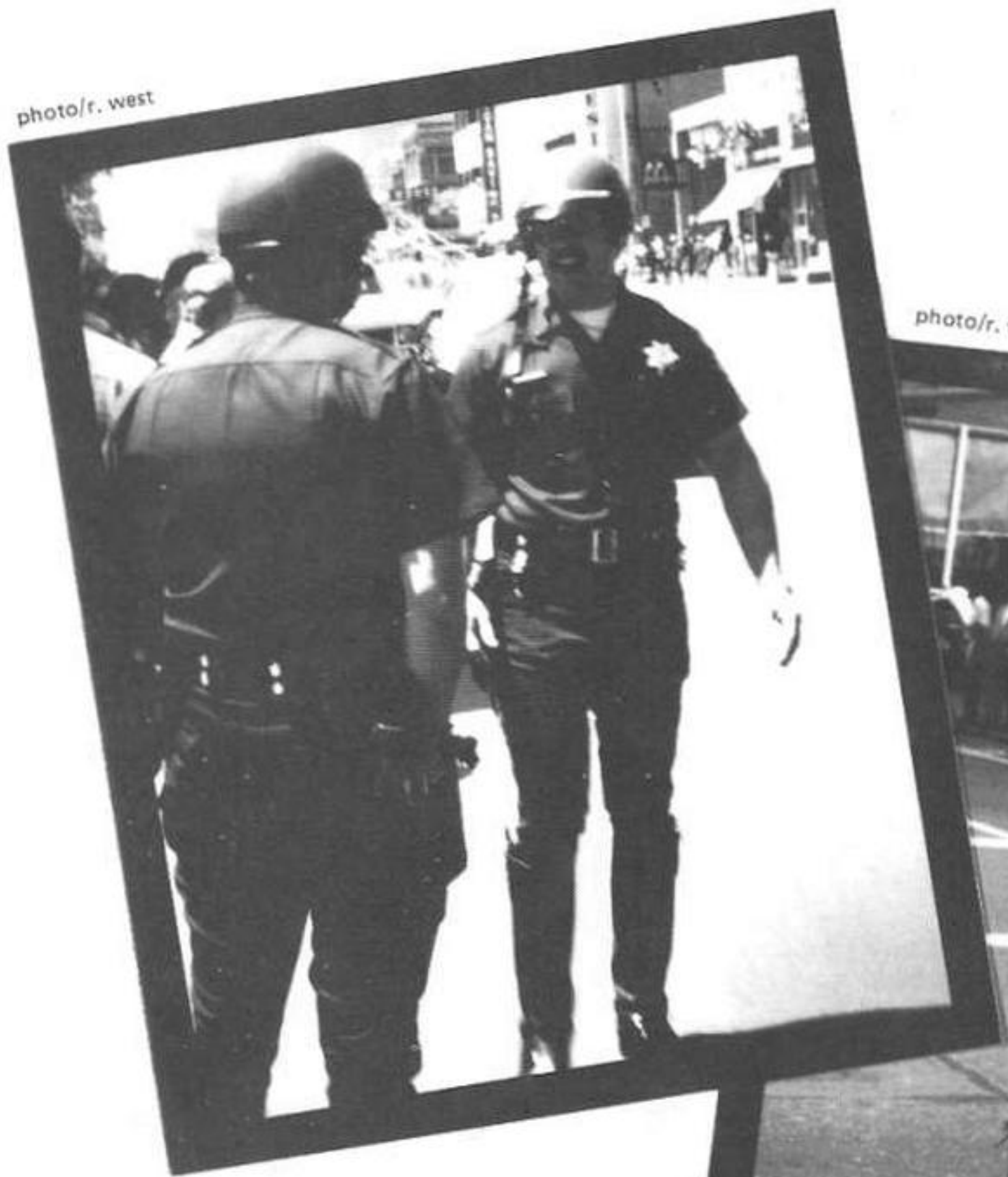
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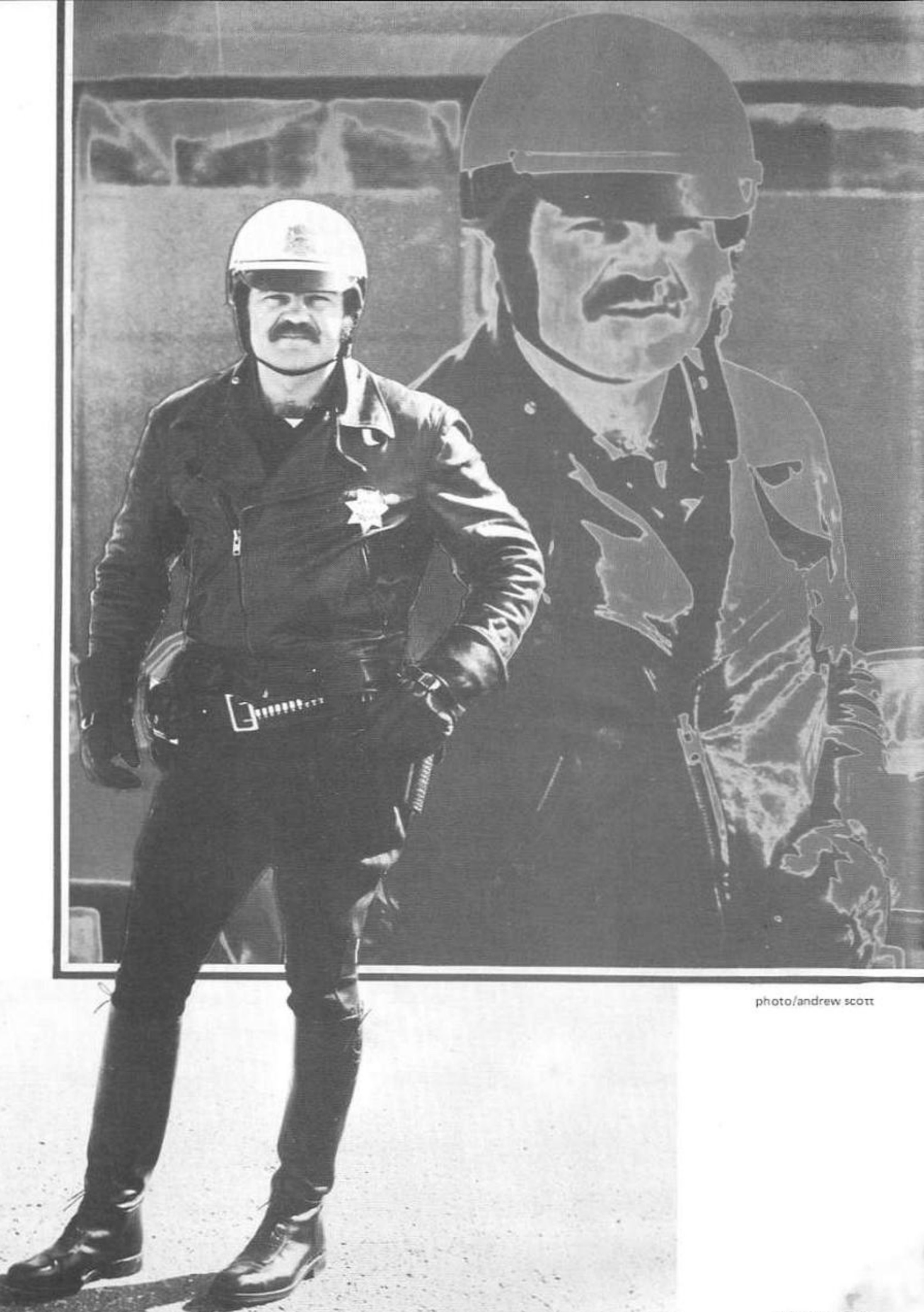


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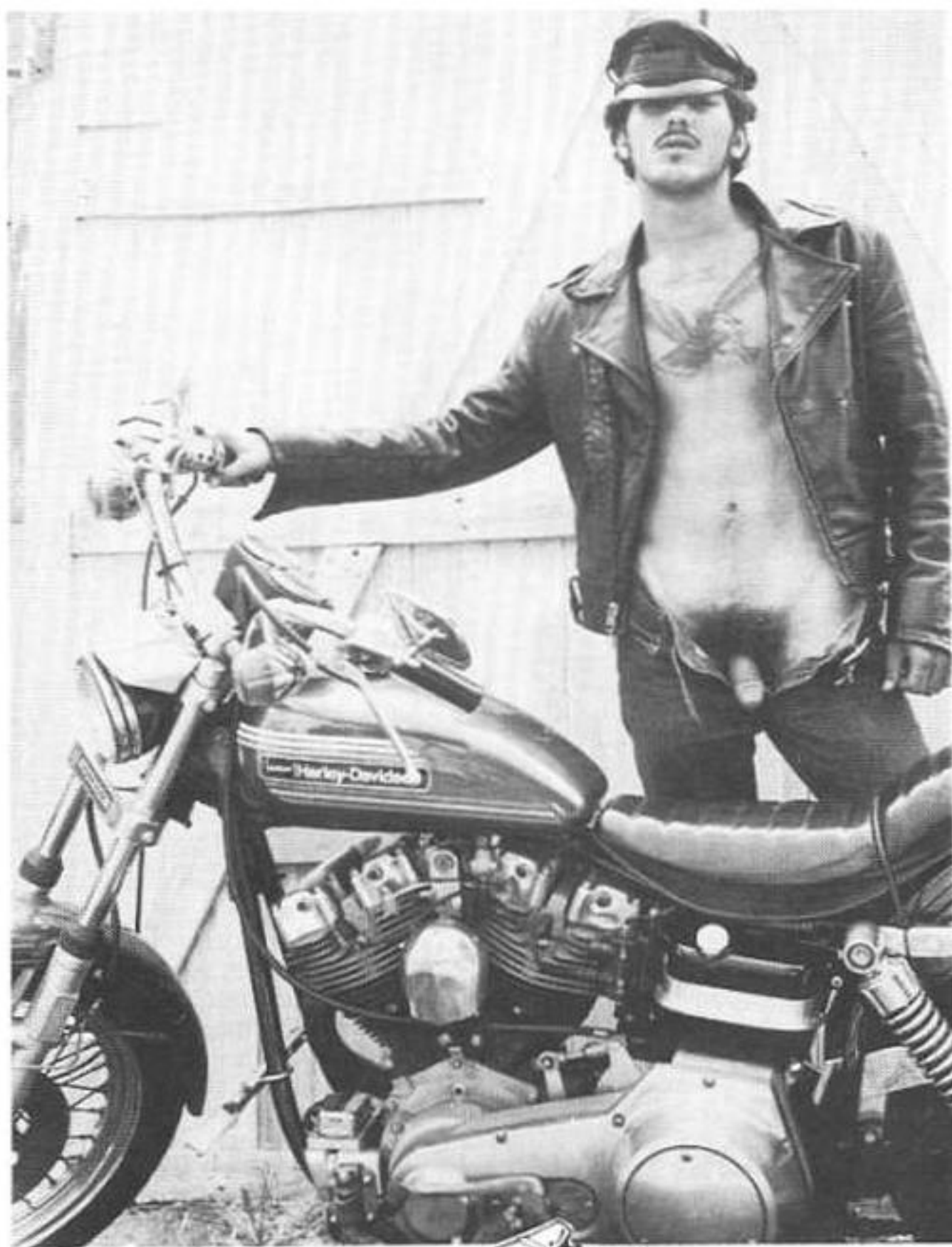
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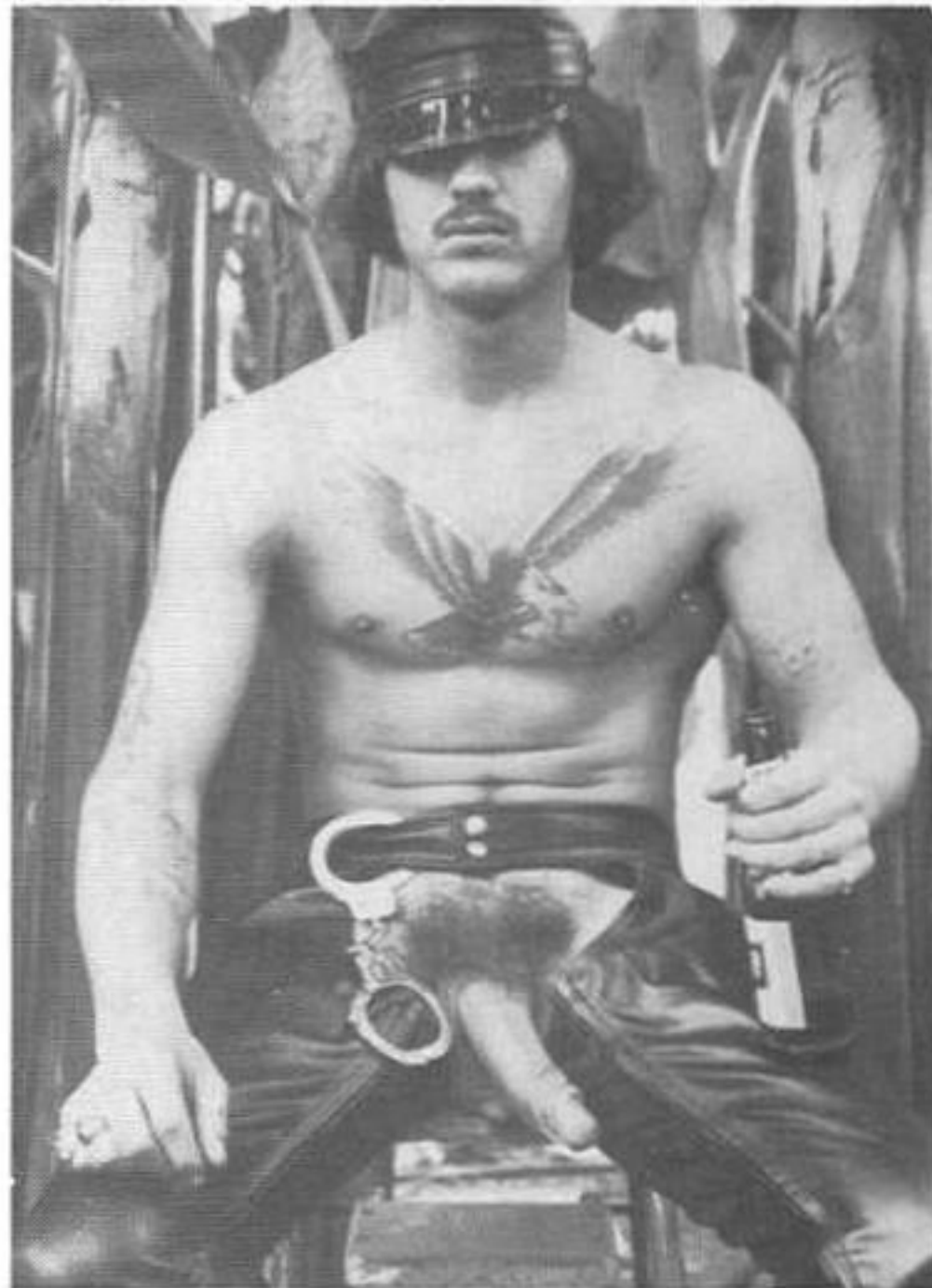


redneck biker

"Us bike bums are a breed afuckin'-part, man. Your garden-variety station wagons try runnin' us off the road. We be just snortin' on down that long white line. Pigs barrel out to hassle us. When we hit a burg, the asskissin' citizens lock up their virgins. Ain't no fuckers fuckin' like us in the old USA these days. Shit. Usta be all kindsa hippies, crazies, and freaks streakin' 'round. All gone. Us bikers is the only freebies left, man. Hell, them Hollywood dudes don't make no

more movies about us for the fuckin', are you ready, drive-in. No more a them Fonda-Sinatra hypes 'bout us scoot bums ridin' outta hell with two thousand pounds a hot steel jammin' between our legs. Shit. Now we're just bike tramps on two wheel putts, man. No job. No taxes. No hassles. Some fuckers got cum-on crap like come-up-n-see-my-etchings on their wall. Shit. I got me some pictures-to-go. You know what all these tattoos mean? I never crap twice in the same

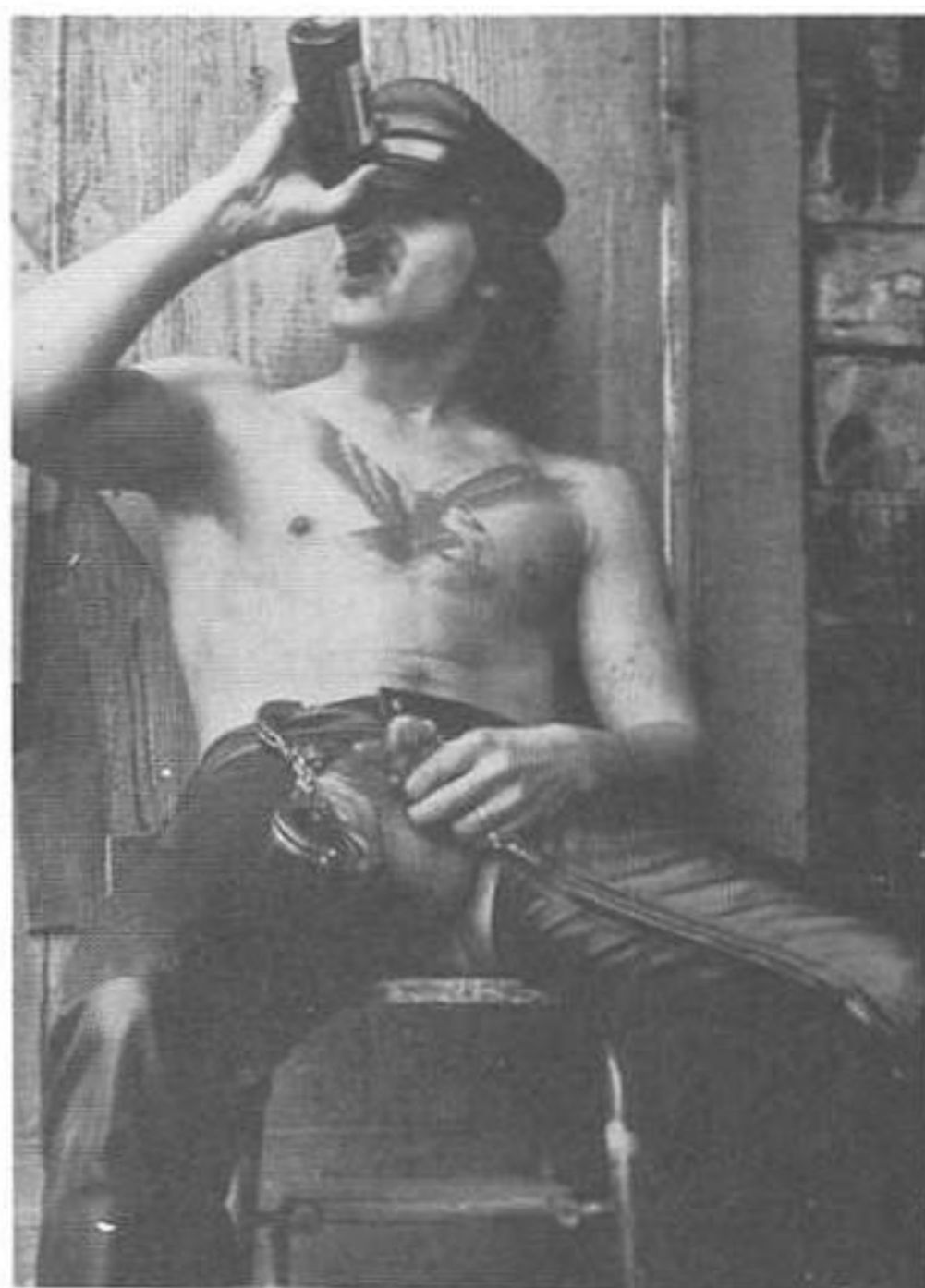
place. I move. I like grease, leather, sweat, piss. I like kickin' down my hog. I even like a nice pretty little mama — after she's been passed around a bit among my bros. I like slickin' it on in where my bros already laid down some wet tread. I like gettin' my beard down in it, you know? And, man, cranked up enough, with enough a whatever's shootin' 'round, hell, man, I ain't gonna think twice 'bout punkin' up a bit a good bro's ass. Shit, Putt bums ain't afraid to kiss on the



mouth. Fuckin' twofaced fags'll only do it in the dark, man, not out on the corner a some Main Street with all them good citizens watchin'. Shit. Layin' out a good show's half a what a bike tramp is. Ain't no fuckers' outrageous and free as us no way. Other half's so laidback and private, man, you ain't never gonna know how dirty and crazy we can get. You only seein' the tip a the ol' iceberg. You all frozen out from the rest. Ain't never washed my skins. Toss my socks away every two, three months. Piss down my leg. Piss on my bros' colors. See this

overlay, man? Full a piss and I'd die for it. Fart out my friggin' butt. Try wipin' that number up out on the road! Scoot-scum's the only freebies left. You fuckers know it. That's why you always sniffin' 'round. You always lookin' sideways cruisin' our action. Shit. You can lick my belly, and tongue my hole, and eat my pits anytime I feel like it. You all just gotta get me, or me with a couple a my bros, cranked up high enough to let you go down on some fuckin' filthy genuine grease. Shit. Fuck. Just touchin' this ol' hog, squeezin' that tank between my

legs. Hot bouncin' ass. You like it, fucker? What you gonna do for it? How low you gonna go for it? You remember you just might meet the right bros, and get what you been lookin' for. And then some. This one dude kept beggin me for "Angel Meat." He kept beggin' me for "Angel Ass." Fuckin' Angels, man. I respect 'em. Most of us bros are just bike tramps. Just trampy enough to make you clean your plate, eat it all, lick it all up, and fuckin' laugh at your dirty mouth. Take my bird and sit on it. Fuck you, motherfucker."▲



REDNECK VENGEANCE

By Scott Masters

The good ol' boys from down home have a mean streak as wide as a garrison belt. Cross them or theirs, and you can prepare yourself for some purty heavy action, as proved from the following examples DRUMMER had its slaves glean from recent eye-witness reports.

Here's what happened to one outlander (any dude from more than 69 miles away), named Tony, who messed around with the wrong merchandise:

"When he came to he was lying on his back in the center of Sandra's bed. Sandra, her mother and her father surrounded him. His hands and feet were tied to the four posters of the bed and he was naked. Sandra's father held a long wooden match in his hand. He grinned at Tony, exhibiting the long, hard wooden matchstick. He then reached down and lifted Tony's limp cock from his big hairy balls and inserted the matchstick into the opening of the penis. He held the cock upright. Sandra struck a second match and ignited the sulphur tip of the one sticking out from the hole in the top of Tony's cock.

" 'Happy birthday, young man,' Sandra's father grinned viciously. 'Maybe this'll teach you to stop stickin' this thing into places where it ain't wanted.' "

"Tony's eyes bulged as he watched the flame of the match eat its way down the stick. He felt the heat of the flame as it crept nearer and nearer the head of his cock. His mind blazed with pain and agony as the heat became more and more intense. He screamed out at the top of his lungs, and the last thing he remembered was Sandra's high-pitched laughter, joined immediately by the laughter of a man and his wife."

Theodore Strauss made the mistake of messing around with the KKK, and was brutally "escorted" to a spot on the outskirts of town:

"I walked with the guards to a place between two saplings on the side of the clearing. They ran slip-knots over my wrists, drew them tight, and lashed the ropes around the boles of the trees. After



" 'O God, thou hast heard the verdict delivered. For Thy sake it has been given, yet even while we scourge the body and condemn it to bitter pain, lift up this man's soul and remove the demon from him — ' "

" 'Get started, man! What are you waiting for?' The leader's voice rasped through the clearing behind me.

"I got all set again.

"The chaplain liked to talk to God — he didn't stop. 'In the name of God, in the name of the righteous American people — ' "

"For the first time fifteen feet of black leather thong streamed through the air behind me and I was thrown forward against the ropes as if an animal had leaped upon me. I closed my eyes and bit my lips while the man at the handle drew off the coils, and across my back I felt white-hot streaks of pain as though someone had drawn acid across it.

" 'In the name of the Father — and the

I Was A Teenage Kook Clucks Clone

OKLAHOMA CITY — More than 100 teenage boys reportedly have organized Ku Klux Klan chapters at two local high schools, and are waging a campaign of terror against homosexuals.

"We are not just against blacks like the old Klan," one youth is quoted as saying. "We are against gays and the clubs that support them and are going to try to shut them down because this activity is morally and socially wrong."

The *Oklahoma City Times* reported that between 112 and 132 students, aged mostly 15 and 16, in northwest Oklahoma City and surrounding suburbs, have joined the two teenage chapters of the Klan.

The newspaper quoted several students who claim to belong to the Klan chapters, and said the students were promised anonymity "to prevent feared reprisals from school officials and Klan brothers."

"We know nothing" of any Klan activity at the high school, said Jim Hamilton, principal of Putnam City High School. He said the newspaper account could be the work of "one young man" who "has made accusations and wants publicity."

"We won't have the Klan on campus if I have any say-so," said Gary Webb, principal of Putnam City West High School.

The boys were quoted as saying that in late November they used baseball bats to attack patrons at a club that reportedly caters to homosexuals. In that incident, several people were injured, tires slashed and cars vandalized.

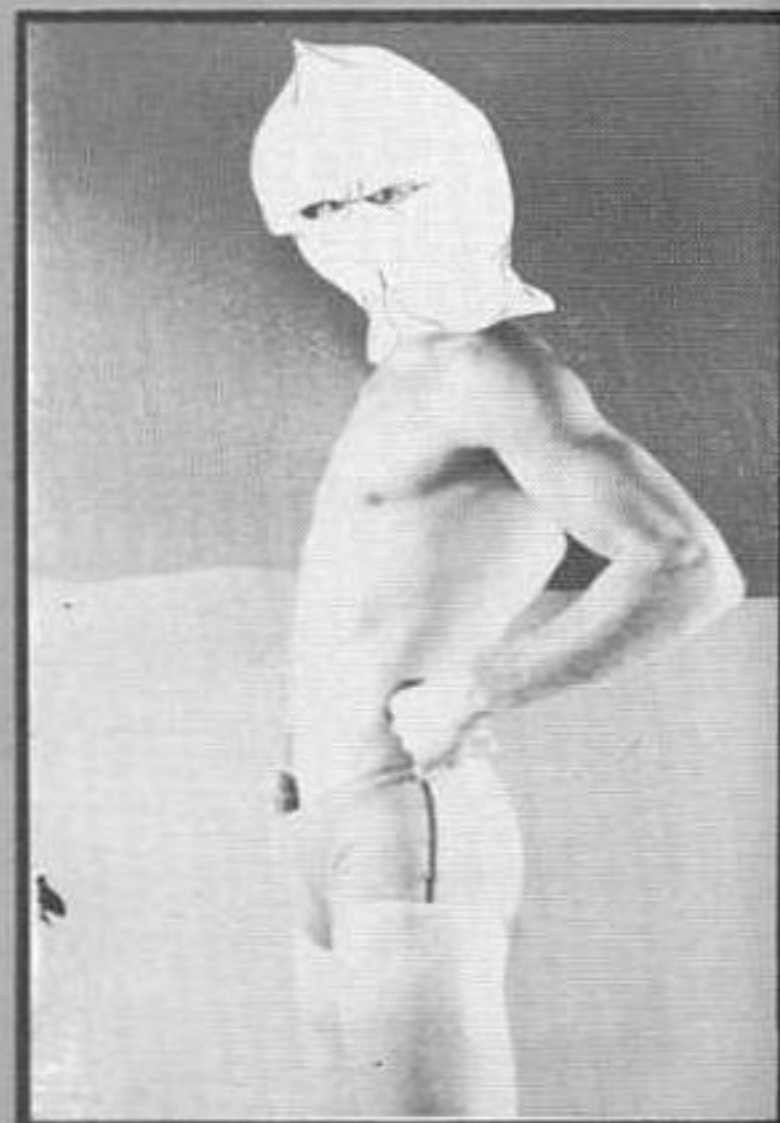
The youths also said they vandalized cars at a homosexual meeting spot in Will Rogers Park in December. No one was reported injured in that incident.

The youths told of a series of cross-burnings attended by white-robed Klan members at an isolated rural site, reminiscent of Klan gatherings in Oklahoma 50 years ago.

One youth said Klan recruiting is done "very quietly" in the Putnam City School District area and in neighboring Bethany. The Putnam City area includes part of northwest Oklahoma City and neighboring suburbs.

"The only people we won't let in are girls, blacks, Jews or dope smokers," one boy said, "and we might consider Catholics if the time comes."

Associated Press



that a tall, hunched-over man unbuckled my overalls and tied the straps around my middle, which left me naked from the waist up because I hadn't put a shirt on to go downstairs.

"I twisted my head around once far enough to see a husky-looking fellow uncoiling a black snake. I turned around quick, feeling weak in my stomach. After the two guards left me I got my feet set and hunched my head over as low as I could. I didn't want the top to catch me in the eye when it flipped around.

" 'Everybody ready? Where's the chaplain? "

" 'Right here. Shall I pray?' I looked to my left and there was the chaplain with a little book in his hand, all set. He raised his hand and everybody quieted down, so quiet I could hear the blood knocking against my eardrums.



Son — and the Holy Ghost . . . "

"I didn't holler any more, but bit my mouth to keep from blubbing every time I heard the sound of the whip come flying through the air and smash itself against me and around me. Inside me, something went wild until I stopped caring, stopped feeling . . . "

" 'Five — Oh you bastards, you —, you —. Steve, where are you? Damn your soul, chaplain, I'll close that mouth of yours. I'll find you with my hands — six — Oh Jesus . . . ' "

"I was still on my feet when the second man came, but my tongue had grown thick and I had to stop counting the numbers out loud. Pretty quick after that I couldn't even shape them with my mouth and things got dark; all I could do was grunt a little when I heaved against the ropes, loose and breathless. I didn't

THEY WERE VERY CONSIDERATE. THEY HAD EVEN GREASED THE NOZZLE OF THE ENEMA APPARATUS SO IT ENTERED MY BODY PAINLESSLY.

remember the rest — except after a while I knew they'd cut me down and I was lying stretched out on the damp ground with my mouth to it, and way back in my head somewhere, way back in the dark, I could hear the cars shift into second as they climbed the grade."

A hunky stud named Enoch was subjected to even more drastic vengeance:

"They came upon him in a great fury, and he went down under the weight of them, twenty of them on top of him. They got hold of his lashing feet and arms. They were on his head and chest."

"Strip him down!" yelled Henry Smart.

"Strip him!"

"Strip him!"

"The cry was taken up."

"Enoch was kicked in the head. For a moment he was stunned and motionless, and they turned him over on his back and held him spreadeagled in the dirt. Men ranged themselves at his hands and feet, fastening him down. The crowd pushed back from those that held him, making a space about Enoch."

"Make way!"

"A knife!"

"There were deep cries."

"The men tore Enoch's pants and drawers off in shreds and strips of cloth until he was naked but for his boots. His consciousness came back to him, and he twisted and arched his great body to get free. The men closed in on his head and shoulders. He was held down again, his head ground into the road, his breath almost stopped."

"Spread him!"

"There were two men at each of Enoch's feet. Now they separated, pulling Enoch's legs apart by main strength, splitting his thighs apart widely so that a man could step in to cut him."

"Oh, Christ! Christ!" Enoch screamed. He was all in a sweat of horrible fear. "Christ help me!"

"The crowd yelled back at him."

"Not a man had looked at John Briggs, the man who had given the word. John Briggs had not moved from his porch."

"Enoch was held, spread apart for the knife."

"Micah made a wild moan as he ran between the men who held Enoch's feet. So quickly that they did not know he was there among them, he struck. With all his crazy zeal he drove the pitchfork into Enoch's naked, writhing belly. Enoch screamed in agony. The blood spurted out. Micah drew out his weapon and drove it in again. There came a second horrible, quivering scream from Enoch. Then another. It was death."

The Trial of Billy Jack contained a scene of what the rednecks did to humiliate the Indian, Blue Elk:

"Blue Elk spoke up defiantly although his words came painfully from a mouth that was hurt and bleeding."

"What's the matter with you, Posner?" said Blue Elk. "I'm not one of your drunken Indians. Doing this to me is going to create a lot of attention."

"That's the general idea," said Posner coldly.

"In other words, Blue Elk, we're going to make an example out of you." Ron hit him savagely and Blue Elk groaned in pain...

"Inside the main hall, the dancers continued, until the band was interrupted in the middle of a number. Then they stood on the dance floor, awkwardly, looking toward Jason who stood at the bandstand holding up his hands for their attention."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we got a special attraction here tonight," Jason announced. "Our good friend Blue Elk's going to do an authentic Indian war dance for you, ain't you boy?"

"Blue Elk was suddenly pushed out into the middle of the floor, his bloodied face eliciting shocked gasps and murmurs from the crowd. In addition, he had been stripped down to a half-buttoned shirt and his white drawers in a further attempt at humiliation."

"A little music there, maestro," Jason commanded the band leader, who stood gaping, frozen at the sight of the battered Indian."

"Since the band leader couldn't bring himself to participate in this vicious spectacle, Ron grabbed a stick from the drummer and began beating the drums wildly, like a tom-tom, faking an Indian war chant. Blue Elk lay in the center of the floor, stunned and dizzy with pain."

"That damned Indian ain't gonna dance," shouted Ron, as the crowd looked on, doing nothing."

"Jason bit down on the cigar in his mouth so that the end of it glowed red. 'Oh, he's gonna dance all right, ain't you, boy?' said Jason, his voice soft and threatening. 'Cause if you don't dance, son, I'm gonna burn all the skin off the bottom of your feet.'"

"He waited a moment to see if Blue Elk would get up and when he just lay there, he took the cigar out of his mouth and jabbed it at the sole of Blue Elk's foot. The Indian screamed in pain and staggered into an upright position."

When one young man refused to "cooperate" with the local redneck power structure, his punishment was meant to be an example to his buddies. First, he was knocked out:

"It was an extremely skillful blow, just hard enough to black me out for a few minutes. Those goons knew their business! When I came to I was lying on my left side on an operating table, so neatly tied down that almost the only part of me that could move was my eyelids."

"A fat man came around where I could see him, and when I saw what he was wearing I managed to let loose an extra gallon of cold sweat. It was a surgeon's gown, and he was putting on a pair of rubber gloves. I felt him smiling at me through his surgeon's mags. 'Did you know I used to be a doctor, Mr. Holmes?' he said. 'It's so nice to be able to keep my hand in now and then. It's a good feeling. Now then — are we all nice and comfy?'"

"I'll get you for this!" I rasped, "I swear to God I will!" I called him a few choice names. I was still healthy, and defiant."

"You really mustn't talk like that, Mr. Holmes," he replied. "After all, what else can we do? People who won't cooperate must be punished. Then, when the news gets around, and it always does, we get all kinds of enthusiastic cooperation! So you see, my dear young man, this is purely a matter of business. We have nothing against you personally."

"What are you going to do to me?" I asked, "murder me?"

"Oh no, nothing like that," replied the 'surgeon.' "We never do that. Well, I think everything is in readiness. Okay, Harry," he nodded to one of the goons behind me."

"I had, of course, been unable to see the preparations that had been made in back of me. But I now began to have my first inkling of what they had in mind."

"They were very considerate. They had even greased the nozzle of the enema apparatus so it entered my body painlessly. I felt the liquid rushing into my guts. I was unable to stop the frightened trembling of my body. I had never been so scared. *What were they doing to me?*"

"The fat man checked my pulse every few minutes. The liquid kept on coming and I began to have a tight, uncomfortable feeling in my bowels that kept growing worse."

"It kept getting worse, until the pain was unbearable. But it wasn't just the pain that was making me grit my teeth, and drowning me in sweat. The urge to give in to the natural effect of an enema was maddening! It was overpowering! Irresistible! But it was impossible!"

"Once, in a base hospital in Korea, I'd had a bowel X-ray. They shot my guts full of barium, and to be sure I could retain the stuff long enough for the picture they used a special gadget; a kind of inflated rubber ball that blocks the rectum completely. You can strain your head off and nothing happens. You're awfully unhappy for a few minutes while they do their photography, then it's all over. And what a glorious relief!"

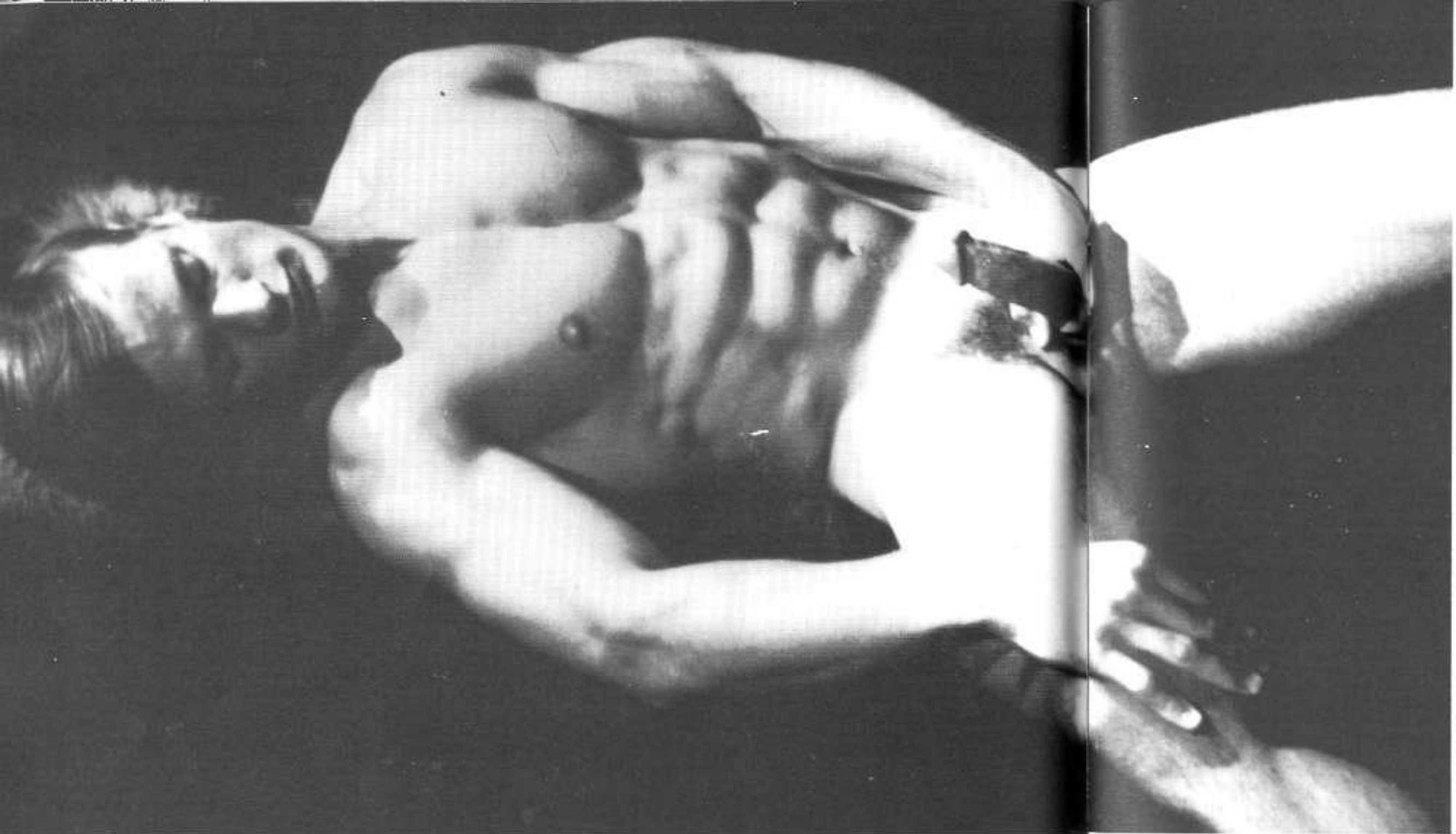
"I knew what that gadget felt like. And that's what they were using now. Only these boys weren't just taking pictures!"

"The agony kept getting worse by the second — and still that damn stuff kept coming! I heard myself screaming hoarsely. My brain was just a pulpy, raging, raw desire; my body an inflated balloon, flaming with fiery pain. PAIN! My bowels were writhing, bloated ropes."

"Vaguely, in some tiny, hidden fragment of consciousness, I was aware that the liquid was no longer gushing into me. After all, there was a physical limit."

"The fat man, the ex-doctor, knew exactly how far to go, of course, to accomplish his fiendish purpose."

"At long last — was it hours? — I finally, mercifully, blacked out." ▲



CHAPTER TEN THE REVOLT OF SLAVE NUMBER ONE

The more I struggled the more the rope twisted, biting into my flesh. It was as if there were a thousand snakes replacing my guts, twisting and squirming as they ate me alive. I couldn't tell where I was. The orange flames, shadowing the slimy concrete wall — but all I could see was the diabolical face of Thunder Cole. His thick legs spread wide as he jerked at his half hard prick. I didn't give a shit that he was a good looking motherfucker . . . that he had the face of a Robert Redford and the body of a Steve Reeves. If I had a knife I'd cut out his guts!

"Yeah, it's red hot. Just for you, Georgie!" With the grace of a panther he moved to the fireplace and quickly grabbed the butcher knife. "I don't want you to get infected, kiddo! After all, I am thinking of you." He was bending over me and I could see the drool on his chin. He reached down and jerked at my flaccid dick.

"Pussy. I knew you were pussy the second I saw you. So I'm gonna cut off your dick and balls and give you what you want." His laugh was maniacal and never ending as I watched the red hot knife flash down toward my terrified dick.

"Yahhhhh . . . GRAGAMANGA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" It was the scream of a cornered animal . . . then the blackness grabbed at my body, ripping me away from the excruciating pain. Suddenly blinding light. My head reverberated with a scream that was coming from the pit of hell. My hands grabbed my crotch. It was there. My dick was between my legs. Then I stared up into the face of Rip Powell. "Hey, Georgie, you okay?" The golden boy of baseball was holding me close in his bronzed

arms.

"Thunder Cole . . . cutting off my dick . . . my balls . . . was gonna give me a cunt!" I was almost crying.

"Shit, man, you had a nightmare."

Still I held onto my dick, heaving a sigh of relief. Rip's voice was soothing like cool water after a hard workout.

"You were screaming bloody murder!" His hand reached down unconsciously to his inevitable blue bikini, pushing at the golden ball that always managed to hang out. "You okay now?"

"I . . . ah . . . I dunno!" Thunder Cole. I was pissed at Killer for the rotten stunt he'd pulled. The son of a bitch. Having Thunder Cole represent the Killer McKenna Gym in the Mr. Bay Area Contest instead of me, especially after I'd worked my butt off . . . making the gym a big success.

Rip grabbed my dick. "I'll give you a fast blow job so you can go to sleep. Better'n a sleeping pill."

"Ain't goin' to sleep." I jumped up from my sleeping bag on the floor of the locker room and grabbed a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt. I was going out on the town . . . the streets of San Francisco and I vowed that I would get gloriously drunk and fuck and suck every good looking stud in town.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Rip asked.

"I'm getting the fuck outa here . . . need some fresh air!" I rushed to the door of the locker room.

In a flash Rip stood between me and the door. "You can't do that and you know it!"

"You gonna stop me?"

"Hey, c'mon, you know I'll get my ass in a sling. Killer put me in charge of you!" He reached out and grabbed my arm.

"Get your fuckin' hands off me!"

"Will you listen to your ole buddy an . . ."

A left shot to his gut and a right cross to the golden boy of baseball was like a hammer to my feet. "Sorry, Rip, ain't nothin' personal. Great blow job!"

I took long gulps of the night air and didn't know how long I walked but I was in downtown San Francisco. In the Tenderloin. Tony Bennett was playing "Heart in San Francisco" so I pushed at the door. It was a typical working man's bar with sawed music on the juke box that would put a man to sleep. The smell of stale beer was a welcome stink of dirty jock straps and filthy socks out of the gym! I ordered a double shot of vodka and a bottle of Bud . . . a boilermaker. I was gloriously falling down drunk. They'd hit me on the pavement. Fuck Killer . . . fuck his gym. Bay Area Contest. Yeah, I was sick and tired of being a slave . . . of doing all his dirty work and not getting paid.

I ordered another double shot. I had to get out of Killer. I knew it wasn't going to be easy. Forget Killer? Two hundred and twenty pounds of hard muscle on his six foot three frame. A tattoo on his bicep, the tail curving around his arm. A defined build than Arnold Schwarzenegger. His hair contrasted with his white skin that was like a baby's ass. Large, sky blue eyes and a nose that made my knees turn to jelly. And the most beautiful smile I'd ever seen . . . ten inches of it.

Just the mere thought of Killer gave me a headache. Then I saw the three macho studs who finished off my third boilermaker as I walked. A shorter guy faced me. Stocky, crew cut and



SEM GYM

By G.B. MISA

A left shot to his gut and a right cross right on the button and the golden boy of baseball was like a sack of potatoes at my feet. "Sorry, Rip, ain't nothin' personal. You still give a great blow job!"

I took long gulps of the night air and felt better. I don't know how long I walked but I was in downtown San Francisco . . . in the Tenderloin. Tony Bennett was singing "I Lost My Heart in San Francisco" so I pushed at the swinging door. It was a typical working man's bar with sawdust on the floor and music on the juke box that would put any young person to sleep. The smell of stale beer was a welcome relief from the stink of dirty jock straps and filthy socks. It was good to be out of the gym! I ordered a double shot of Southern Comfort and a bottle of Bud . . . a boilermaker. I was determined to get gloriously falling down drunk. They'd have to scrape me off the pavement. Fuck Killer . . . fuck his gym and fuck the Mr. Bay Area Contest. Yeah, I was sick and tired of being Killer's slave . . . of doing all his dirty work and not being appreciated.

I ordered another double shot. I had to blot out the image of Killer. I knew it wasn't going to be easy. How could I ever forget Killer? Two hundred and twenty five pounds of rock hard muscle on his six foot three frame. The black panther tattoo on his bicep, the tail curving around his tricep. A more defined build than Arnold Schwarzenegger and his black curly hair contrasted with his white skin that was as smooth as a baby's ass. Large, sky blue eyes and a naive smile that made my knees turn to jelly. And the most beautiful uncut dick I'd ever seen . . . ten inches of it.

Just the mere thought of Killer gave me an instant blue vein hardon. Then I saw the three macho studs at the table. I finished off my third boilermaker as I sized them up. The shorter guy faced me. Stocky, crew cut and blond, he had the

Aryan look of Hitler's SS troops. His heavy work shoes were caked with mud and his blue shirt was open . . . the neon of the bar glistening on the sweat of his chest. He gave me a side-long look. I knew he was sizing up my muscles, wondering if he could beat the shit out of me and then brag later how he beat up a weightlifter.

The beer was coming out of my ears so I staggered to the john. Christ, it stunk so bad I had to breathe out of my mouth. The pisser was right next to the crapper and it was overflowing. Two puddles of urine were on the floor. Then I realized I had to take a healthy shit. As I lowered my pants I almost freaked. Where in hell was the toilet paper? I let out a sigh of relief when I saw the Chronicle on the floor. I let go with a couple of good healthy farts when I heard the slam of the door and the blond workingman burst in, flopping out his dick before he reached the urinal. He stood, legs spread wide, avoiding the puddles of piss. From where I was sitting on the crapper his iron was a few feet away from me. I don't know what it was . . . maybe it was the different atmosphere . . . being away from the gym . . . his blond good looks . . . I dunno . . . all I could see was his billy club. My eyes riveted on the fat head. I guess the boilermakers were doing something to my inhibitions because I licked my lips and made a sucking sound. He didn't move . . . didn't pay any attention to me. But his dick did. I gulped as I saw it grow in his hand.

"Hey, man, you keep lookin' at my meat and I won't be able to piss!" he growled, giving me a sidelong look with the touch of a cruel smile.

"It's beautiful," I said as I watched it grow even more.

"What is?" He looked puzzled.

"That piece of salami between your legs!"

"Never heard of a prick being beautiful." I could see the dribble of pre-cum on the fat mushroom head. "A guy like you . . . I can't figure it . . . all those muscles."

"What about it?" I was still licking my lips.

"You a cocksucker?"

"You fuckin' right I am."

"You really wanna suck it?"

"You want an affidavit?"

"Huh?" Finally he turned toward me. "I gotta get rid a this piss first!"

I grabbed him by the legs and pulled him close. His shaft was two inches away from my face. "Let her rip," I said as I opened my mouth wide.

"A big fuckin' stud like you." He closed his eyes, concentrating. Two seconds later the thick stream of yellow piss hit my forehead and I closed my eyes. When I opened them the blond dude was having a ball aiming his dick all over my face and body. He was like a little boy pissing over the fence behind the barn. Then he grabbed my head and he shoved his dick down my throat. He was pissing so hard that I couldn't swallow all of it. It ran out the side of my mouth. He jerked me off the crapper and I was on my knees in the puddles of urine.

"Son of a bitch! Son of a bitch!" He was almost moaning. "You look like fuckin' Mr. America and you're down on your knees drinking my piss!" Then he cruelly slammed his dick all the way down my throat. I grabbed his ass and held it all the way down, trying to get his balls into my mouth. I managed to get one saggy ball in before he started fucking me in the face . . . hard and brutal. His prick was big but after Killer McKenna's fat ten inches of manhood the blonde's was easy to swallow. He was moaning and groaning so loudly I knew he was about ready to shoot his load so I quickly stopped sucking his shaft and moved my mouth down to his big balls. Quickly I swallowed them.

"God damn . . . lick those balls . . . great . . . god damn!"

I grabbed him by the hips and whirled him around. "Bend over," I growled.

"You're crazy, man!" He tried to pull away but I was too strong for him. "I ain't no queer. I ain't takin' your dick up my ass!"

It was easy bending him over and before he knew what had happened I'd spread the cheeks of his hairy buns wide and my tongue was buried deep in his raunchy, sweaty asshole.

He was a tight ass for about five seconds and then he relaxed his spincter and I went to town, reaming him out. He was loving it so much he bent all the way over. Both his hands were in a puddle of piss and he didn't give a damn. "Shit," he moaned. "Great . . . eat out that shithole . . . god damn . . ."

get your tongue up in there . . ." He paused for breath. "What . . . what if someone comes in . . . what . . . ?"

In order to answer him I pulled my tongue out of his delicious asshole. "If your buddies come in, I'll suck them off!"

No sooner said than done when the door banged open and his buddies came stomping into the crapper. They halted in their tracks, their mouths falling open in unison. "You're crazy," the tall guy with the heavy beard and thick eyebrows said. "We'll all get thrown in jail."

Quickly I pushed the blond's head down and began to eat out his ass. I knew it'd turn on the big stud with the heavy beard. I made loud slurpy noises and it worked. The big dude began to play with himself.

The blond was whacking away at his dick and now I could feel his asshole puckering wildly so I whirled him around just in time to catch his burning hot sperm on my cheek. Quickly I got the fat head in my mouth.

"Yugahhhhhshit . . . shit!" he groaned as his body jerked crazily. "God! Fuck! Pussy!"

The blond tried to pull his dick out of my mouth but I had his muscular butt in a vice like grip and he couldn't move. I sucked out the last dribble of his delicious jizz before I let him go.

"You're like a fuckin' vacuum cleaner." He shook his head in wonder as he stuffed his prick into his work pants. Then he moved to the door, leaning up against it. He looked at the big guy with the heavy beard who was holding his dick in his hand. "He gives a great blow job, Beau. Go ahead and get your ashes hauled. I won't let anyone in."

Roughly I pulled the big dude toward me. He had curly hair and an insolent look behind his hazel eyes. He had the same arrogant masculinity of Nick Nolte, the movie actor. His dick was only about seven inches long but it was uncut. When I got down on my knees I could smell it . . . it was so raunchy it outsmelled the stinking toilet.

"You want me to clean it off?" Beau asked with a nervous laugh. The third working man was standing next to Beau, watching in fascination. He wore a St. Christopher's medal and one hand nervously played with it while the other grabbed at his crotch.

Without a word I stripped back the uncut meat and dug my tongue into the rich cheese. I took my time cleaning it off. It was driving the guy with the St. Christopher's medal around his neck bananas. He tore at his belt and a second later his pants were in the piss and he was pressing his dick against my face. I leaned back on the crapper. "Don't you guys have to urinate?"

I closed my eyes in anticipation . . . it splashed in my hair, on my chest, my legs, everywhere . . . it was like taking a warm shower. They must've been drinking a lot of beer. When they finished I was drenched. Then I grabbed both their dicks, trying to get both of them in my mouth as I whaled away at my stiff dong. But it didn't work out too well so I settled on Beau with the uncut beauty between his legs. After I got all of his shaft down my throat I shoved in his balls but out of the corner of my eye I saw the kid with the medal around his neck staring at my dick and wetting his lips. Just then Beau shot off and I concentrated on swallowing his spunk.

Then I turned back to the guy with the medal. Quickly I grabbed him by the ears and before he knew what had happened my big dick was down his throat. I was so horny that I only pumped twice and shot my gism somewhere below his adam's apple. He tried to jerk away, gagging on my spunk, but it only made it worse as I shot the rest of my load in his eyes and he was half blinded. A big blob dribbled down his nose, oozing quickly toward his mouth. He angrily tried to hide it from his buddies but they were grinning at him.

"Looks like we got our own private cocksucker!" Beau smirked as he patted his buddy on the ass. "You take it up the old dirt road, too?"

"Fuck off," the little guy said as he continued to play with his medal. A moment later the crapper door banged shut and they were gone. I sat quietly on the crapper, thinking, trying to figure it all out. What in hell was I going to do? I knew I didn't want to go back to the gym. Hell, I'd only been gone a little over an hour, anyway. And . . . I wanted Killer McKenna to suffer. He knew damned well that if I took off . . . if I ran away that he and his gym would go down the tube in no time and then . . . then he'd come crawling back to

me on his knees, begging me to run his gym. After all, wasn't I the power behind the throne? I was the one who had made Killer a winner. When I'd first arrived at his gym the place was like a morgue and he was flat busted. The bastard was a loser . . . without me. I'd teach the bastard a lesson. He could take his fuckin' ten inch uncut dick and shove it up his ass for all I cared.

My blue jeans were sopping wet but I didn't mind. In fact, I liked it. A moment later I was leaning against the bar and ordering another boilermaker. The bartender leaned over, his unshaven face an inch from mine. His breath smelled like he had a dead rat in his throat. "Get the fuck outa here . . . you fuckin' queer!" he snarled.

Purple-orange flames crackled in my head . . . the heat was unbearable. All I could see was his fat lips and yellow coated eyes. There was the crunch-crunch sound of breaking bone and blood spurted in three different directions. His face disintegrated in slow motion. But I wanted more. I jumped across the bar and kicked him in the head. I watched him topple and when he hit the bar room floor I finished him off by kicking him in the head. Now the blood was gurgling out of his mouth. I grabbed a beer bottle, broke it across the edge of the bar and then jumped on top of it. I held it forward. "Any of you motherfucker's wanna fuck around with this fag?"

Sudden death silence. Even the juke box was intimidated into silence. "Anyone want an instant replay?" I yelled. I stared hard at the three workingmen. Quickly they looked down at the sawdust covered floor. I moved to the swinging door. I stopped and turned around. I threw the beer bottle at the big plate glass window. It was a joy to watch it fall apart . . . just like in a movie, only better.

I felt like King Kong as I strutted down Eddy Street. Fuck 'em all, I said to myself. Fuck Killer. Fuck the Mr. Bay Area Contest, fuck the world I wanna stay on! Then I saw the black dude. Actually he was a creamy brown. For a second I thought he was O.J. Simpson, (I sure would like some of that orange juice) but he was bigger through the chest and slimmer in the waist. He wore an almost transparent t-shirt that showed off his thick pectoral muscles and his washboard stomach. He was in the doorway clutching a blond chick. He had her dress above her waist and his dick in his hand and was just about ready to take the big plunge when her huge handbag hit him on the side of the head and he lost his balance, almost falling to the street.

"Put it in a meat grinder!" she yelled. Her key was out . . . the door opened and a second later it was slammed shut. He started to bang on the door but it was oak. He stood for a moment and then put his cock back into his pants. He held his crotch as if he were in mortal pain. Then in absolute fury he smashed at the oak door with his fist. "You fuckin' bitch!" he yelled. The door didn't budge. "Cunts!" His hand was down to his crotch. I could see it sticking out like a pole. "What the fuck do I do with this?"

I could think of a lot of things but he was too angry so I didn't say a word. He moved slowly down Eddy Street, still hanging onto his hardon. Then he turned into the movie arcade . . . twenty-five cents for a couple of minutes of porn. I followed him in. Private booths lined each wall. The dim red lights made it hard to read the signs tacked onto each booth. **BLACK AND TWO WHITE GIRLS . . . TWO BOYS AND A GIRL.**

He went into a booth and locked the plywood door behind him. I shrugged and almost left but then I found the quarter in my pocket so I went into the booth next to the black stud. I was in luck. A glory hole . . . a big wide one that could take an elephant's cock. Some one had written, "SHOVE IT IN THE HOLE AND GET A FREE BLOW JOB." I dropped a quarter in the slot and as soon as I heard the whirring sound I was on my knees in front of the big glory hole. I pressed my face against the hole, hoping. Maybe the O.J. look alike would be beating his meat. I felt something hot and sticky against my forehead. I jerked my head away and I watched in rapt fascination as the monster came through the glory hole. I kept waiting for it to come all the way through. I could hardly believe my eyes. If I ever saw a jawbreaker this was it. It must've been three inches in diameter and over twelve inches long with a bend in the center that made it go sideways. If I didn't know better I'd swear there was a donkey in the booth next to me. I reached into the glory hole and pulled his balls through . . . they were almost as big as coconuts.

Holding it in both hands I tried to get my mouth around the tremendous knob. I could tell the guy was excited as the big pisshole was dribbling pre-cum. After trying like hell I finally got my mouth around the head but that was all. Then I heard the deep voice . . . a voice that was like honey. "Come on in here, baby, and Daddy'll make love to you."

"Why not?" I said to myself, unlocking the door to my booth. "All he can do is rip my asshole to shreds." And . . . maybe I could get over Killer and his ten inches. I had to admit that this dude's dick was bigger than my master's.

Then I was in the booth with the big black dude. He was spitting on his hand and rubbing it on the monster between his legs. I guess I really saw it for the first time. Shit, it would be like trying to take Moby Dick up my bunghole. The stud pulled me to him and his tongue was down my throat. His big hand expertly unbuttoned my pants and a moment later he was shoving two big fingers (wet with spit) up my ass. "Oh, baby, you gonna take Daddy's dick!"

Lifting me up he turned me around like a rag doll, bending me over and then I felt the 'large object' pushing at my spinner. First it was gentle . . . ever so gentle but it wouldn't go in. I don't know what happened next. I must've passed out for about ten seconds because when I woke up I could feel the searing pain from my toes to the top of my head and the big black dude was pounding away. He had it all the way in to the hilt! I tried to pull away from him but his huge arms were wrapped around me and I couldn't move.

Without losing a stroke he shoved the popper up my nose. Two seconds later the searing pain changed color . . . turned inside out . . . was gone. Drums of ecstasy beat in my head . . . my knees . . . filling my body. "Fuck me, baby," I moaned. "All the way in. Give it to me."

"Best piece of tail I ever had," he moaned as he jammed the popper up his nose. "Better'n that bitch in the doorway."

"Fuck my ass!" I moaned, in a delirium of passion.

Now he was biting on the back of my neck, harder and harder. "Take all of my cock, baby, I'm coming . . . I'm giving it all to you . . . I'm . . . ah . . . UGGGAHHHHHHSHIT . . . OH . . . WAGAWUBAH . . . I . . ."

Then there was the crash . . . the sound of splitting wood and the flashlight blinding my eyes . . . the door had fallen apart and the cops were standing there watching the whole scene come down. The black dude must've been off in his own world because he didn't stop fucking . . . he was shooting off deep into my guts and I could feel the tremendous head of his dick jerking spasmodically. And the cops . . . they didn't move a muscle. They were watching him plow my tail.

The red headed cop was grinning from ear to ear. "Don't let us stop you!"

The black dude's glazed eyes finally focused on the two cops. He saw his natural enemy directly in front of him. There was a loud sucking sound and then a POP as he jerked Moby Dick out of my bunghole. I'd never felt so empty in my life.

The second cop was short . . . barely tall enough to pass the physical requirement to become a cop but he had broad shoulders and big hands. "Hey, Crash, you ever see anything like it?"

Crash stood with his mouth open. "Fuckin' abadaba . . . all his brains went into his dick!" Casually he removed his handcuffs from his Sam Browne. "How long you think it is, Shorty?"

"Can't be over twelve inches."

"I'll betcha a ten spot it is."

"You're on."

I couldn't quite believe what I was hearing. Were these cops really betting on how big the black dude's dick was or were they just torturing us before they threw us in the slammer? Crash went over to the counter and asked the little guy in the horn rimmed glasses for a tape measure. The guy found it among a stack of dildo's.

"Hurry up, Crash!" Shorty yelled. "The nigger's dick is goin' soft."

A moment later Crash was back with the tape measure. "What the fuck we gonna do?"

Shorty grinned triumphantly. His hands grabbed my head, pushing me down. "Suck that black dick, you fuckin' queer cocksucker!"

Somehow I managed to get the head into my mouth. There wasn't much I could do as Shorty was pushing at my head. I was positive I was going to throw up all over the floor as the

black dick stiffened in my mouth.

"Hey, it's hard!" Crash exclaimed. "Let's measure it!"

"Right after he drops his load into the fag's mouth!" Shorty grabbed at his crotch, squeezing hard.

Two young men walked into the movie arcade. They stopped in their tracks, frozen. Then they ran out the front door.

Shorty was mumbling, talking to himself, pushing at my head harder and harder. "Suck that dirty black prick . . . all the way down, you fuckin' queer asshole . . . slurp on it . . . god damn cocksucker . . . like all the fuckin' pansies in this town . . . nothing but queers . . . the streets are full of asshole faggots . . . suck that big dick . . . suck it . . . suck it."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Shorty pull down his zipper. My little fantasy about him went down the tube. I could hardly see his pecker . . . it was about two inches long. He held it with his index finger and his thumb. I felt sorry for him as he shot his load against the side of my face. "Cocksucker . . . queer . . . pansy . . . fruit," he screamed.

I grabbed desperately at the black dude's muscular legs as his load smashed against the back of my throat. I was positive that the force of the jetted gism would tear thorough the flesh of my throat and hit the wall of the movie arcade. Christ, the O.J. look alike kept shooting and shooting and shooting. For a moment I felt like I would drown in an ocean of hot cum. Then Crash grabbed me by the hair, jerking my head away from the big black dick.

"Measure it before it goes down!" he ordered.

I measured Moby Dick quickly. "Twelve and a half inches!"

"I win! I win!" Shorty chortled. He quickly pushed his tiny dick into his pants. "You owe me ten bucks, Crash!"

"You got it all wrong," Crash yelled. "His blue veiner was over twelve inches."

"So . . . that means I win!"

Crash's face was turning purple. "I was the one who said the jig's dick was over twelve inches, you asshole!"

"Don't call me an asshole, Crash!"

Crash laughed and moved to the next booth staring hard at a photo of two girls eating each other out. "You want me to call you a prick, Shorty?"

"You mother fucker! Gimme my ten bucks!"

Now they were nose to nose and at any moment it would be HIGH NOON. The black dude shoved his MOBY DICK into his pants. He nudged me, winked, and a moment later we were out on the street. He patted me on the ass and was gone. I could hear the cops in the movie arcade. For all I know they might have killed themselves.

The brisk breeze from the Bay felt great as I walked down Market Street. And still I couldn't get Killer McKenna out of my head. What would he do when he found out I'd split the gym? Would I no longer be in his stable? And what about the Mr. Bay Area Contest? It was only five days away and here I was . . . out on the town and drunk as a skunk.

"That's a good looking belt!"

"Huh?"

My eyes finally focused on the young man. To be more accurate . . . on the giant. I'm sure he wasn't a pound over 225 but he had a power packed body and an ass that wouldn't quit. He had the innocent face of a choir boy. He looked like a big Lil' Abner.

"What are you, in high school?"

"I'm a Sophomore in college," he answered defiantly, his eyes still on my belt. "Did you ever use it on a guy's ass?"

Flames grabbed at my cock and balls. The thought of beating his ass was a wild turnon. "You live with your Mommy?"

"They're at Lake Tahoe for a week."

"You live around here?"

"Right around the corner," he whispered. "Are you gonna use that belt on my ass?"

"Shut up!"

As I followed the big hillbilly with the beautiful buns up the carpeted stairs I knew I wouldn't go back to Killer's Gym that night. I knew exactly what I was going to do. Blister Lil' Abner's ass so he couldn't sit down in choir. And then I'd shove my arm . . .

And . . . FUCK KILLER MCKENNA . . . FUCK HIS GYM . . . FUCK THE MR. BAY AREA CONTEST AND . . . FUCK THE WORLD!

TO BE CONTINUED

DRUMMER 25

ASS-LICKIN'-GOOD
COMICS

PRESENTS

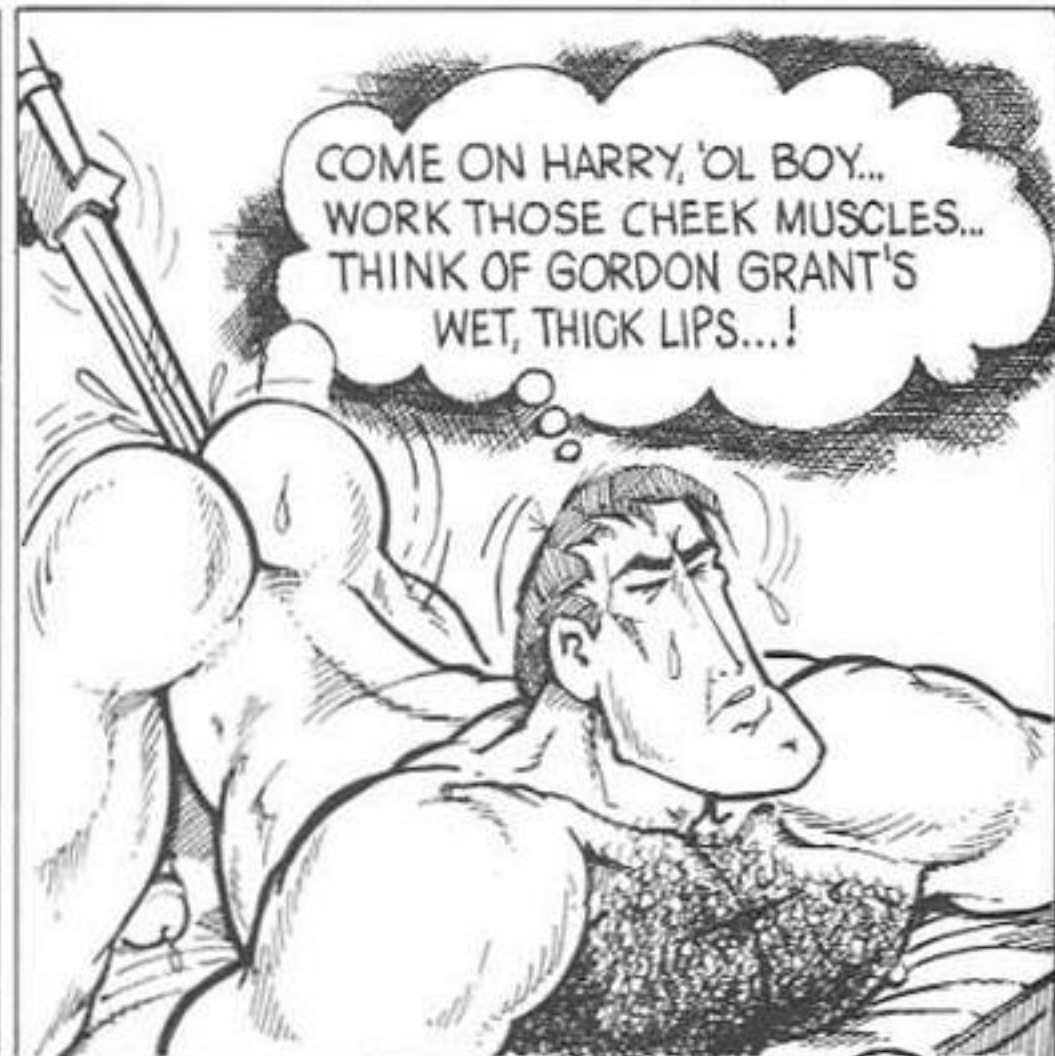
HARRY CHESS VS. THE PYTHON

BY A. JAY

CONCLUSION

OUR HUNKY HERO, HARRY CHESS HAD AGAIN FALLEN INTO THE SADISTIC CLUTCHES OF THE PYTHON! AFTER H.C. REFUSED TO DIVULGE THE IDENTITY OF BIG F, MYSTERIOUS HEAD HONCO OF FUGG CENTRAL, THE NASTY PYTHON RAMMED A STEAMPIPE UP HARRY'S HAPLESS RECTUM! BUT H.C.'S VICE-TIGHT HOLE (FROM YEARS ON THE CIRCUS TRAPEZE) PROVED AGAIN TO BE IN TOP WORKING ORDER... AS HARRY'S ASS MUSCLES CLAMPED SHUT, MELTING 'N BLOWING THE PIPE OUT OF THE WALL! IN MEAN EXASPERATION, THE PYTHON SHOVED THE BARREL OF A LOADED SHOTGUN DOWN HARRY'S SPREAD ASS-HOLE.. WITH THE TRIGGER RIGGED TO GO OFF WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED!!!

MEANWHILE DOWN A DANK AND NARROW PASSAGEWAY, MIGKEY MUSCLE, AND RANCID AGNEW WERE SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING HARRY! ALL LOOKED LOST...





PLOP... PLOP... FIZZ... FIZZ... OH
WHAT A RELIEF IT IS! HOLY
HEADCHEESE - THE PYTHON GOT
HIT FROM THAT RIFLE BLAST!

HELPPP



SECONDS
LATER

GEE HARRY...
WHAT WAS
THAT
SHOT?

HEY... WOW, MAN - HOW COME
YOU'RE ALWAYS STRUNG UP AND
SPREAD IN THESE WEIRD,
E-ROTIC POSITIONS... HUM?

HURRY UP YOU GUYS AND
UNTIE ME! THE PYTHON
JUST GOT BLASTED THRU
THE NECK!

A DILDOE
ISN'T A
POLISH
POPOVER!



LOOK... THE PYTHON'S SKIN
IS JUST
LATEX 'N
THERE'S A
REAL
HEAD
UNDER-
NEATH!



HOLY PISS SHEATH... IT'S
TRADER DICK... THE
ADVOCATE'S OLD
RAUNCHY CLASSIFIED
EDITOR PERSON!

YEAH,
IT'S ME.
COUGH!



IT'S ALL TRUE... ALL
THOSE DIRTY ADS
FINALLY GOT TO ME.
'N THEY SENT ME UP!
COUGH...

YEAH... RUMORS WERE
RAMPANT THAT YOU HAD
FREAKED OUT AND
WERE SENT TO A
FUNNYFARM IN
MENLO PARK!



BUT... BUT WHY DID YOU
KILL ALL THOSE GAYS WITH
YOUR 33'3 INCH RUBBER DICK?

REVENGE... SWEETHEART!
...FOR ALL THOSE DISGUSTING ADS
I HAD TO PRINT... COUGH... AND YOU
SEE... COUGH... COUGH... MY
ULTIMATE FANTASY WAS
TO STRANGLE AS MANY
HOT LOOKING DUDES AS I
COULD WITH THE
WORLD'S BIGGEST
COCK... COUGH...



SURE TRADER DICK... JUST TAKE
IT EASY TILL WE CAN GET YOU
TO THE HOSPITAL.

TOO LATE, CHESS... COUGH... I
CAN SEE THAT FULL MOON
AGAIN... AND THOSE
HUNKY MOONMEN
ARE COMING
FOR ME...
CLUNK!



SUDDENLY...

SHADES
OF
MARGARET
HAMILTON!

FAR OUT!

HOLY
HICKIES!!!

POOF

LEDERMEISTER
LIVES!

NEXT: THE RETURN OF LEWD LEATHER!

the whipped



The evening is not a blur; it's a rumble. Ha-a-a-a-p-p-p-py-y-y bir-r-r-th-da-a-a-ay, G-g-g-lu-u-u-ck-k... k.

It's a month later and Cincinnati. The Mill Valley birthday party is a salivating memory on the periphery of his brain. No drug-related conversation arises that Gluck does not retell his birthday highs. Cincinnati shrugs as he fumbles for the right words to describe his new-found pleasure. Apparently the city is still five years too slow. Most folks don't comprehend. Many confuse it with amyl nitrate, that potent kick-in-the-ass heart exciter that Gluck's gay friends wear in neat little silver whiffers around their necks.

Occasionally Fred encounters an oasis in the desert. Like the Count. "I think it was my very first high. Way before dope. When I was a kid, we'd hit the dairy products in the supermarket and blow off a couple cans of Reddi Whip. Of course we always replaced the cans on the shelf. Quite excellent, as I recall." But the Count is just one.

The more Gluck reminisces about nitrous oxide the more he craves the stuff. He knows, of course, he can't run out to the local gas supplier and score a canister. What about his friend, Tony, the dentist? No. Tony'd never do it. His dealers? Sorry, no gas; just grass.

There's this birthday party for him in California. A real Mill Valley special with special people and special drugs. For hors d'oeuvres it's hash, marijuana and opium. The entree is steak; the dessert, naturally birthday cake. But the best dessert comes out an hour later: the hostess passes him a large orange balloon. How festive, he thinks. You shouldn't have. They're not for show, kid; they're for blow. Oh. Happy birthday, Fred Gluck. Enter into your life a new drug (gads, does he really need any more?): nitrous oxide, laughing gas.

But Gluck's not laughing. He's on his fourth balloon (he's got his own now) and is bee-lining it back to the closet where a four foot high tank of this balloon juice stands ready to discharge its goodies. Along the way he catches his Cincinnati lawyer friend, Kip, falling off a porch step. Kip has discovered, quite by accident, the ultimate N2O kick, inhaling enough to pass out.

So it gets pretty frustrating for Gluck. After all, if they can do it in San Francisco, why not in Cincinnati? Then someone drops the word to Gluck: nitrous oxide could be had *over-the-counter* in whipped cream chargers from a local head shop, Wildberry. Gluck begins to salivate.

"Ah, excuse me, but I'm into whipped cream. I mean, I want to make my own whipped cream, at home, privately."

The girl behind the Wildberry counter looks up from her magazine and stares at Fred Gluck. Does she see the panic in his eyes? Will she call the cops? Will she laugh at him? Does she really believe his story? "Whipped cream chargers are there." She points to a display behind the counter. "Prices are here." Hardly changing her expression, she returns to her magazine.

So far so good, Gluck decides. But how do you order it? How much is a hit: one box? one charger? a case of chargers? These are rough questions to ask. So he doesn't. Instead he shells out \$15.68 for a case of 60 cartridges.

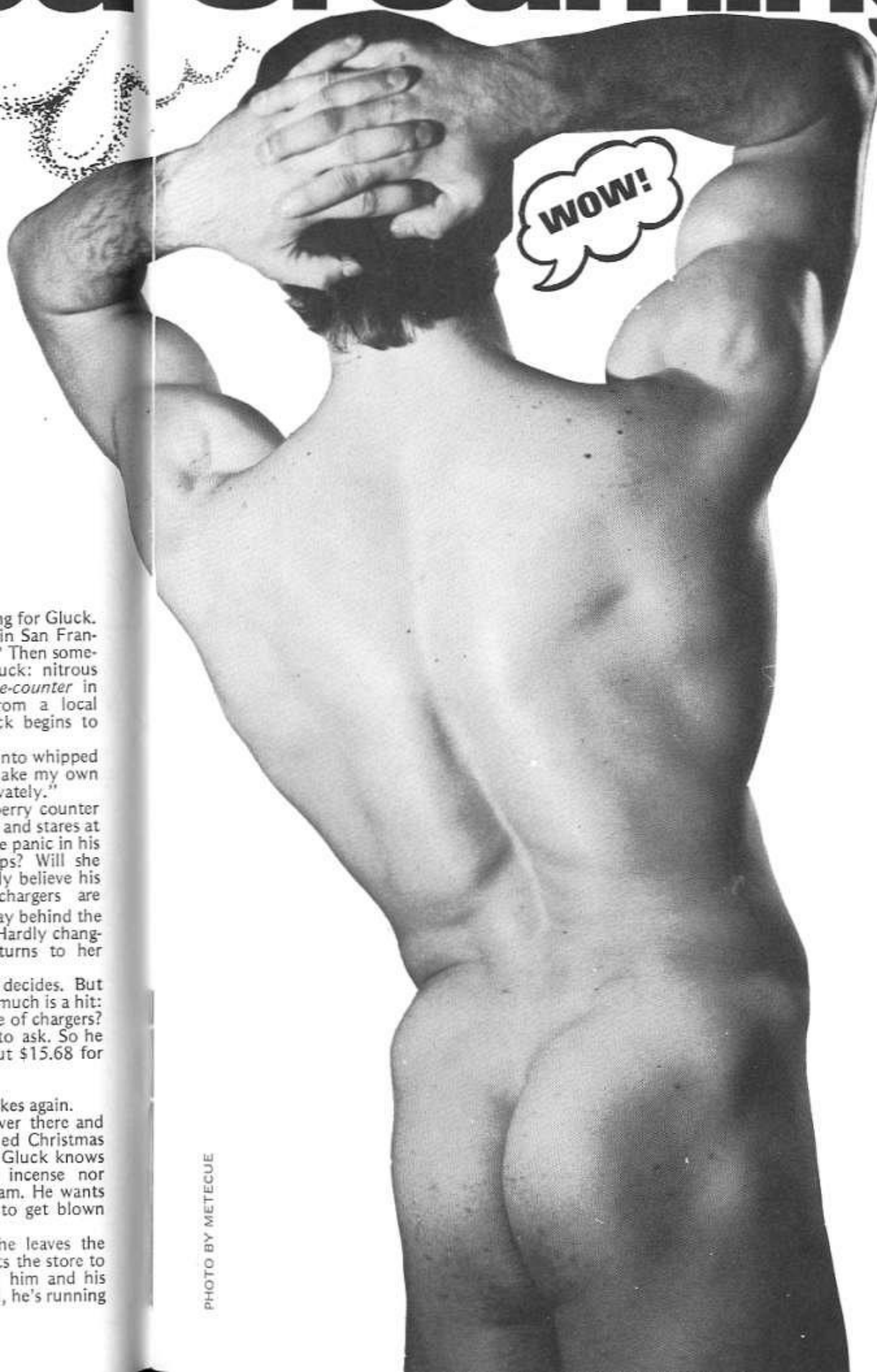
"Will that be all?"

"Yes, why." Paranoia strikes again.

"We got good incense over there and just got a supply of recycled Christmas cards." She's friendly. But Gluck knows she knows he's not into incense nor cards nor even whipped cream. He wants the gas. He's going home to get blown away and she knows it.

She smiles politely as he leaves the counter. He turns as he exits the store to see if anyone is staring at him and his package. No one is. Relieved, he's running to his car.

ed creaming of c



WOW!

A box of chargers is ripped open and he examines the cold gray cylinders inside. They look like miniature bombs some kid would drop out of a gas-powered model airplane. Each charger is two and a half inches in length. Twelve chargers stack up rightly against each other in the yellow box. Then Fred Gluck realizes something: these are no pop-top disposable soft drink containers. How and the hell do you get the gas out? A nail and hammer? Sounds dangerous. Surely there's an easy way to get the juice out from these bombs and into his lungs. Back to Wildberry.

"Say, I was just wondering how you get the stuff out of these things in order to make whipped cream." His heart is pounding.

The girl leaves her magazine and points to a bright orange container on the shelf. "You buy a whipped cream dispenser."

"How much?"

"Twenty."

"Twenty dollars?" He gulps. "That's a lot of money."

The girl shrugs. She's won. She knows he has to buy it. How else can he get the damn stuff out? Cautious as Gluck sometimes is about money, he says he will think about it.

Gluck spends the next day calling every dairy products and equipment distributor in the city. Only one indicates they have whipped cream containers and will sell them for \$20 each. He tours hobby shops and hardware stores looking for something resembling a valve release for his containers. And all the time, the gray chargers patiently sit on his kitchen table waiting to get discharged. Gluck is depressed now. There's no cheap way to get the gas out. He'll have to blow twenty on a whipped cream canister.

A week later, Gluck's not sure what he enjoys most: the nitrous oxide or turning people onto the nitrous oxide. Wendy and Brad visit from Cleveland. "How do you do this thing?" Wendy demands, playing with the orange whipped cream canister as if it were some hot sex toy from an Evelyn Rainbird supply house.

Gluck's at his prime, a nitrous oxide educator to the unlearned and untrained. "You insert the charger here." He shows them the canister top as he inserts a charger. "And you turn it until the charger releases the gas into the whipped cream container." As he turns a high pitched squeal of rushing gas briefly escapes the container. "Put your mouth over the dispenser and inhale slowly like this." Gluck demonstrates. He smells the sweet gas rushing out of the canister and into his lungs. His body numbs. His head begins to vibrate and for a minute he drops out of the conversation to lay back and savor the exhilaration of his nitrous high. He finds himself apart from his friends as they sit and watch him grin. The sounds of the music and their laugh-

PHOTO BY METECUE

Cincinnati

ter vibrate mechanically in his ears. Sound is fragmented and disjointed. Random noises of a turning fan are amplified and distorted. He is apart but present.

The high doesn't last long. A minute or two. With head vibrating, slower now, Gluck returns to the conversation. Once again it has been for Gluck an ecstasy, unlike any other high he has ever experienced.

"What was it like? Tell us."

"Impossible. You have to try it." Gluck knows a nitrous oxide high is unexplainable. The only way to understand nitrous oxide is to do it. So Wendy and Brad indulge.

Three weeks and 120 nitrous oxide chargers later, Fred Gluck wonders if he's becoming a nitrous oxide junkie. Now being a junkie doesn't have to be a bad thing he argues to himself. After all, he's already an Oreo cookie junkie, a Skyline Chili 3-way junkie, and a sex-with-Zelda junkie. So maybe he should expand his credits and add nitrous to the list. But perhaps, maybe this stuff is dangerous. Maybe he'll turn into a freak after five years of inhalation. Maybe it's physically addictive. Maybe he'll grow warts on his nose if he imbibes enough. All of Gluck's unanswered concerns cement the gray chargers together to form a wall of paranoia around his life. The orange colored whipping canister stands guard at the entrance. It is at this point in the whipped creaming of Fred Gluck that my friend of several years calls me and asks for my help.

He knows I write and reasons that some hot Trojanski air on N2O might turn more folks onto the drug. Gluck also knows I'll research his wonder gas thus answering some questions haunting his inhalations.

"I'm really hesitant about the whole thing, Fred. What happens when too many people know about this? You know an over-the-counter high is too good to be true. Simon Legree probably will declare it obscene. Then, poof, no more whipped cream chargers. It'll all go black market and cost a dollar a charger instead of 20 cents. That's what an article can do about the stuff."

"I hear what you're saying, J.T., but people gotta know about this thing. They gotta know it exists, what it does, and what it doesn't do."

"You mean, Fred, you gotta know."

"Alright, I gotta know. But anyways, if John Law comes down on over-the-counter N2O, don't you think that would say a lot about Cincinnati?"

I have to agree with my friend. I have become convinced that maybe a little more repression of civil rights might indeed be the proverbial straw to get the repressed off their asses and fighting back. We start our research the next day.



PHOTO BY DAVID CARTER

ASTROLOGIC

LEO

JULY 21~AUG. 21



DRAWING BY BILL WARD



There once was a maned man
named Leo
who figured, "Why cop a plea-o?"
When accused by his lover of
humping another,
he roared out con brio,
"Climb in for a trio!"





Corporal In Charge Of Fucking Case Of Captain O'Malley

An All-Time All-Fucking Shooting Script
by Bob Hurles and Jack Fritscher

THE ILLUSTRATION AT THE LEFT IS FROM A. JAY'S NEW X-RATED SET — "SHAVED NIPPLES" DUE OUT THIS FALL THRU POWERHOUSE PRODUCTIONS.

• Reel Two •

(You can start here as handily as you just finished Reel One.)

TWO-SHOT holds featuring faces of CAPTAIN O'MALLEY and CORPORAL POWELL as the CAPTAIN continues to fuck the CORPORAL to mutual orgasm. To show time passing, DISSOLVE both faces slowly down under a MONTAGE of MARINES on maneuvers, in close-order drill, in combat practice with pugil sticks, in motivational discipline, in heavy USMC brig confinement, sweating in the shimmering heat of the obstacle course scaling ropes, crawling through mud at a DI's feet, showering, shaving, spit-shinning boots, cleaning rifles, at mail-call, at mess. MONTAGE DISSOLVES into CLOSE-UP face of CORPORAL POWELL alone, jerking off in the half-lighted WARDROOM. NIGHT. Hall lights come on over transom. A rectangle of light falls across POWELL'S face, torso, and dick.

P: (ALONE) Oh, god! Lights just went on. Must be about nine o'clock. Time the Captain usually gets here. I've had a real rough time today. Jesus. I'm gonna let him just ram me, man, I'm gonna open up . . . oh, god, three months of it so far . . . Jesus, I wish it'd been about six by now . . . what've I ever . . . God I wish I knew about this before, man, feels good, massaging my guts, the way he pushes and shoves, just lets himself go and just wrecks me, man. Today I'm not even gonna fight back. I'm not even gonna hold my muscles tense or anything to keep him from pushing my insides out. I'm gonna just let him have his way, and just push and shove . . . god, I'm gettin' so fuckin' hard thinking of the Captain coming, Captain . . .

(LOUD KNOCKS AT DOOR)

P: Wow, shit and I'm not even undressed. Who is it?

(MORE KNOCKS)

O: Captain O'Malley.

(DOOR OPENS)

P: Yessir.

O: You okay tonight, fucker?

P: Fine, Sir.

O: You ready for the Captain's donkey dick?

P: Yessir.

O: How come you're not stripped? Three fuckin' months I been fucking you.

P: Yessir.

O: And everytime I've been here, you've been ready for me. You're not ready for me. Why aren't you ready for me?

P: I'm sorry, Sir.

O: You're not ready for me. Why aren't you ready for me?

P: I was getting my head ready, Sir.

O: Your head? Captain O'Malley wants your ass ready when he wants to fuck you. You understand?

P: Yessir.

O: You're up for promotion. Do you understand?

P: Yessir. I know, Sir.

O: You're up for promotion, fuckin' promotion. You keep this shit up, you're gonna get in trouble. You understand me, Corporal Powell?

P: Yessir, I appreciate what you've done, Sir. I appreciate it a lot for what you've done, Sir.

O: You better fuckin' appreciate what I've done. I been fuckin' you good for three months.

P: Yessir.

O: You need to get fucked by Captain O'Malley, don't you? You like this big Marine dick.

P: Yessir.

O: You like this big Captain's raw dick.

P: Oh, Jesus, Sir.

O: Where's Captain O'Malley gonna put this dick tonight?

P: Up my cornhole, Sir.

O: I'm gonna fuck your cornhole?

P: Yessir.

O: Awright, turn your ass over. Let Captain O'Malley see your fuckin' cornhole. Let me see that fuckin' cornhole. I want you to grease the Captain up.

P: Yessir.

O: Grease the Captain up. Grease the Captain's big fuckin' dick. Big fuckin' Marine cock. That twelve-inch fuckin' Marine cock. The one you want so bad. You want that fuckin' Marine cock, don't you?

P: (LOW WITH PASSION) Yessir.

O: SPEAK TO ME WHEN I TALK TO YOU!

P: YESSIR!

O: Yessir what?

P: I want your . . . I want your donkey dick, Sir.

O: Where do you want my donkey dick, Corporal Powell?

P: Up my asshole, Sir. Up my asshole, Sir.

O: Way up in your asshole?

P: Yessir.

O: I'm gonna pound your fuckin' asshole.

P: Yessir.

O: Put that big twelve-inch Marine cock up there.

P: YESSIR!

O: AWRIGHT.

P: Oh, God.

O: And I want that fuckin' ass up on that pillow.

P: Yessir.

O: Put that fuckin' ass up on that pillow. Let me see it. Spread those fuckin' Marine cheeks.

P: Yessir.

O: Captain O'Malley wants to get up in there.

P: YESSIR.

O: Captain O'Malley had a rough day. He wants to fuck you good.

P: Awww.

O: He wants to fuck you good today. You hear me, Corporal Powell?

P: YESSIR.

O: I'm spittin'. I'm spittin'. Captain O'Malley is spit-shinin' his fuckin' big, fuckin' big Marine cock, spit-shinin' his fuckin' big donkey dick, spit-shinin' his big dick for Corporal Powell's hot sweet ass.

P: GODDAM.

O: Take that big fuckin' cock every-

time . . .

P: Everytime. It's like the first . . . Jesus . . .

O: We're gonna stick that big fuckin' cock up your asshole . . .

P: O god, O god, O god . . .

O: O GOD! LET ME HEAR THAT. Talk to Captain O'Malley. You talk to Captain O'Malley.

P: Jesus, O god. (MOANS)

O: I'm shoving that fuckin' dick in you. Fuckin' you upside down. I'm gonna open you up tonight. Open that fuckin' asshole up. You feel that big fuckin' cock up there? That twelve-inch cock . . .

P: Yessir, yessir, (MOANS) GOD, GOD . . . SIR!

O: Captain O'Malley's in you now, Corporal.

P: Ohhh, it feels good, Sir.

O: Captain O'Malley's in you now, Corporal.

P: Awww, Jesus . . .

O: Feel that big fuckin' prick up in you?

P: Yessir.

O: I'm fuckin' your fuckin' butt, Corporal. I'm deepfucking you, Corporal Powell.

P: I've gotten to love it, Sir.

O: You better love it. You're gonna love it.

P: It still hurts. Oh Jesus. It still hurts after . . . (MOANS)

O: Right. Captain O'Malley knows how to handle your fuckin' butt.

P: Ahhhooooohhh.

O: Captain O'Malley knows how to handle you, Corporal Powell.

P: (MOANS)

O: The Captain's gonna keep fuckin' the Corporal's butt. Captain is fuckin' the Corporal's butt.

P: Oh, yeahh.

O: Ummm, the Corporal's butt.

P: Ohhh, shove it, Sir, shove it!

O: Captain's shoving it now, shoving it up in your butt.

P: Shove it. Shove it, Captain O'Malley. Shove it. Goddam. This is your cornhole. Ah, Sir!

O: Tell me fucker. Tell me who you are.

P: I'm the Corporal, Sir. I'm the Corporal in charge of taking care of Captain O'Malley. Hahhh!

O: Captain's got him a little Corporal.

P: Yessir.

O: Corporal ain't so little, though.

P: LOUD MOANS

O: Corporal ain't so tight no more, is he?

P: AAOOOWWW. NOSSIR!

O: The Corporal's been opened up by the Captain.

P: The other men (MOANS) kid me, Sir. They call me . . . call me, the Captain's hole.

O: You are the Captain's hole!

P: YESSIR.

O: The Captain's wide open hole, now.

P: Oh, Jesus!

O: You're the Captain's wide open hole. C'mon, keep those legs up. C'mon, let me see that cock sticking up from you. (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY GIVES CORPORAL POWELL A HEAVY BUTT SLAPPING)

P: Yessir.

O: Higher. Higher.
P: Is it as good as Corporal Schmidt?
Is it as good as Corporal Schmidt?
O: Fuckin' better than Corporal Schmidt.
P: Deeper.
O: You give me all, Corporal. You give the Captain all he wants. You take care of the Captain . . .
P: (MOANS) Ohgoddd. Oh, MORE!
O: . . . good care of the Captain's dick. You take fuckin' good care of the Captain's dick.
P: Oh, yeahhh.
O: Captain likes fuckin' your cornhole. Captain wants to play with those tits.
P: Goddd.
O: Let the Captain play with those fuckin' tits.
P: Oh, Jesus!
O: I'm gonna bite those fuckin' tits. Let me bite those fuckin' tits. C'mon.
P: Oh, god (MOANS) Too much! You taught me too fuckin' much, Captain. You taught me what those fucking nipples are for. I love it. Oh god. Jesus. Now when I work out, Sir, I think of pumping my pecs up for you.
O: You keep building those fuckin' pecs up for the Captain. You keep building those fuckin' pecs up for the Captain. The Captain likes those fuckin' big pecs.
P: (LOW) Thank you, Sir. (LOUDER) THANK YOU, SIR.
O: The Captain likes your fuckin' big pecs. I like to chew on those big hard nipples.
P: Jesus.
O: And fuck your big fuckin' . . .
P: Oh, Sir . . .
O: And shove his big, big donkey dick up in your fuckin' cornhole and ram your . . .
P: I swear you're getting bigger, Sir.
O: And ram you, and ram you, Corporal. Ram the Corporal. Fuckin' ram the fuckin' Corporal with his big cock . . .
P: Oh shove it. In!
O: You feel that big cock, Corporal?
P: Oh yeah; take my asshole, Sir.
O: Ram the walls with that big cock . . . that big fuckin' cunt.
P: Please, Sir, don't call it that, Sir. . .
O: Fuck you with that big fuckin' Marine cock . . . in that Marine cunt . . .
P: NOSSIR. Please, Sir. Don't call it that, Sir. I'm a man, Sir.
O: You're a Marine fuckin' cunt . . . You're the Marine fuckin' cunt that the Captain needs . . .
P: Please, Sir. Not that, Sir. . .
O: The Captain's gonna fuck your cunt. The Captain's fuckin' you.
P: (MOANS) Please, Sir. Don't call it that, Sir. (O'MALLEY SLAPS POWELL'S ASS.)
O: I'll call it that. I'll knock the shit out of you.
P: Oh, god.
O: You'll be what I want you to be. You hear me, Corporal Powell?
P: Yessir.
O: You'll be what the Captain wants you to be.
P: Yessir.
O: Fuckin' Marine cunt. The Captain's sticking his big, big fat dong up your Marine cunt.

P: Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.
O: Nice and slippery and juicy. Captain's pluggin' a nice big juicy butt.
P: Oh god, yessir.
O: I'm just gonna pump that butt.
P: Oh god.
O: Give me that fuckin' hole. (O' MALLEY ROUGHFUCKS POWELL WHOSE FACE REGISTERS AN ECSTASY OF AGONY.)
P: Feels good, Sir. Oh, god.
O: The Captain's gettin' hot. Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot. He's got your big ass-lips wrapped around his cock.
P: Ohhhaww.
O: Got your big butt lips wrapped around his fuckin' big twelve-inch prick. The Captain's gettin' hot. The Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot.
P: Sir!
O: Pounding your fuckin' butthole. Captain's gettin' hot.
P: Ahhh.
O: Captain's fuckin'. FUCK. Captain's FUCKIN' (CLOSE-UP. CAMERA MOVES IN FOR THE KILL, HOLDING RIGHT ON POWELL WRITHING UNDER O'MALLEY UNTIL BOTH MARINES REACH ORGASM)
P: Jesus.
O: Ohgoddd.
(TWO-SHOT: CORPORAL POWELL LAYS BACK INTO THE BIG EMBRACE OF CAPTAIN O'MALLEY.)
O: The Captain put a load in you, Corporal. The Captain put a fuckin' load of come up you. Ummm. A fuckin' load of come up your butthole.
P: (LOW) Ohhh, I've gotten used to that cock in the last three months, man.
O: UMMM. Speak up. I can't hear you.
P: Sir, I was just talking to myself, Sir.
O: What did you say, Corporal?
P: Sir, I was just saying, how nice and used to that cock I was gettin', Sir.
(O'MALLEY SLAPS POWELL'S ASS TEASINGLY)
O: You like the Captain's cock?
P: Yessir. I look forward to it at the end of the day, Sir.
O: You're gonna keep looking forward to it, because the Captain's gonna keep fuckin' you, Corporal. You hear me, Corporal Powell?
P: Yessir.
O: Captain O'Malley likes your butthole. And he's gonna keep fuckin' it as long as he wants to. Cause you're stuck at

this base until I want to get rid of you.
P: Yessir. It's worth all of the . . . all of the kidding I go through.
O: They can kid you all they want. They don't know nothin'. They don't know nothin'. I'm a Captain.
P: Jesus.
O: I think it's time the Captain fucked you again. I think I'm gonna go twice tonight.
P: Sir.
O: What?
P: Nothin', Sir.
O: The Captain is gonna fuck you twice.
P: Ohhh.
O: The Captain's gonna fuck your butt twice. It's good and tight . . .
P: Ahhh.
O: You got the Captain turned on, Corporal. You got the Captain . . . Stick those legs up in the air.
P: Oh goddd.
O: C'mon, get those legs up there . . . Stick that ass up in the air. C'mon Corporal, give me what I need.
P: Oh, Sir.
O: Give me what I need, and I'll give you what you need.
P: Whnnnnnn. Yessir.
O: What do you need, Corporal? What do you need, Corporal?
P: I need, I need . . .
O: (SLAP) Speak to me when I talk to you.
P: Yessir. I need your cock up in me, Sir.
O: You're gettin' it twice tonight.
P: Oh, god.
O: You're gettin' it twice tonight, Corporal.
P: Oh, god, I'm hurtin' now . . . Jesus . . . only once, once a night, sir . . .
O: Captain O'Malley wants you to stand up. Stand up. C'mon, get up, Corporal. Corporal, c'mon. Let's move it.
P: Yessir.
O: Stick that big, beautiful, Marine butt up in the air, 'cause the Captain's gonna ram you.
P: Ahhh.
O: The Captain's gonna ram you from above. Feel that big dick slippin' in you?
P: (PAINED) Yessir.
O: All the way in, all the way in your big butt. Owww. Captain likes that.
P: God.
O: He likes that big, beautiful Marine





ass sticking up in the air, saying, "Fuck me in the butt."

P: Yessir.

O: "Fuck me in the butt."

P: Yes, Captain. That's what it's saying.

O: Yeah, that's what the Corporal is saying, isn't it?

P: Yessir. That's it, Sir. *Fuck me in the butt!*

O: The Captain knows. (SLAPS ON THE ASS) He loves that beautiful bottom. Look at those beautiful fuckin' Marine buns.

P: Oh, Jesus. Fuck. Fuck.

O: The Captain's cornholing you, buddy. He's sticking that big fuckin' cock up in your butthole. Ummm, Captain likes fuckin' you, Corporal.

P: Ahhh, thank you, Sir.

O: Umm, Captain likes fuckin' you. That's why he's fuckin' you twice tonight. That's why the Captain is fucking you twice.

P: Captain, I'm privileged, Sir.

O: You are privileged and don't you forget it.

P: Yessir.

O: You've got a twelve-inch dick up your ass. A twelve-inch big juicy, slippery cock.

P: Oh, yessir, yessir.

Ohhh, yeah, ridin' that Marine ass.

P: Corporal's Marine ass.

O: Just pumpin' it, just pumpin' it. Gettin' it big and hard, big and rock hard. 'Cause it's gonna shoot another big load up in your butthole.

P: Ohh, Sir, SIR!

O: Tell the Captain what you want, Corporal. Tell the Captain what you need, Corporal.

P: Would you shoot on my face, Sir?

O: Shoot on your face?

P: Yes, Sir!

O: You can handle the Captain's come?

P: Yessir.

O: Think you can handle all that hot come from out of his big twelve-inch cock?

P: Ahh, yessir. I think so, Sir.

O: What are you going to do with it when it comes out?

P: Try and get as much in my mouth as I can. Ahhh, yeah.

O: We'll let the Corporal . . . we'll let the Corporal take it for awhile in the butt.

P: Owwwwahhh.

O: We'll let the Corporal take it wrapped around the Captain's cock. It looks so pretty going in the Corporal's ass. That big twelve-inch prick.

P: Owwwwahhh.

O: Pounding up against you.

P: Oh, god.

O: Pounding up against you, Corporal. That's the way you want that fuckin' dick, isn't it?

P: YESSIR!

O: Captain's fuckin' his Corporal. The Captain's fuckin' his Corporal.

O: A Marine Captain's cock. That's what I am.

P: Ahhowwwahhh.

O: And you're nothin' but a fuckin' Corporal. You're nothin' but a fuckin' Corporal. The Captain's fuckin' his Corporal. The Captain is fuckin' his Corporal, isn't he? He is fuckin' his Corporal, he is ridin' that big ass . . .

P: Ahhh, yessir, ohhh, yessir.

O: He's ridin' that big Marine ass. Yeah, (SLAPS) ridin' that big Marine ass.

P: Awww, god.

(MEDIUM SHOT OF HEAVY FUCKING AS CAPTAIN O'MALLEY PLUGS CORPORAL POWELL)

O: Ahhh, yeah. YEAH. Captain's fuckin' his Corporal. His Corporal wants to get fucked.

P: Oh, please, Sir.

O: Corporal's crazy about the Captain. Can't forget the Captain's Marine cock.

P: Ahhhhowww, ahh Sir.

O: And don't you forget it. (FUCKING) Okay, turn over.

P: God.

O: Turn over.

P: I'm fuckin' used man. (LOW) Ahhh.

O: The Captain is going to continue

to use you.

P: Yessir.

O: Because the Corporal likes being used.

P: Yessir.

O: The Corporal likes being used by the Captain.

P: Yessir. The Corporal needs to be used by the Captain.

O: Cause the Captain has what the Corporal wants. He has a twelve-inch big fat donkey dick Marine cock.

P: Ahhh, Sir . . .

O: The only one that can satisfy the Corporal. Isn't it?

P: Yessir. Ahh, god.

O: Watch the Captain stroking that big cock. I want you to watch while I'm beating that big twelve-inch cock. 'Cause the Captain's going to beat it off right in your face. Right in the Corporal's face. He's gonna shoot the biggest load right in the Corporal's fuckin' face.

P: Ahhh, yessir.

O: Lick the Captain's balls, Corporal.

P: Yessir!

O: You lick the Captain's balls. Just suck those big Marine balls. Suck those fuckin' Marine balls. (CLOSE SHOT OF O'MALLEY'S BIG NUTS LOWERING INTO POWELL'S STRAINING MOUTH)

O: Yeah. Yeah. Captain likes that. Captain likes it when you suck those balls. Captain's got himself a Corporal, Captain's got himself a Corporal to take care of him. His Corporal's taking damn good care of his cock. Captain likes it. Captain likes it when the Corporal licks his balls, big hairy balls. The Captain's got big balls (CAPTAIN O'MALLEY SLAPS CORPORAL POWELL'S FACE SEVERAL TIMES.)

P: Ahhh.

O: How hairy are they?

P: Very hairy, Sir. Very hairy, Sir. Oh, god.

O: Captain's got a hairy dick too. Hairy dick, and hairy legs, and hairy balls. Captain's got a hairy body. Corporal hasn't got any hair, does he?

P: Nossir.

O: You like hairy bodies. You like the Captain's hairy body?

P: Yessir! Please, please, Sir . . .

O: *Please Sir* what?

P: Please, Sir. Come all over me, Sir.

O: Come all over you?

P: Yessir! Please, Sir.

O: Captain's gonna shoot a big load on your face.

P: YESSIR!

O: Big load all over your fuckin' face, Corporal.

P: All over me.

O: I'm gonna rub it in your face.

P: YESSIR!

O: I'm gonna rub the Captain's come all over your face.

P: Ahhh, Heez . . . Sir.

O: All over your face. Your fucking face.

P: Jeez, Sir, Jeez, Sir.

O: Uhhh. Here it comes!

P: Oh my god. Sir. God. Sir. My god.

O: Captain's cock is so fuckin' big, it's hard to stroke it. It's hard to stroke the Captain's big cock.

P: Ahhh, please. Sir . . . Please, Sir . . . Please, Sir . . .

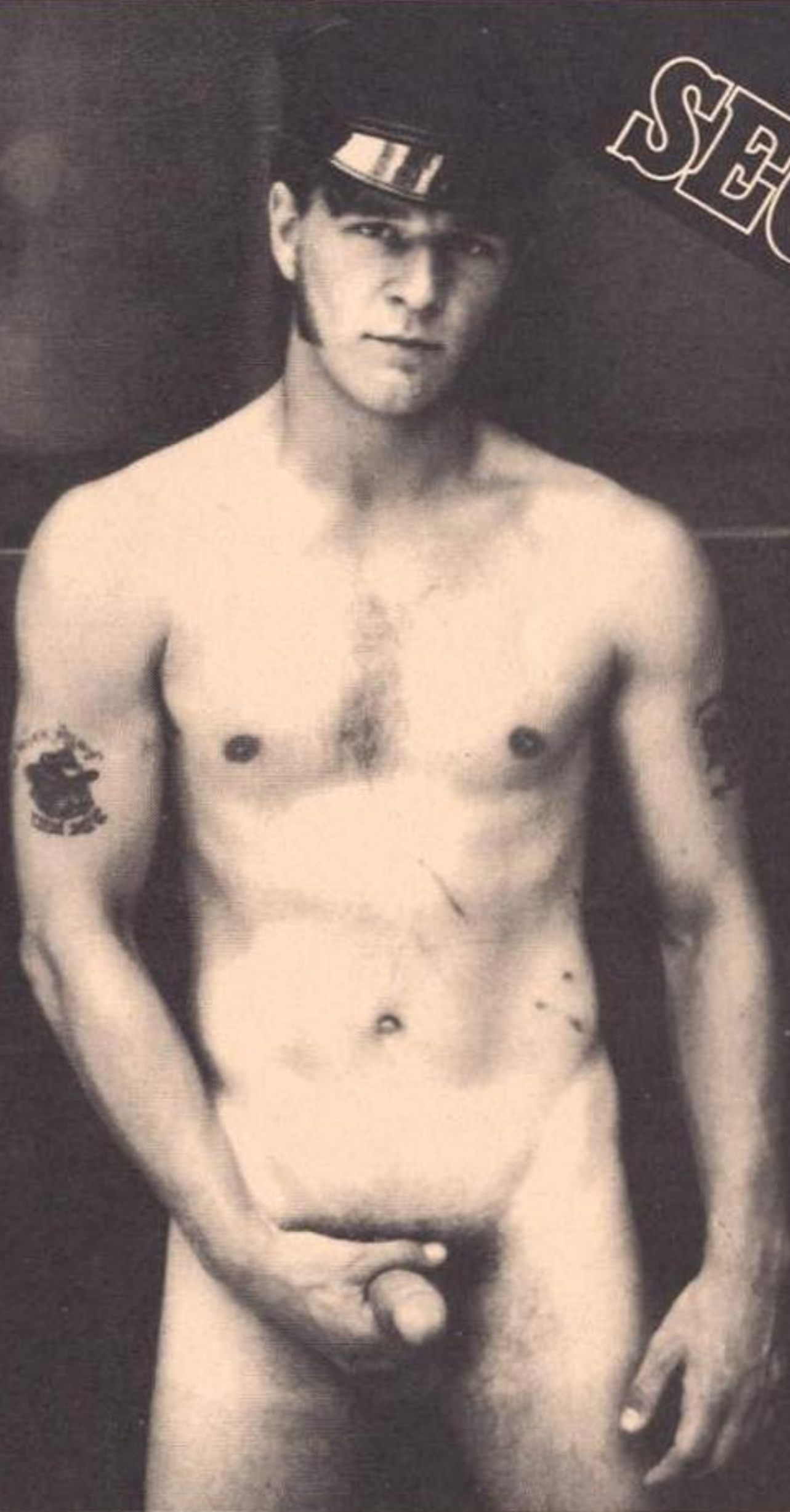
DRUM BEATS



'ONE IF BY LAND... TWO IF BY SEA'

PHOTO BY BOB OPEL

**BOOK
SECTION**



Drawing by HARRY BUSH

**A DOUBLE FICTION
PACKAGE HARD-ON**



SO GRAB
YOUR FAVORITE
ROOM ODORIZER
AND PROCEED...

Farmhand

By Cimarron



Chad lay stretched out on a bale of freshly cut hay. One leg raised like a lazy tomcat looking for someone to come along and scratch his belly — heavy, sultry eyes half closed, but seeing everything. A sprig of hay dangled precariously between two full sensuous lips — occasionally revealing sparkling white perfectly formed teeth — radiant in their contrast to the golden skin tone of a summer tan. His tongue toyed with the sprig — pulling it slowly backward and forward in his mouth. Gently biting up and down the stem — sometimes pausing to suck the sweet juices from the hay.

A hawk circled slowly and effortlessly in a clear cloudless sky as an occasional breeze sent a nearby windmill spinning. Chad luxuriated with the feel of the breeze cooling the dampness of his sweat covered hairless skin. He could see the hawk and the windmill and the entire farmstead from his perch high in the hayloft of a large weathered barn. He was also conscious of the light sweet smell of the fresh hay, the lingering smell of livestock — the horses and cattle now out in the pasture — and of his own sweat — which he noticed smelled salty and somehow indecently good. Enough so that he raised his arm and nuzzled his nose against the nearly hairless armpit ever so often so that he could enjoy the tangy, sensuality of his own smell.

Chad's concentration, however, was not on the hawk, nor the landscape nor on the addictive aroma of his fresh sweat. Instead his half-closed eyes focused on the half-naked form of a deeply tanned muscular farmhand dowsing himself with water from the horse tank located some 50 yards beyond the barn door.

The clear blue eyes of the sun-bleached blond boy turned man reflected the rugged, fully developed frame of the older man as he approached with an easy confident gait that bordered on cockiness — the kind a man has when he feels the world is not only in his pocket, but that he can control all its subjects as well.

Both men had worked since dawn. Joining together to hoist the 90 to 100 pound bales of sun-cured hay onto the flatbed of a battered, paint-worn truck. And then again joining to hoist the bales from the loaded truck over their heads into place high in the loft. Although the hired man had just been engaged by Chad's dad that morning, he and the boy had immediately felt a comfortable familiarity and the result was an easy work rhythm which quickly resulted in the clearing of the field and the filling of one side of the barn to the rafters.

Chad's dad would be pleased upon his return at the end of the day from a trip to town for tractor parts.

The two men had carefully watched the other since first meeting that morning. Careful, that is, to appear that they were not consciously doing so.

"Buck's the name," the hired man had said, extending a firm handshake and a bright, broad smile as he fixed his clear, brown eyes on the younger lad who was to be his working partner. In one quick glance, he sized up the hard, lithe frame of the man-boy, pushing 18; admired the hard developing muscles and smooth baby-faced skin toasted golden by the sun's rays; and observed the neatly trimmed nearly white sun bleached hair, cut in obvious obedience to his conservative parents. It was the kid's glistening white teeth and broad generous smile, however, bordered by a dimple on each cheek that captivated his attention and created the basis for the development of an immediate rapport.

The boy's small waist, narrow hips and light frame created a protective urge which sent him rushing to the kid's aid when he saw him attempt to lift a bale far too heavy for his weight. For Chad, eager to show himself to be a man capable of keeping up with a seasoned worker, unleashed energy which even Buck found himself pressed to match.

Working at the fast, unconsciously competitive "show off" pace, the men were drenched with perspiration before the first load of baled hay was securely placed in the barn. Small beads of sweat formed riverlets which trickled down their backs as they worked unfettered by shirts which had been discarded by the time the first load of hay had been delivered to the barn from the field. The riverlets converged into a river at the base of the spine — dammed temporarily by the waistline of their levis only to be released as each stooped to lift another bale — allowing a small flood to gush into the ass crack — soaking the waistline and crotch of each — causing the levis to continually ride into the ass and cling seductively to each man's very obvious and more than ample manhood.

Several times during each loading and unloading process, the men unconsciously shifted the cheeks of their ass to lift the center seam of their pants out of the valley in which it had uncomfortably lodged. Or they ran a hand deep into their pants lifting their balls and dislodging the seam permitting the air to circulate — evaporating the sweat thereby cooling the area concealed by the levis. Again, unconsciously, the fingers that had been used to separate the damp denim from the wet flesh would be automatically lifted to their nostrils where the sensual smell of fresh, salty crotch sweat would be savored a second or two as they repositioned themselves to toss yet another bale of hay into place in the loft.

As the day wore on, Buck became increasingly aware of the well-shaped plump mounds of the boy's small, narrow ass as they stretched and strained against the worn, threadbare pants that barely concealed them each time Chad leaped into the loft to straighten a bale that had failed to land square.

Nor was Chad oblivious of the big, bronzed, handsome stranger. He marvelled at the bulging arm muscles as large as his legs and wondered if his own would ever reach that size or achieve the definition each revealed as they flexed and unflexed each time a bale was lifted and tossed as easily and lightly as a 25 pound sack of flour.

He also shyly visually examined the massive barrel-like chest, matted with dark hair, glistening with sweat, the nipples large and protruding — the hair forming a narrow ridge across hard rippling stomach muscles and around the navel only to rejoin and disappear into the tattered levis suggesting that even more of the luxurious hair lay concealed beneath.

How can a man be so big and so perfectly proportioned he wondered?

And at the same time he could not help but wonder if the man's crank would be as proportionally large?

And how would his own compare?

But it was not Buck's muscles or chest or the very large bulge in the worn levis which captivated Chad's attention or created the restless excitement in his loins he had previously experienced only upon watching his dad's prize bull mount and plow a heifer. Instead, it was the careless, jock-like, cat-like way in which Buck sensually moved — almost as if every part of his body was independent of the other — yet in harmonious coordination. A single toss of the farmhand's head not only seemed to clear the thick, rich brown hair from his eyes, but reposition each strand back into place.

And above all it was Buck's penetrating dark eyes and the suggestive way he held his mouth when he looked at Chad that aroused the unspeakable sensations in Chad he had not before felt. Bright, large eyes, topped with dark full silky eyebrows and lashes, which smiled mischievously, hinted of excitement and seemed to not only penetrate his private thoughts until he found himself blushing with embarrassment, but which both hypnotised and captivated. And the lips... Firm, determined, masculine lips — capable of expressing both approval or disapproval, mystery or openness, simply from the way they were held. As well as a hint of something forbidden — like a deliciously dirty private joke which can be shared only in a whisper in close proximity in a private moment.

By the time the first load of the morning had been delivered to the barn, both men were fully at ease with one another and an easy give and take kidding banter had developed between the two which made them feel like old friends. Horse play was a natural extension of the growing familiarity and a necessity for the excess energy of the younger man. The grab ass began with Chad tossing a cow dung bug onto the back of his older peer. Later a cow chip and a small dead stinking snake were used to taunt Buck until he bulldogged the boy and applied a couple of well-placed solid swats to his firm, full ass. The swats were followed by a finger pushed firmly and deeply through a small hole in the ass seam, causing Chad to bolt and break free from the cornhole invasion — only to be tackled again and forced to smell the older man's stink finger after which Buck raised the finger to his own nose to see whether it actually retained any shit smell. Satisfied that it did, he made Chad smell his own shit a moment longer as penitence before releasing him and resuming their work schedule.

Although the grab ass became more frequent, it did not interfere with their work pace. Instead, it offset any boredom with the monotony of the work and made the day fly by much faster for the two men. To a large degree, they re-

sembled two young bull calves — butting and teasing each other. One occasionally taking advantage of an unguarded moment to mount the other in their play, only to have the mounted one break free in mock displeasure from the attempted but sometimes partially successful cornhole. It did not matter that one was much larger and stronger and could easily master the other. It was all part of the horse play game in which all young healthy masculine farm boys engage — of tease and taunt, of chase and tackle, of domination and submission, and of escape and retaliation.

During the course of the day, Chad had progressively teased Buck. The grab ass had also become increasingly rough although Chad's fleetness of foot normally permitted him to taunt and then stay just out of reach of the farmhand.

"You fuckin' farthead," Buck would chide feigning anger upon having a cow chip flung his way. "If you don't quit this horse shit I'm going to beat your ass until you can't sit down."

"Fuck you!" Chad would respond in mock disbelief. "You and who else?" Fully aware that he had best stay on his toes or the farmhand would do it.

A short or threatened chase was always followed by good humored laughter and more verbal threats tossed back and forth.

Buck tolerated the horse play primarily because he wanted to impress the boy's dad with a good day's work upon his return. He knew that if he pleased the ole man with his work, there would be plenty of time to fuck around with Chad in the days ahead.

"I'll take your ass down a notch or two later," he promised. He also knew from the boy's continuation that he would be held to his threatened promise.

Only once during the course of the day had he broken his resolve to maintain the business at hand. It happened in the truck on the return to the field for another load of hay. Buck was driving while Chad was attempting to drink from the water jug. A quick touch of the break had proved irresistible. The ice cold water splashed down the boy's chest draining around and chilling his hot sweat soaked balls. Chad let out a howl and raised himself off the seat in wreathing discomfort as Buck doubled over in uncontrollable laughter. The agonizing gut shaking laughter was Buck's undoing, for with his head momentarily helplessly pressed against the steering wheel, he exposed not only his back, but several inches of inviting white ass crack — an irresistibly tempting target for retaliation.

In one spontaneously quick action while Buck was contorted and convulsed with laughter, Chad emptied half the contents of the water jug into the pocket created by the flared out top of the levis and the exposed crevasse of the farmhand's butt. The shock of the cold water as it ran across his butt hole and spread around his balls instantly froze Buck's hearty laughter and brought the truck to a jolting, grinding halt. Reaching across the truck cab, he grabbed for his blond tormentor. But Chad's reflexes were too quick and he sprang out of the truck with a graceful leap leaving the door swinging behind. Slamming the truck gears up into neutral, Buck slid across the seat as if it were greased and out the door — landing on his feet close on the heels of the fleeing boy.

They raced in a circle around the truck — both laughing — as ice dripped and flew from Buck's pants — both knowing the outcome of the race as they ran. With a lunge, Buck tackled the boy — wrapping his massive arms around the boy's waist to drag him to the ground. Panting — still laughing — they collapsed in an exhausted heap — the older, larger man squarely on top of his smaller, younger prey.

"You shit head," Buck laughed. "You're going to suck ass now."

"Say's who?" Chad mocked, knowing full well the big farmhand could force him to eat prunes out of his asshole if he were of a mind to do so.

For several minutes they lay panting while Buck recovered his breath from the chase and determined an adequate retaliation for his helpless captive. As Chad lay pinned in the soft grass, he found himself becoming increasingly aware of the pleasure of having the weight of the large, handsome man's body pressed tightly against his own. He could even feel the fullness of the farmhand's large dick through the two thin layers of levi material as it lay across his own. And for a moment, he found himself pushing his own hips up slightly to

increase the excitement of the contact until in the process he was alarmed to feel his own crank expand and grow from the pressure.

The pleasure of the contact was increased by the mingling of their body smells. Sweat dripped from Buck's overheated armpits, forehead and chest onto the face and chest of the younger man. Buck's cheek rested on Chad's so that the boy found himself not only being covered with the farmhand's sweat, but forced to breathe his breath as well.

Buck was fully aware of the blond farm boy's cock as it expanded, lengthened and hardened against his own hardening pussy punisher and he was tempted to strip the pants from the boy and spend the remainder of the day playing with his new found toy. But the time of day, the work at hand, and the open field shaped his judgment and made him realize that some modified course of action was called for.

Raising himself slightly, he tightly gripped the boy's chin with one large hand and roughly turned Chad's face into his own.

"Give?" he both harshly questioned and demanded, his face almost brushing Chad's.

"No more horse shit until we get our last load hauled in for the day. Okay?"

Receiving no response, he thrust a hand into the boy's pants, popping the buttons of the levis, until he held two smooth, hairless balls and an already man-sized cock in his massive grip. Finding the base of the balls and dick with his forefingers, he gave a quick twist which extracted a yell of pain.

"Okay! Okay!" Chad yelled in response, reluctant to loose the contact of Buck's hand on his highly sensitive crank, but not anxious to have his nuts twisted again.

A grin spread across Buck's face. Mischievous and mocking. His breath hot and sweet smelling, continued to blanket his captive's face.

"Open your mouth!" he ordered.

"What?" asked Chad, the puzzlement showing in his eyes.

"Open your mouth, damnit!" Buck ordered as he tightened his grip on both the boy's face and balls.

The mouth opened wide. Like a baby bird's — ready to receive a mouthful of nourishment. And before Chad realized what had happened, he had accepted and swallowed a full mouth of Buck's spit.

"You fuckin' son of a bitch," he muttered, but without conviction. The spit had tasted sweet and he found himself wanting to taste not only more of the spit but all of the man that now dominated him.

Laughing, Buck then pretended he was fucking his young ward and he felt the boy's prick swell even more and jump with excitement between his calloused fingers as he moved his hips up and down in the mock rape.

Then without warning, he raised his crushing weight up off of the boy, and placed his knees across each of the boy's arms so that he was still securely pinned to the ground. A smelly fart ripped from his ass in the process and he laughed knowing the boy's nose would get the full benefit of his earthy expulsion.

Chad struggled unconvincingly for he now found himself excited anew by the nearness and smell of his conqueror's crotch and its hidden tantalizing, but fully obvious massive hard containment. His nose enjoyed the heavy smell of the fart and of the sweat soaked section of Buck's denims plastered to the skin between the asshole and the base of his extremely large balls which now loomed directly over Chad's face.

Without warning, Buck ripped the front of his tight levis open and pulled them down to his knees resulting in their serving as a restraint across Chad's neck. Chad's eyes grew large and his mouth fell open in amazement. He could tell from the bulge in the levis that his working partner had one hell of a pole. But what now dangled only an inch from his nose was the largest prick he had ever seen. Not even Rusty Reir at school could compare and everyone knew he had the biggest dick in the country.

Horse dick is the only comparison of which Chad could think and he wondered how anyone that big could ever fuck anybody without splitting them in two. Chad's own man-sized cock stood straight up like a flag pole as his eyes feasted with excitement on the milk white ass which hovered only a couple of inches above his head and the massive hairy balls, larger than chicken eggs which Buck proceeded to rest on the

boy's mouth and chin.

Never had Chad imagined that another man's balls and dick could smell so good although he had often enjoyed the smell of his own sweat from the same two areas. The dick he noticed smelled of sperm and he found it the most sexually exciting smell he had ever encountered. His eyes looked almost straight down the tremendous prick in near sighted fashion since the head of the dick was now resting against the end of his nose as Buck reached back and grabbed Chad's own ample endowment causing spasms of pleasure to ripple through the boy's loins and spread throughout every inch of his body.

A drop of clear fluid appeared out of the nearly inch wide opening of Buck's crank dripping down onto Chad's lips leaving a connecting string between the cock and the full succulent lips. The slipperiness of Buck's hand on his own cock made him aware that he was also dripping in the same excited way. Buck used his other hand to grasp his own tool and Chad watched helplessly as the cock began to expand even further until the head fully cleared the skin which had previously covered all but the tip end.

Chad knew that the excitement of Buck's touch and his own still boyish sensitivity would produce an uncontrollable explosion from his innards within seconds. He writhed and twisted in his agonizingly enjoyable predicament and prayed: "Please, please, don't let me shoot first." Almost as if his prayer had been answered, he watched the large veins on the side of the massive cock swell and expand. He swore he could actually see the tremendous rod jump another quarter of an inch larger in length and diameter.

Buck quickly raised himself up off the boy and pushed the monster prong straight back between his legs. Chad watched in a hypnotic totally sexually aroused state as spurt after spurt of thick white pudding shot onto his own spurting cock, his stomach and chest; he in turn bull's-eyed the ass that hung over his head.

Without saying a word, Buck took his sperm covered hand and rubbed it thoroughly over Chad's chest and stomach and down all over his balls and dick until the expended life cells from both men had been not only completely mixed, but absorbed into the boy's smooth, flawless skin. He then raised himself upright, directly over the boy's face and after squeezing the still massive but softening prick a couple of times, he began to piss a full yellow stream around Chad's head — never quite touching the boy's hair or face, but causing considerable alarm as Chad apprehensively watched the stream as it appeared to be directed straight for his face.

Finished. Buck deliberately shook the last few drops of piss off of his peter into the boy's face and hair.

Then removing his now painful weight from Chad's body, he stood up and nonchalantly pulled up and buttoned his pants.

"That, motherfucker, is just a sample of what you can expect if you fuck around with me," he said walking back to the truck without a backward glance.

Chad slowly got up. Noticing and smelling the ring of piss-foam and soaked earth that had encircled his head as he did so. Also aware of the tightening feel of his cum soaked drying skin. And without a word, Chad climbed back into the truck with Buck to finish their day's work.

The last load of hay was delivered into place a good two hours ahead of what might have been anticipated. Although Chad's dad had not expected the two men to clear the field early, he had instructed them to knock off work after the last load had been placed in the barn just in case they should exceed his expectations. He knew that hauling in all the bales in the field was enough work for any two men on a given day.

As Chad watched Buck enter the barn and climb the step ladder leading to the loft where he lay, he was filled not only with the satisfaction of a job well done, but with more excitement and expectation than he had ever known. He remembered absolutely every detail of the early afternoon struggle in the hay field and he was anxious to experience it all again. It was as if something inside of him had been awakened and aroused. And like a filly in heat, he felt he had not had nearly enough of the tall, dark, handsome man-stallion.

Tired but not worn out, relaxed but ready for a new encounter, he wondered how he might taunt the older man into another rough game of grab ass. Only this time he had an idea of just what he might be getting himself into and he looked forward to again being the conquered loser.



PHOTO BY ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD

Little did Chad realize that his partner would need no persuasion, for the same thought had been on his mind for hours ahead of what might have been anticipated. Although Chad's dad had not expected the two men to clear the field of the hay field in the record time.

In the beginning days of surfing here in the States, when surfing was kind of a rebellion against the way society was out to stymie individuality, I guess surfers had some pretty raunchy reputations. I mean, I've had some granddaddys of the surf (their having been around in the forties and fifties), tell me that Joe Public looked upon them as something in the same category as the Hell's Angels or Jack the Ripper. In other words, when the surf was up, proper beach communities locked up their kids for fear they'd be raped by some scruffy, unshaved guy playing Neptune.

Well, needless to say, I missed out on those dim beginnings of surfing as a lifestyle. I came along later, after middle-class America had taken surfing to heart, and it was suddenly an acceptable thing like football, baseball, or any of the other jock sports. As a matter of fact, if you lived by the ocean like I did, then you were usually expected to go out on the waves and excel or be left behind by your peer group. Let's face it, schools everywhere are rife with their little cliques; and, find me a school anywhere near a good surfing area where the surfers don't claim a pretty high spot up the pecking order.

So, by the time I appeared on the scene with my custom-made Hobie Alter surfboard, through some act of God (or more likely because of all those Beach-Blanket-Whatever movies), everyone and their grandfather looked upon all of us surfers as good, clean, all-American, jock-type kids who probably went through our teens more concerned with boards than broads. Or, if we did notice girls (no one would ever insinuate there were gay surfers anymore than there were gay football players), we always did so in the same chaste way as Frankie Avalon was always chasing Annette Funicello.

Well, it's time someone let the cat out of the bag. No matter what quality of bullshit has been fed the American public, I do know that hanging ten is as much the length of the cock hanging between my legs as it is a surfing position. I know all about cock and about where to put it for a good time. And, when the surf isn't up, I also know how to ride other things besides the waves.

I'm not the exception to any rules, either. As a matter of fact, I'm just your typical blond, blue-eyed, all-American, butch-next-door surfer. Picture yourself a stereotype stud surfer teen, and I'll bet you two-to-one, you've got me pretty much down to a tee.

I stand five-feet-eleven. I weigh one-sixty stripped naked and soaking wet. I've got well-defined pectorals and a nice ridged belly. The only hair on my body is on my head, beneath my arms, and around my cock. Oh, there is a halo of blond strands around each of my dime-sized nipples. And, I've got the customary brows and eyelashes. I've also got a line of hair that runs up (or down?) the crease of my ass.

What all of this boils down to is that surfers, me included, may look like you've always imagined, but they aren't those celibates you've possibly been led to believe. Nor are they exclusively heterosexual, any more than the big jocks in

football and soccer are all that straight. There are gays out there riding the waves just like there are gays playing grab-ass (and grab-other-things), in many of those butch NFL locker rooms. I know. I surf. And, I'm gay. And, I've fucked and been fucked by my share of surfers to know that I'm not alone. Let's face it, when you load your boards in the jeep and take off for some isolated beach for the weekend, worried parents aren't going to consent to your taking along any Carol or Mary-ellen. But, if you share a tent with Bob or Bill, then what the fuck?

You think surfers haven't been into sex since those once dim beginnings? You think no surfer would ever think of plugging another surfer's butt or mouth, even if he did get a little horny? If you think that, you'd better think again.

Sure, there's still that communing with nature that you're always hearing about. Sure, there's still that big thrill of being out there on a wave and knowing nothing but the wind and the water and the slide down the glassy surface. But, surfing has lost some of its original mystique because it's usually no longer a case of just you and the wave and nature. Now, there are those twenty other surfers out there trying to maneuver on that same wave as you are. Somehow, surfing has been the loser in its adoption by the masses. Not that there still aren't those loners out there who live expressly for each new wave. Not that there aren't guys who will still insist that "getting it off" on a wave is a hell of a lot better than fucking some guy or some gal. Sure, those aficionados of the sport are still there. It's just that, over the years, they've gone from the majority to the minority.

What you mainly have out there now are guys just like me. Not that I'm shooting down my own skill on the board. Because, I'm good. You want to see someone to a good nose-dive, a spinner, a head dip, a backward turn, I can show them to you without having to make any excuses for my skill. But most of the guys I know are no longer apt to head out into the water at daybreak and stay there until their skin puckers up like adolescent cock after its first masturbation. There's more to a surfer's life now than just wind, water, and his surfboard. We may no longer have neighborhoods locking up their kids, but that's only because the surfers of today are those kids who used to be locked up. The majority of us aren't the loners whose lives (sex included), revolve around making it with one more great wave. We want an occasional good ride, sure. But when the ride is over, we want something in addition. And, as I've already mentioned, heading off with a buddy or buddies to a good surfing beach does indeed offer opportunities for a little fooling around on the side among us healthy young men.

Take just last week for instance. Pete Windgate and I went up the coast about a hundred miles to one of the few remaining beaches on the west coast that can still be deserted on occasion. Maybe that's because it's a day's hike to reach it. But, it's known for having point surf; and, the long walling waves are ideal for some pretty long rides.

We arrived in the afternoon, found

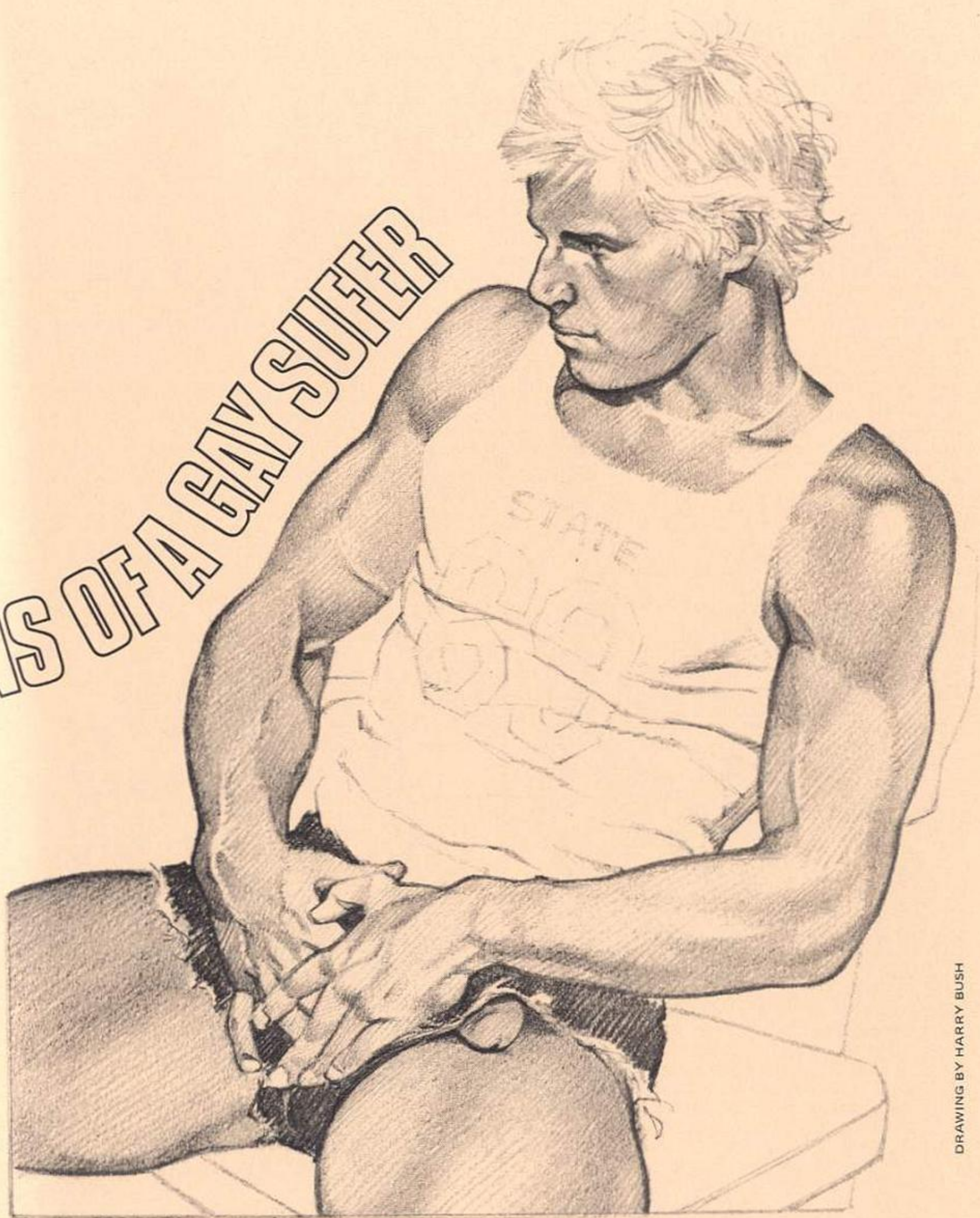
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some good sets, and spent a couple of hours doing a few of the hotdog maneuvers which are now the "in" thing with my peer group. After that, we lit a bonfire and concerned ourselves with another kind of hot dog. Later, Pete and I ate more enduring wiener while stripped down to our altogether in our two-man tent.

When we woke up in the morning, miracle of miracles, we were alone on the beach. The two other groups who had been there when we'd arrived had apparently pulled out sometime during the night.

The waves weren't anything to brag about; but, they had potential for getting better. Pete and I decided to go out anyway. We took the tandem board out into the water. A tandem surfboard, by the way, is bigger than a normal one. This one was over twelve feet long and twenty-five inches wide, but it was still quite buoyant in that it was designed to hold

ONS OF A GAY SUFFER



DRAWING BY HARRY BUSH

two people instead of one. While traditional tandem riding is a boy-girl thing, Pete and I use the tandem board mainly for other things on those rare occasions when we find ourselves somewhere without two-million other surfers in the water with us. Those instances of privacy on the waves, I might add, are getting to be as rare as hen's teeth.

We paddled out to the calm beyond the line where the waves were breaking and maneuvered the board so that it was aimed toward shore. We took one more look at the beach to make sure it was still empty; and, then, we stripped off our swim trunks. Anticipating what we both had planned, our cocks were already harder than hell.

Pete's cock isn't as long as mine. We once measured it in at a little over seven inches. But, it is admittedly thicker. Even when it's soft, it looks more like a beer can than a penis. It's uncut; but in erection, its foreskin is completely peeled back to reveal one fucking big cock head complete with deeply slicing meatus. I've had that cock up my butt more than once; and, goddamn if it isn't one beautiful buttful! His nuts are big ones, too. They fit the picture I always get when I read about bull-like balls in all those fuck books. His scrotum is covered with a furring of brown hair which is the same color as the hair covering Pete's chest, his belly, his legs, and his arms.

Pete went belly-down on the board, his head facing shoreward, our swim suits mashed between his washboarded abdominals and the surfboard. We'd lost

more than one pair of trunks doing this, but we always tried to keep them with us on the ride into shore just in case anyone arrived while we were too occupied to notice. Because, even though we did always bring along extra swim wear, neither of us wanted to go wading naked out of the water to get to them if we had any other alternative.

I knelt on the board between Pete's legs and spit a mess of saliva into my hands in order to get my cock good and sopped. Any excess lubricant I ended up using to wet down Pete's pucker which I found nestled invitingly within the crease of his muscled ass buns.

I then leaned forward and pushed my hard cock into the slot offered by Pete's asshole. This was no mean feat, I might add, considering the fact that if you don't do it right the first time, maintaining your balance all the while, the surfboard has a tendency to tip one way or the other; and, there's a good possibility you'll both end up getting dumped into the sea.

However, Pete and I have done this enough times so that we have the process down pretty pat. In no time, I was spread out along Pete's body: my chest on his back, my belly on his butt, my cock rammed to its blond balls right up his shit hole.

I worked my hands and arms until I had Pete in a full nelson; and, then, I started my hips to pumping away.

Pete started groaning like sixty, telling me how his hard cock was fucking the surfboard. Simultaneously, he was using

his hands and arms as paddles, working our board into position so that we could catch one of the incoming waves.

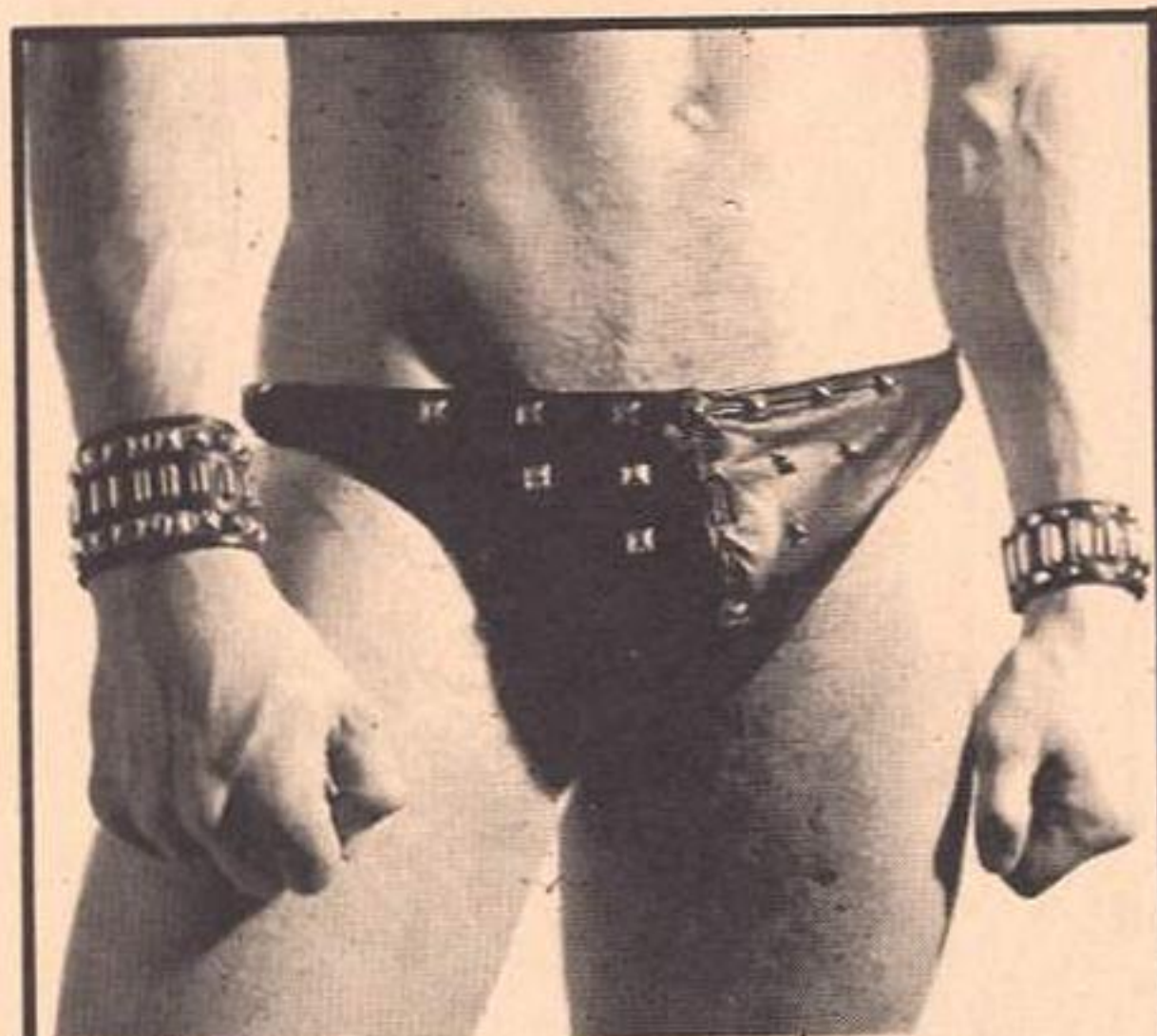
I screwed Pete's butt royally until I was right on the verge of popping my rocks. Then I quit, knowing that Pete's experienced asshole would be getting my cock to climax without any further pumping on my part.

I put my arms in the water; and, we caught the next wave into shore. About halfway there, I shot off, filling Pete's butt full of my juicy thick cream.

Although the wave wasn't a big one, it was well-formed so that we managed not to fall off despite our sexual gymnastics. Sometimes, right when you're about to let go, you'll end up getting dunked instead. That's quite a frustrating experience, let me tell you.

Anyway, I guess I just wanted to let everyone out there know that gay sex is alive and well within one international sport, even if it is becoming harder and harder to get the privacy you need for literally "getting it off" on one of those waves. However for those of you who are interested, even when all the waves get crowded with people, there'll still be plenty of action among those surfers on shore.

So, the next time you hear some lily-pure kid screaming "Surf's up!" in one of those corny movie reruns on TV, rest assured that somewhere, at that very minute, some surfer's cock is up too. And, it's most likely going at it hard and fast up another surfer's tight young asshole. ▲



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SM, Taurus, 25, 6', 165. White, 6", masculine, muscular stud seeks boot and uniform buddies into police and military scenes. Butch studs only with boot, uniform fetish need reply. Real motorcycle cops and military men a plus. Discretion assured. Uniformed photo and phone. Box FLW201.

COCOA BEACH, S, Capricorn, 59, 5'6". 155. White. Knowledgeable. Open-minded, willing to please. Box 360.

HIALEAH, SM, Pisces, 32, 5'8". 165. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Experienced in both roles to go as far as partner's experience permits. Partner should be well-built, over 28, not in Miami or Ft. Lauderdale. No fems, fats, long-hairs. Box 009.

LAKE WORTH, SM, Pisces, 36, 6'1", 175. White, 8". Old hand. Can endure much in either role and wants no-nonsense partner who knows what he is doing. Into heavy S&M, regular sex. No fems, amateurs. Box 1251.

MIAMI, SM, Scorpio, 37, 5'9 1/2". White. Knowledgeable. Heavy oral orientation and exhibitionism desired. Box 047.

ILLINOIS

LIKES TO SERVICE HORNY GANGS
Hot W/m, 24, will pull group action and/or let you spank my firmly rounded buns. Send photo & phone to: Jeff, 323 S. Franklin, Suite 804, Desk 0-5, Chicago, IL 60606. Satisfaction yours!

McHENRY, M, 25, 5'8". 155, 7". Seeks muscular, rugged, masculine Master who will

expect obedience and reward worship. I know I was born to serve. Box 058.

CHICAGO, Cancer, 31, 6', 150. Brown mulatto, 8", novice seeks clean, patient, hung stud, Black or White, mature father image to 50. Teach me right. Send photo. Box ILM101.

ALTON, S, Capricorn, 35, 6', 170. White. Knowledgeable. Versatile, muscular, hunky Stud seeks partner to 35. Should be clean-cut, no fats. Box 159M.

CHICAGO, M, Aries, 29, 5'10". 175. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Enthusiastic and willing to try almost anything with levelheaded partner in good physical condition. No fems, fats. Box 186Z.

EVANSTON, S, Scorpio, 46, 5'11". 175. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Turned on by high, heavy BOOTS and wants slave with same strong interest for mutually booted sessions. Respects limits, no fats, fems, hard drugs. Box 017R25.

SLAVE WANTED NOW!
TO OWN, BUY OR RENT!
SEND YOUR PHOTO WITH DETAILS
OR CALL:
Mark, Box 5788, Chgo, IL 60680
(312) 642-0902

HIGH, BLACK, ENGINEER BOOTS, LEVIS, and LEATHER need attention of good slave. I am W, 37, 6'1", 170 lbs. Joliet, IL. (815) 436-5068.

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS, S, Libra, 35, 6', 150. White, 7". Old hand. Very demanding but considerate Master heavy into S&M, bondage, humiliation with mature, dependable true slave to 45. No chickens, beginners or those unable to follow complete domination. Box 132F.

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE, S, Leo, 28, 5'10". 170. White, 8". Knowledgeable. Good top man enjoys satisfying slave's real desires. Must be at least 8", masculine. Box 047W.

HARVEY, SM, Leo, 42, 6', 215. White, 7 1/2". Novice. Firm but gentle, understanding of partner's likes/dislikes. Seeks similar into role-switching. No fems, drunks. Box 130Z.

LAFAYETTE ARIES-CANCER PAIR, 28, 5'10", 170, white 7", 20, 5'6", 135, white 9". Group scene. Clean, discreet, masculine, jocks. What's your scene? Box LAR-101.

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, S, Aries, 42, 5'10". 150. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Seeks partner over 18 for strict discipline and prolonged bondage. Same size or smaller, smooth body. Must submit to pubic shaving and being owned. WASPS specially welcome, discretion assured, long-term relationship possible. Box 253.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 2 guys, 30's, S, 5'9" 150 into leather, rubber, W/S etc. M, 6', 165, into rubber infantilism, W/S and serving beer drinkers. Both masc. virile, slim and like threesomes with other S who enjoys giving W/S & receiving head. Box MAP-101.

BOSTON, MA, White male M, 25, 5'11", 150 lbs. seeks S into bondage, toys, S&M,

W/S, whips, face fuck. No scat, FF, shaving. Heavy into bondage. Box MAM-102.

ORAL SLAVE. Novice seeks patient understanding leather masters for first real experience. Fantasy — yes. Brutality — No. Dig giving front and rear French. Am W/M 42. 6'. 165 lbs. Brown hair and eyes. Clean shaven. Reasonably attractive. Box 15, 102 Charles St. Boston, MA 92114.

SPANKING: NEW ENGLAND/NYC/CA

If your bottom's in need of red hot discipline & prolonged, sensual attention, write this W/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs, who is experienced & understanding. Occupant, Box 610, Cambridge, MA 02139. Phone numbers answered 1st. I travel a lot & would like to discover the innocent young guy suggested by your quivering, well reddened buttocks. Occasionally receive spkg or go both ways.

MICHIGAN

TITS — J/O

If you are really into tits and into working your tool, send photo and details to: Box 7185, Northend Sta., Detroit, MI 48202.

SM — 26. Scorpio, 7". 6'1". 230. Adaptable to many situations. Willing and able to please. Box MIM-101.

FARMINGTON. S. Virgo, 33. 5'6". 135. White. 8½". Knowledgeable. Firm Master demands obedient experimental Slave. No balds, fats, dominants. Box 052D.

TAYLOR. MS. Capricorn, 24. 5'10". 165. White. 6½". Novice. Eager to learn from and submit to the right S. Will serve Master totally. Box 261.

MISSOURI

ST. LOUIS. S. Leo, 31. 5'9". 210. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 245.

NEW JERSEY

BARE ASS this slave and give him fifty lashes apiece with the toughest strap you can find! Box UC103.

JERSEY CITY. M. Libra, 34. 6'. 163. White. 6½". Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spread-eagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily. Box 101NJ.

HIGHSTOWN. M. 32. 5'8". 160. 7" cut. Blond hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

NEW JERSEY/NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 32. 5'6". 130. White. 7". Uncut, beard, attractive, very masculine bottom man seeks aggressive top man into heavy Greek and French action, including toys, FF, w/s, dirty talk, fantasy trips. I want to be totally and completely used by the right man. I'm into the leather/levi scene. No feds, fats, pain. Box NJR201.

RANDOLPH. S. Scorpio, 36. 6'2". 180. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Seeks permanent slave, 20s to mid-30s, to share life and private house.

Into leather bondage. Willing to train and will respect limits. No fats, feds, hard drugs. Box 291.

NEW YORK

SPANKING WANTED

Goodlooking 23-year-old w/m cop, 5'11", 165, brn/brn, moustache. I dig nice feet, too. W/M's to 30 only. Photo a must. Nude preferred. No fats, feds, drugs. Correspondence on subject welcome. I am completely new to this scene. Box 362, Great Neck, NY 11021.

FRESH MEADOWS. M. 34. 175. Taurus. White. 6". Uncut. Seek mature, adult, macho male with head together. Levi, leather, construction. I can take orders. Blonde, blue-eyed German seeks anything but drag. Box 052H

HUNG STUD w/m, 36, good body, hot tongue for young hot meat. Will travel, answer all comers. Orgies welcome. Box UC101.

NASSAU COUNTY. SM. Taurus, 45. 5'9". 172. 6". Uncut. White. Knowledgeable. Imaginative in either role. Seeks serious, macho leather/levi partner to 48 with reasonable endurance, into S&M, spread-eagle bondage, dog discipline. No extremes. Limits respected, expanded. No feds, fats, fakes. Box 185R.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 38. 5'8". 145. White. 7". Masculine and obedient but needing training and discipline from rugged master over 40 who believes in keeping his slave naked and spreadeagle and ready to service him and his buddies. Box 070T

ANGEL FACE OR SPANISH

Be dominated by man (40) who will subdue you and work out fantasies. Must be affectionate after you have been had. Ed, Box 582, Cooper Station, NY, NY 10003.

NEW YORK BEEF

Big Mac, lean 100 percent beef, 6'3", dominant, 34, goodlooking, wants to slip into firm, round buns. Side order of hot FRI Box 387, New York, NY 10028.

GYM JOCK

Gym sock jock wants to rent Levi j/o buddy. Send photo. Box 414, 166 W. 21 St., NYC NY 10011.

MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT

will bring submissives to their knees to worship and service his bulging crotch. Beg for it! Dick Long, 166 W. 21 St., NYC, NY 10011.

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN & FIREMEN. Fishermen, Sewermen! Hipbooted, gloved, rain geared, gas masked w/m, 25, 5'7", seeks you for heavy j/o, piss, friendship. Must own and truly love black rubber boots, waders, rain gear, even innertubes. Let's hose each other with water/piss, slosh in the rain, wallow in the mud. Call (212) 662-0447.

MASCULINE GERONTOPHILE

Libra, 6'3", 60, slender, will do anything for the masculine male who is turned on by my type. Box 290X.

BROOKLYN. M. Aquarius, 33. 6'. 170. White. Cherokee Indian. 7¼". Uncut. Knowledgeable. Smooth, body-building, talented, tight ass, slave needs domineering Master to 40 over 6", hairy, hung, into B&D. No role-switching, scat, shaving. Box 122.

FLUSHING. SM. Taurus, 43. 5'8". 180. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Biker into Leather/Levi/masculine scene seeks intelligent, butch partner. Will switch roles for right person. No feds, blacks. Box 052H.

ILION. MS. Gemini, 47. 5'8". 130. White.

5½". Completely inexperienced. At best when told what to do and forced by patient and understanding Master, preferably blond Aryan type. Must be cut and clean, well-endowed. Box 141.

NEW YORK. S. Taurus, 44. 6'. 170. White. 7". Novice. Seeks dark, hairy slave with large uncut cock. Must be knowledgeable, clean. Box 153P.

WOODBURY, LONG ISLAND. SM. Taurus, 43. 5'9". 172. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Trustworthy, responsible, intelligent, creative and fully aware of risks and dangers. Wishes to fulfill M fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean, unselfish partner to 48. No feds, fats, freaks, fakes. Box 185R.

NORTH CAROLINA

RALEIGH. MS. Taurus, 37. 6'1". 170. White. 6". Knowledgeable. Butch submissive digs hung, handsome, arrogant S to 40, any race, to verbally abuse, humiliate, use for cock, piss, ass service. Versatile, mature. No heavy pain, fats, feds. 101NC.

OHIO

MUSCLE WANTED

Ohio dude looking for muscle action with very well built top/bottom into his build. Flexing, pumping, bulging muscle action makes my cock and ass hot. Get off on super pecs and nips, extreme vascularity, hard ass to plow and eat. Into oil, long j/o, flexing, pumping, muscle licking. Ringed tits or cock, tattoos a plus. Am 29, black bodybuilder, 5'10", 180, in need of steady buddy for serious workouts and action. Age, looks unimportant. Muscles a must. Will answer all, but need a dude close by. John, Box 494, Springfield, OH 45501.

DAYTON. S. Sagittarius, 33. 5'10". 165. White. 8". Knowledgeable, will provide skilled application of humiliating leather cock, ball, tit work. Leather a plus, deep throat a must. No feds, fats. To 45. Send frank letter, photo, phone. Discreet. Box OHM101.

AKRON. MS. Gemini, 43. 6'1". 195. White. 6½". Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L.

CLEVELAND. MS. Aries, 46. 5'10". 155. White. 6½". Novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well-built partner to 50. No fats, heavy S&M, B.O. Box 017V

COLUMBUS. SM. Taurus, 25. 5'9". 183. White. 6½". Novice. Satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No feds, fats, snobs, chicken. Box 365.

OKLAHOMA

TULSA/KANSAS CITY. Goodlooking, Levi, w/m, bottom, moving to area in fall, seeks w/m top secure in who he is. Prefer uncut, trim, freewheeling. Box UC102.

TRAVELING MASTER. 32. 6'2", solid 195. 8". Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock & Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into sweaty jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156.

OK CITY. S. 6'2". 32. 195. 8". Cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 101OK.

MUSKOGEE, S. Capricorn, 49, 5'10", 180. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Totally empathizes with partner and has complete collection for his entertainment. M MUST have boot and breech fetish. No drugs, heavy S&M, play-for-pay types. Box 189.

OREGON

SLAVE FOR PORTLAND HOUSE WANTED
No fantasy freaks. Real only. 25 to 35 under 5'9" wanting bondage, discipline. Submit permanently. No weekenders. No jack-off letters. Send photo, description, estimated time of arrival if accepted. Master calls shots, you don't. Clay 2534 SE 23, Portland, ORE. 97202.

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, S. Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165. White, 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, aryl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209.

PHILADELPHIA, M. Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210. White, 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weightlifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 052.

PHILADELPHIA, M. Libra, 49, 5'10 1/2", 140. White, 8". Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50, Box 052F.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Libra, 40, 6'3", 165. White, 7". Novice. Has assumed slave role for greater awareness of slave limits and desires. Seeks submissive partner to 45 with good basket and buns. Will not mark, bloody or shave. Box 294V25.

PHILADELPHIA, S. Taurus, 40, 5'10", 165. White, 7". Knowledgeable. Imaginative, mature, hot-looking dude seeks dark, masculine moustached or bearded novice to 50. Should have good body and teeth, must be clean. No feds, fats, redheads, slobbs. Satisfaction guaranteed. Box 227G.

PHILADELPHIA, SM. Pisces, 49, 5'11", 175. White. Will train Slave to worship Master's leather and naked body. No dopers. Box 088T.

VIRGINIA

ARLINGTON, SM. Libra, 28, 5'6", 136, white, 8". Knowledgeable, masculine, well-built, attractive stud seeks muscular, well-endowed partner. Other bodybuilders. Marines preferred. Box 294V50.

RICHMOND, S. Leo, 45, 6'1", 175. White. Brown hair, blue eyes, 8" cut. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, L/L, truckers, horses, W/S, J/O, light S&M. Boot lover. Business necessitates travel entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 400.

WEST VIRGINIA

SCORPIO, M, 26, 5'11", 170, 7". Clean cut ex-DRUMMER 56

serviceman would like correspondence, photos and get together with masculine, stocky, dominant types (30-60) into light S&M, L/L, tattoos, beer/piss, aryl, farts, uniforms, sweat, fantasies. Be frank, uninhibited and dirty. Write: Occ., Box 772, Franklin, WV 26807.

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM. Capricorn, 37, 6'2 1/2", 190. White, 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, fats, Box 185G2.

WISCONSIN

MANITOWOC, SM. Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150. White, 7". Novice. Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 6". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K.

MILWAUKEE, MA. Capricorn, 42, 6'4 1/2", 210. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No fats. Box 294V85.

WATERTOWN, S. Libra, 27, 6', 175. White, 7". Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest, understanding partner. Into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs, selfish types. Box 130W.

CANADA

W/M SKS HUGE-HUNG GR ACT BLACK
W/M - 44, 6', 170, athlete, beautiful body, slightly uptight, reevaluating life, ready to get stretched, deepened. I know what I want, what I have to scrap. Need hugely tooled understanding B/m who understands size/race hang-up, can help me scrap WASP/jock self-image and get my head into submissive role. I'm clean-shaven, short hair, dark gd lks, built to be had: husky legs, neat White tail, 31" w. swimmer's shoulders. Will answer all, possible relocate. P.O. Box 520, Station K, Toronto M4F 2G9. Ont, Canada

STRAPPED. Strapping six-footer wants to get strapped by a pro. I'd like to get my ass programmed by a patient expert S until I'm into getting regular heavy strappings. Age, race immaterial. I'm 43, body-builder/swimmer, quiet, masc., gdlkg, don't smoke, drink. Write P.O. Box 1038, Stn. Q, Toronto M4T 2P2, Ontario, Canada.

DENMARK

BOOTED DANISH LEATHER-GUY
33, 6'2", hung and hairy, versatile, into many scenes and anxious to expand present limits. Visiting L.A., S.F., Chicago and N.Y. Aug/Sept. to meet groovy all-leather guys for fucking/sucking and what else is good. Photo if poss. Please write to: Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vestervang, DK-8000 Aarhus C. Denmark.

ENGLAND

LONDON SM VIRGO, 6'1", 160, 9 1/2" leather uniform enthusiast. Good looking enjoys giving receiving rough sex with clean cut studs. No discrimination. Extra partner supplied if required. Into gang bangs. Seeks role-switching masculine partners. Have all the Gear. Box EDB-101.

WEST GERMANY

WEST GERMAN. Dutchman, young looking 40

living in West Germany, seeks dominating, slim partner to 30 for lasting relationship. Possible living together. Box WG901. (Include Overseas Airmail postal rate with reply for forwarding.)

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MISC

LOST

B.F.D. Where did you go? Please get in touch with T.O. or C.J.

ORGANIZATIONS/CONTACT

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Gauntlet Enterprises (850 N. San Vicente, L.A.) makes the hard-to-find jewelry you're looking for. Send \$2 for illustrated brochure; subscribe to PFI Quarterly, the HOT newsletter for piercing fans. Receive 4 issues & a listing in the PFI Roster for only \$12 per year (\$16 foreign). GAUNTLET, Box 3950, Dept. 29, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

JOCKS FOR SALE. Hot, hairy, leather stud has some choice, ripe jockstraps for your collection. All are well broken-in, and have been thru many heavy scenes. All are in good condition. Perfect for mouth gags. Sent in heavy insulated envelope. \$5 each. P.P., P.O. Box 11007, S.F., CA 94101.

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NUDE BEACHES: Complete maps and detailed information only \$3. **NUDE RESORTS:** nation wide listings, revealing guide only \$5. USA & Canada. Both: \$7. air mailed. Personal checks accepted. GEODETICS, Box 3382-D, Station B, Calgary, CANADA T2M 4M1.

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STOP BRIGGS IN CALIFORNIA!

In November, California will be the first state to put the human rights of gay people to a vote. It could be the first of many states to deny basic rights and civil liberties to gay people.

WHAT, EXACTLY, DOES THE BRIGGS INITIATIVE SAY?

"Public homosexual conduct means the advocating, soliciting, imposing, encouraging or promoting of private or public homosexual activity directed at, or likely to come to the attention of schoolchildren and/or employees."

"Factors to be considered by the (school) board in evaluating the charges of public homosexual activity or public homosexual conduct...shall include, but not be limited to...acts, words or deeds of a continuing or comprehensive nature which would tend to encourage, promote or dispose schoolchildren toward private or public homosexual activity or private or public homosexual conduct."

"Upon a finding of probable cause, the governing board may...immediately suspend the employee from his or her duties."

IF PASSED, THE BRIGGS INITIATIVE WOULD:

• **MEAN** any school employee (certified teacher, teachers aid, school administrator or counselor) who publicly or privately opposed discrimination against homosexuals could be fired from her or his job-regardless of whether she or he were gay."

• **DENY** employment in the school system to any person who has ever publicly or privately opposed discrimination against homosexuals-regardless of whether she or he were gay.

• **SUSPEND** any school employee for up to 60 days before a school board decides whether the provisions of the new law have been violated. A school employee could be suspended for 30 days before the school board holds a hearing.

The Briggs Initiative threatens your fundamental rights of free speech, free association, and due process. It is a clear attempt at establishing a dangerous precedent of intimidation and censorship. This insidious initiative must be defeated in California.

Californians Against the Briggs Initiative (CABI) is an affiliation of 11 broad-based coalitions of gay and non-gay groups and individuals throughout California. WE NEED YOUR HELP!

CABI

**CALIFORNIANS
AGAINST THE
BRIGGS INITIATIVE**

CLIP & MAIL TO: CABI/2049 MARKET STREET/SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94114
(415) 626-9482

☐ I ENDORSE CABI.

My name can be used for other anti-Briggs activities sponsored by CABI's member coalitions.

I can donate: ☐ \$5 ☐ \$10 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$_____

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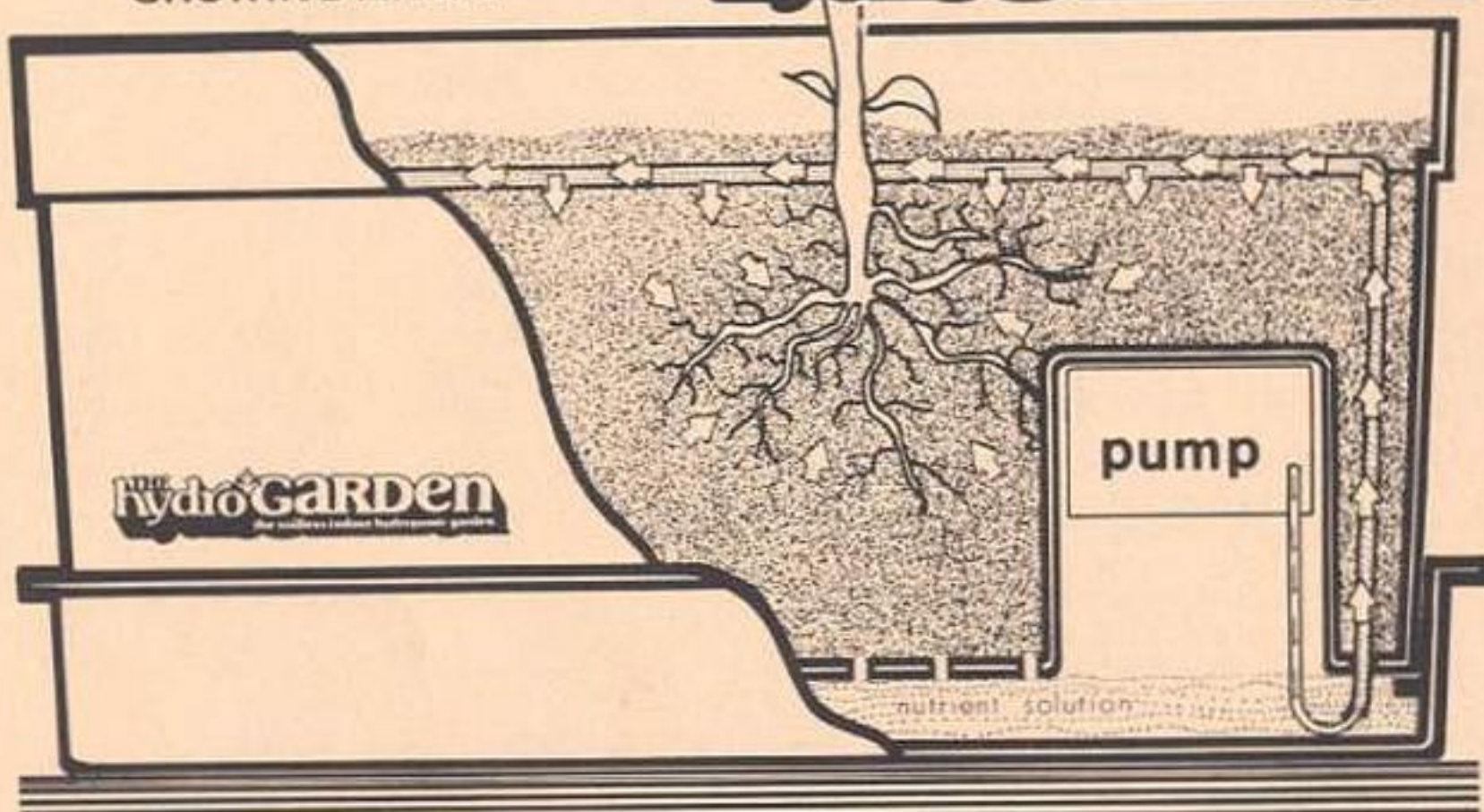
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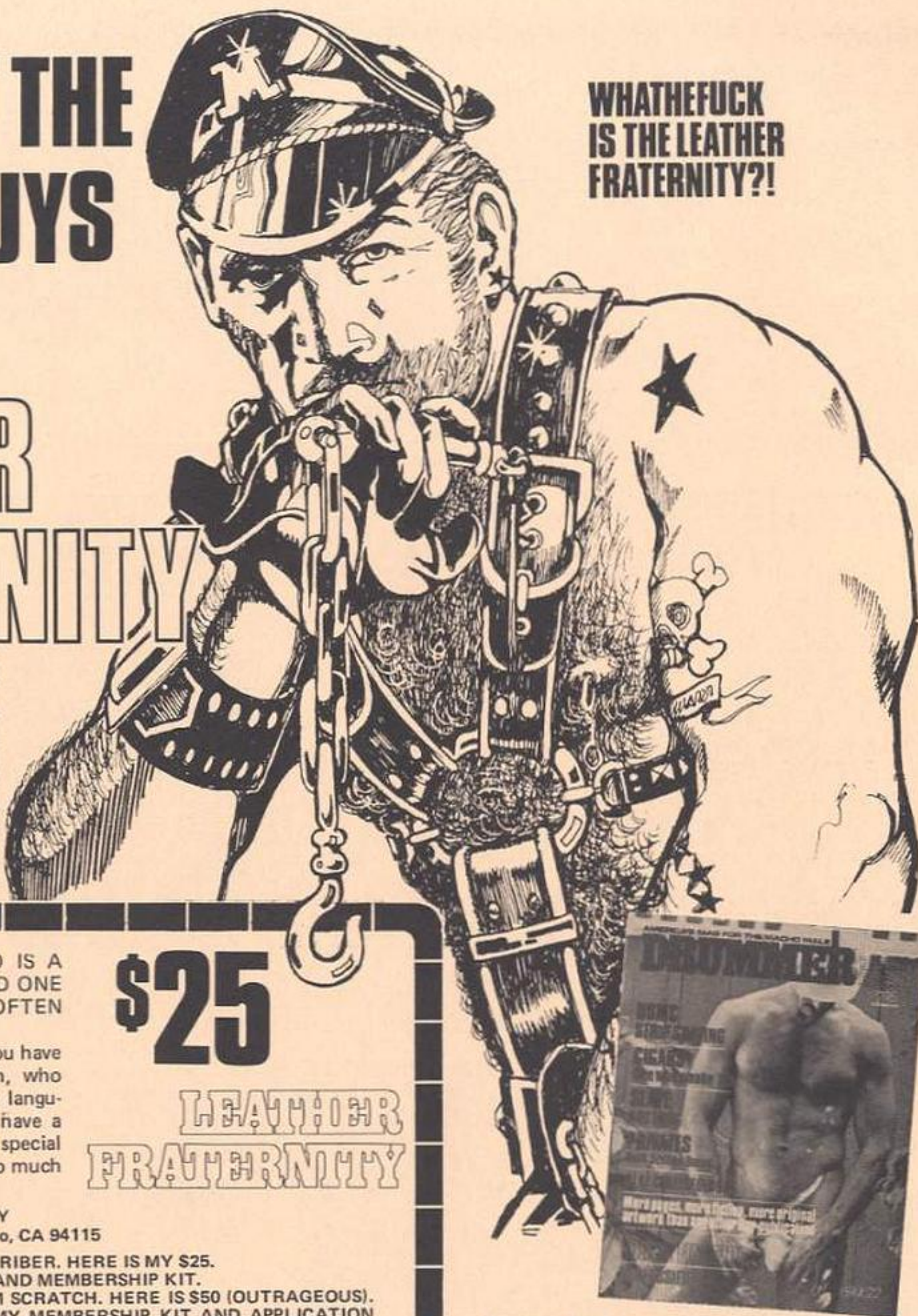
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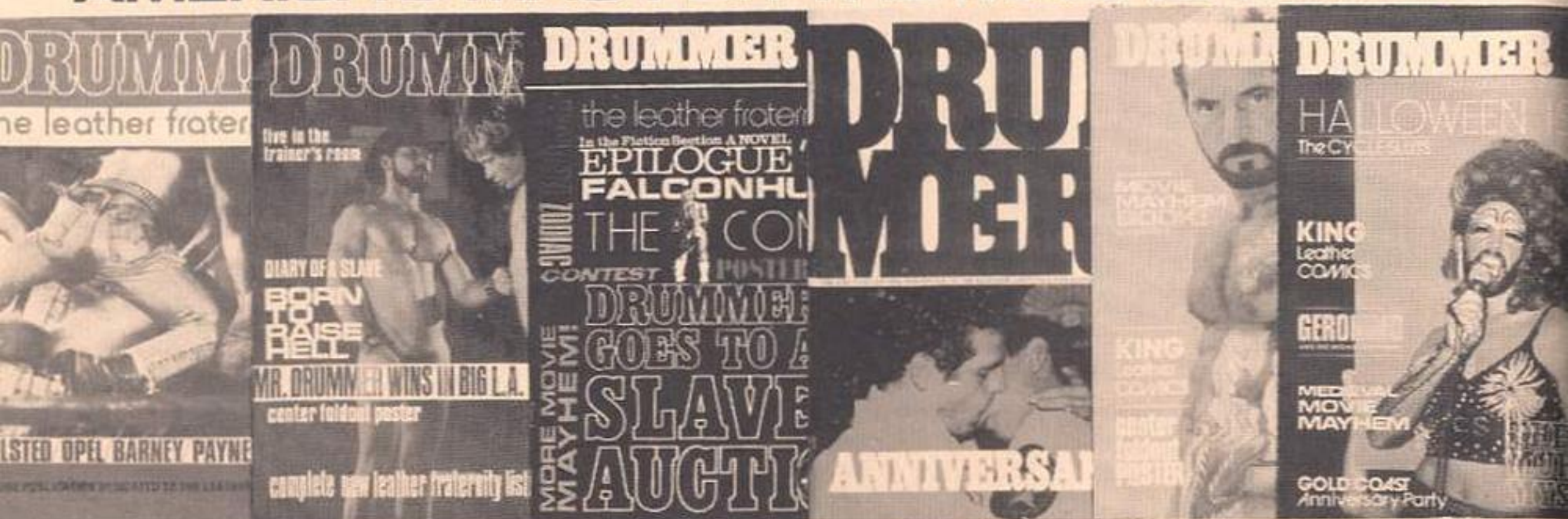
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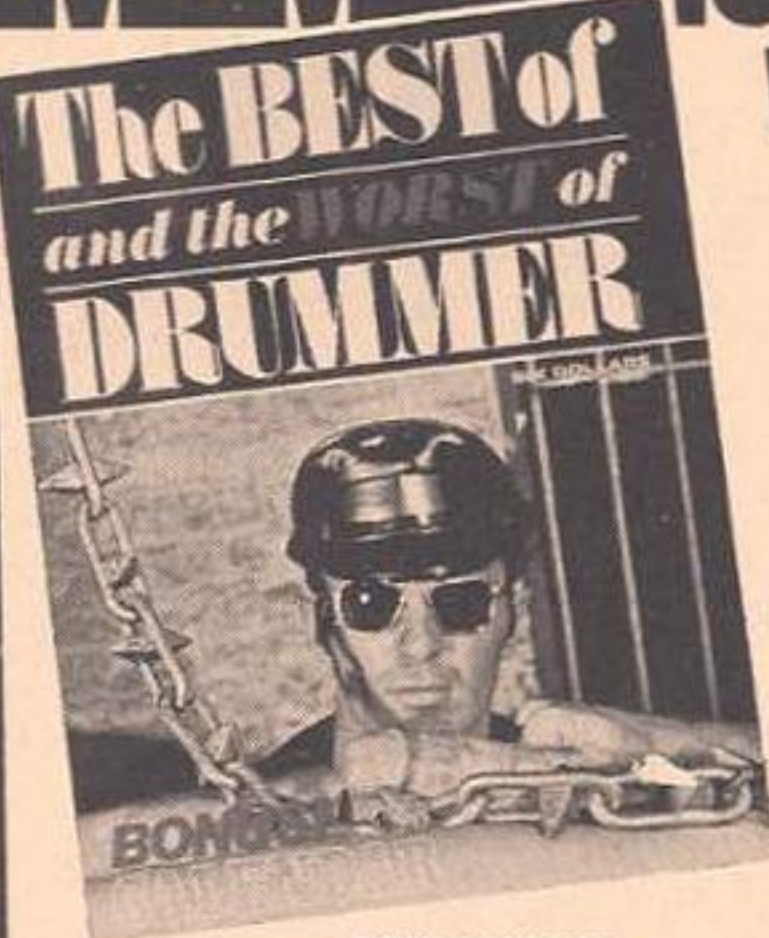
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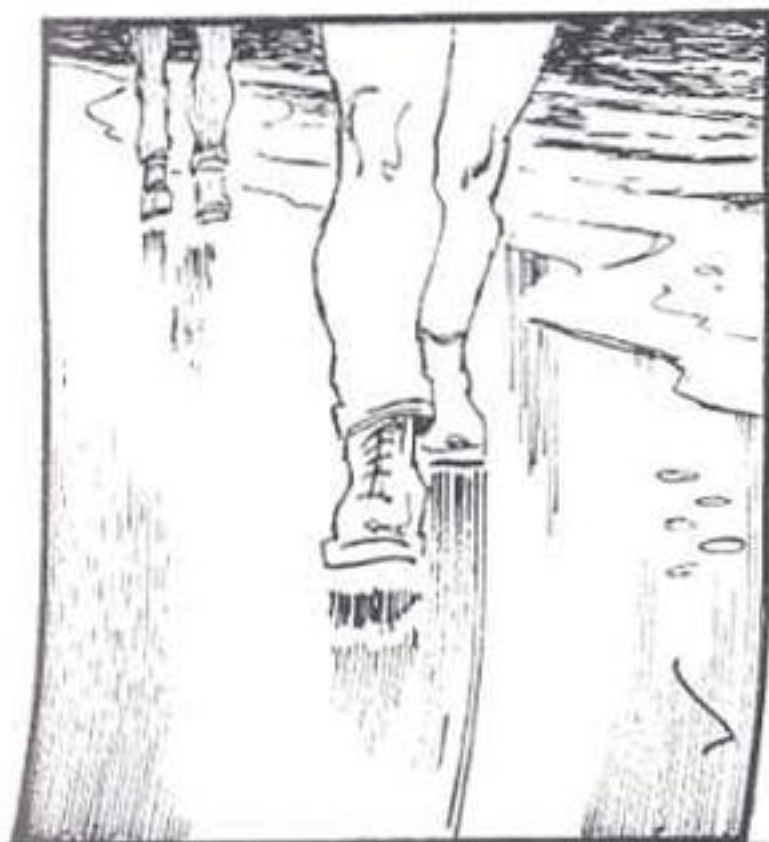
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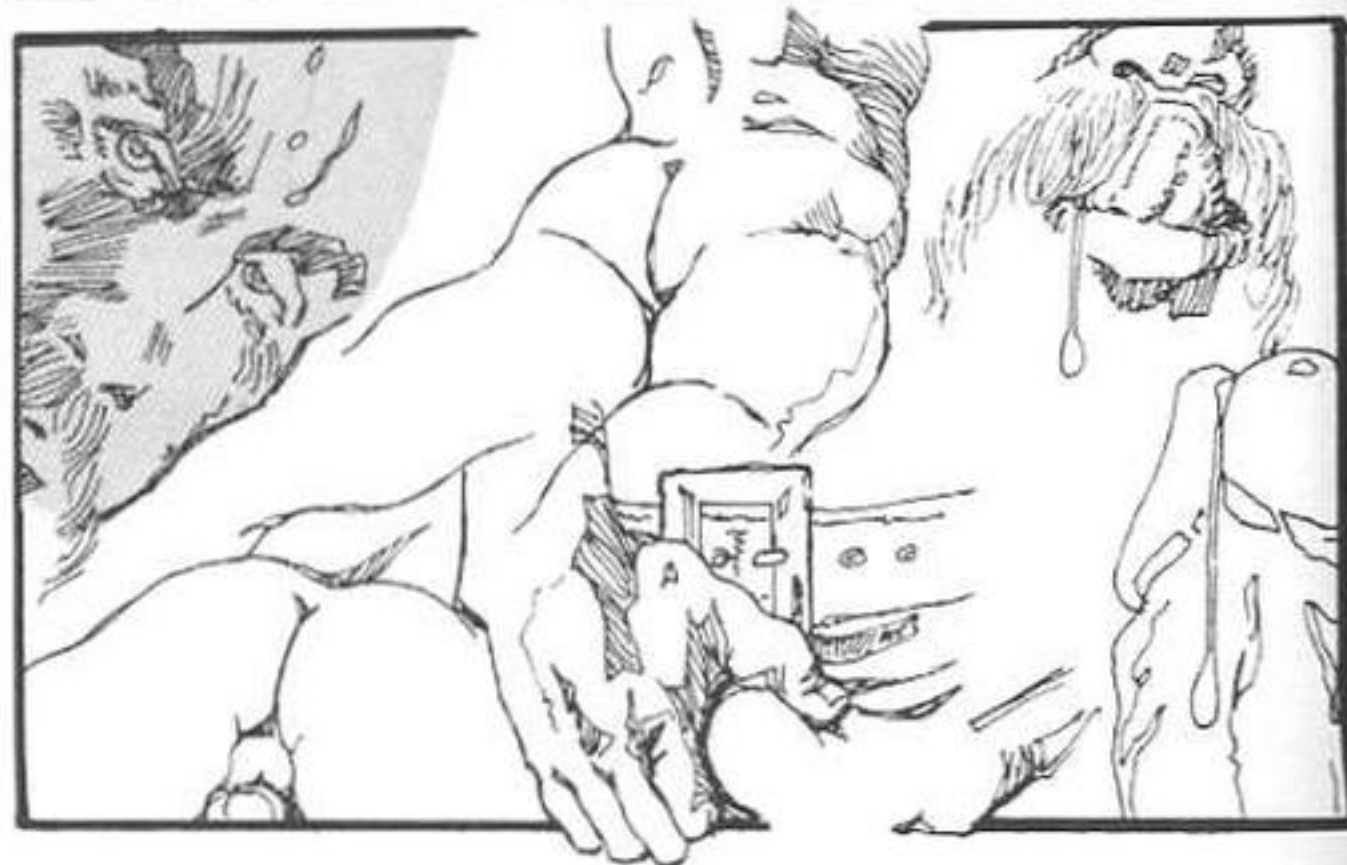
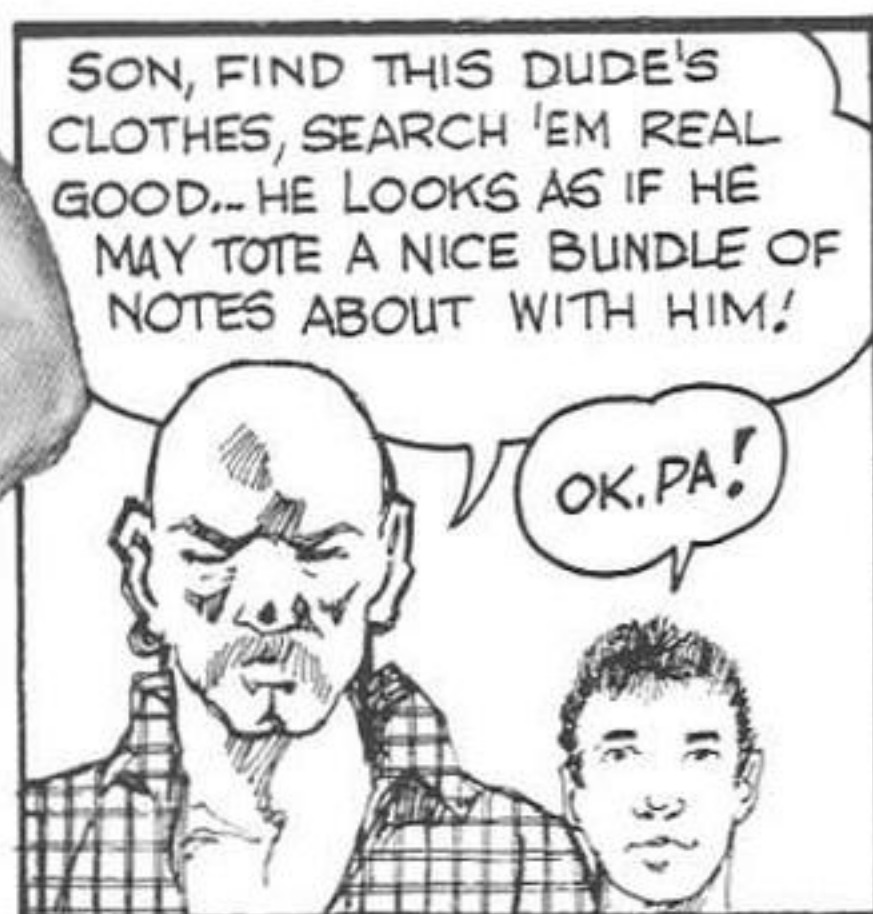
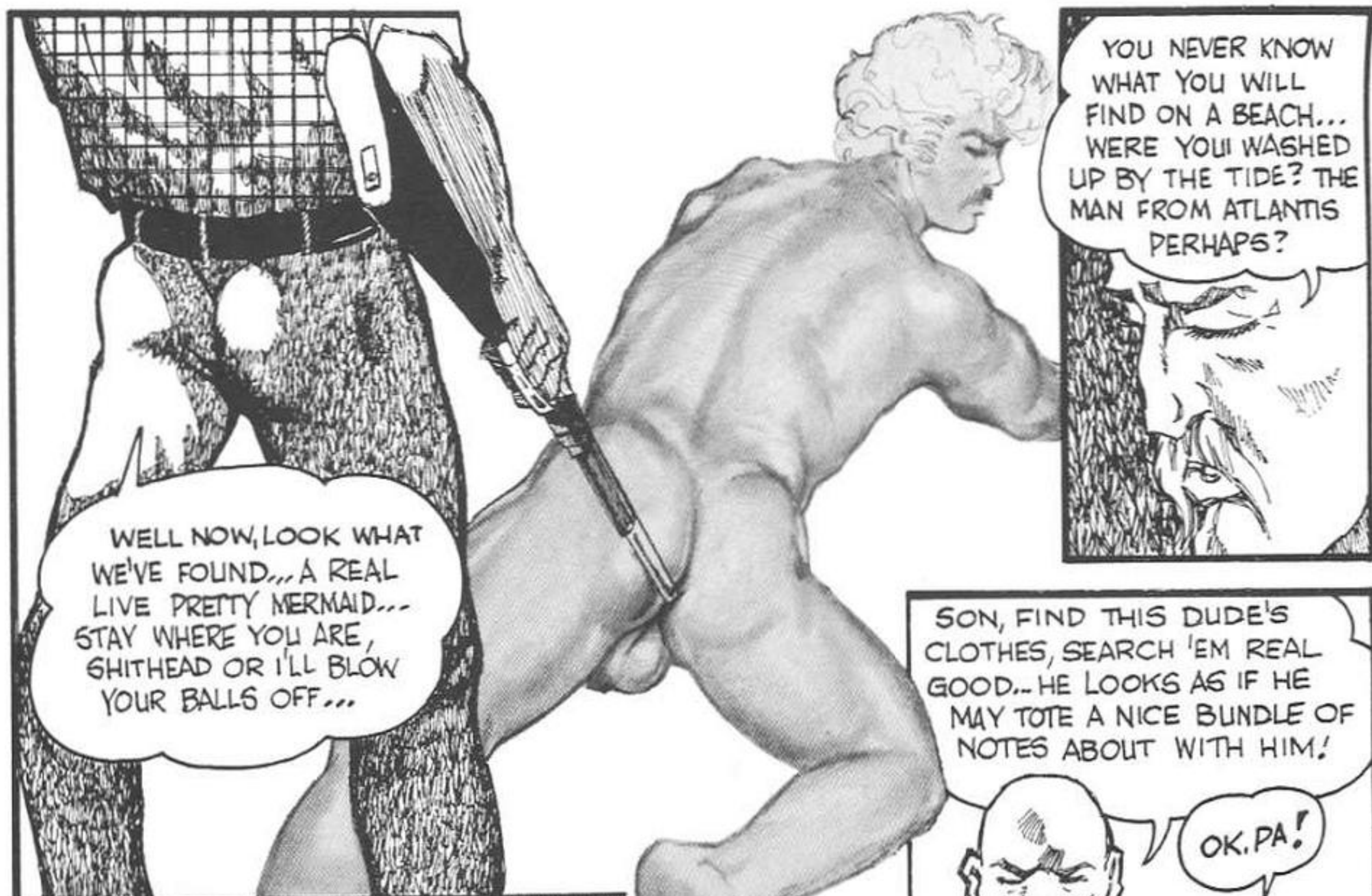
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REALLY BIG WEDNESDAY





Afficionados of male beauty will find *Big Wednesday* not a movie but a 126-minute hard-on. Those not excited by the physical perfection of Jan-Michael Vincent will dig William Katt, or Gary Busey, or, quite literally, in the very funny Army Induction Center scene, 700 other young studs, fucking around in a variety of nicely-filled shorts (shades of *Alice's Restaurant* — remember lissome Arlo Guthrie not being able to piss in public?).

I know you're going to go and see this, no matter what I say, but I feel duty-bound to warn that it is infinitely more a feast for the eyes than the ears or intellect. The script, a collaboration between director John Millius and Dennis Aaberg (longtime surfing "partners"), admittedly autobiographical, is awkwardly fragmented into four "movements" as it

professes to document the painful growth processes of the three leads between 1963 and 1973.

Big Wednesday refers, in surfer's jargon, to a time which comes every 20 years, beginning with a steep increase in the height of waves and building until they hit a height of 20 feet and a power so great that anyone who surfs them risks his life. (There was an actual "Big Wednesday" in 1958, when the big waves hit Sunset Beach in Hawaii.)

At the beginning of the film, the trisided protagonist(s) are "Kings of The Point" (that tiny promontory adjoining Malibu pier), Big Name surfers — Vincent already something of a legend — carousers, despoilers of young women: an aquatic *Three Musketeers*. Predictably, the years and realities of life — marriage, children, making a living, the Viet Nam war — contrive to separate them as they go through the obligatory agonies of growing up and, yawn, "finding themselves."

COMING TOGETHER CAUSES CLIMAX

The climax is their reunion for the "Big Wednesday" of the title, when the most intimidating surf The Point has ever seen comes up to test their mettle as "men" and make them "draw the line." These surfing sequences, produced by Greg MacGillivray, are truly astonishing, featuring camera angles undreamt of in Bruce Brown's photography.

Warner Bros. sank \$6 million and a 65-day shooting schedule on this, made well over a year ago, with every penny and minute all too obvious on the screen. Buzz Feitshans produced and Alex Rose and Tamara Asseyev were the executive producers. Basil Poledouris must shoulder the blame for an intrusive score with laughably inappropriate symphonic pretensions.

The performances, however, are appropriate to the material.

— Ed Franklin



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Anita would be proud of this one. *A Different Story* is every orange-sucking, anti-homo crusader's dream: gay man meets gay woman. It's love. It's get-it-on. It's become straight. It's become decent. It's become upstanding Mercedes-driving, baby making heteros. Goodbye neurotic, gay world. Goodbye disturbed gay friends. We've seen the light. We've been saved. Ours is a different story.

Well, bullshit.

This story is like an unmarked Florida orange. It sucks you in at first until its bitterness tells you it isn't California-grown. Perry King plays Albert (homo-turned-hetero) and is, at best, pleasant to look at. If pretty men are really your thing, then the four bucks you pay to see Albert's transformation from house-boy extraordinaire to fashion designer will not have been in vain.

Meg Foster, Albert's lady, Stella, (lesbian-turned-hetero) is another bite of the orange. She's good. Probably the best piece of the film. But soon you realize you've been duped. Stella is part of the suck-in.

Maybe this is the only good word for the film as pop entertainment. It does successfully suck us in, gets us involved, and carries us through this fantasy love story, until we realize: the straights were using us.

Is this film supposed to buoy every sane homosexual woman or man fearful of inevitable hetero encounter? The movie states that straight society's mores will win out in the end and the gays will be saved; it hopes to change us back to what mommy and daddy wanted us to be all along.

A Different Story is not a film for gays who want to be used for fun; it uses us for profit; *A Different Story* believes that homosexuality is a sickness, and that a good heterosexual lay is the fucking cure.

Anita gives this one five oranges. As they say in Miami, "Oi vay!" We say it just sucks.

— J. Trojanski



GRAYEAGLE

Cowboys and Indians ain't what they used to be (not that they ever were), as Charles B. Pierce's *Graveyard* gives ample evidence. Gone are the days when hunky young Randy Scott or Joel McCrea would be stripped to the waist by the evil redskins and subjected to a gratifying measure of torture before that distant bugle call signaled their nick-o'-time rescue and spoiled all the fun.

Nowadays, as in *Graveyard*, the victim is more likely to be an aging and paunchy Ben Johnson who, when captured, doesn't even forfeit his hat. And while Scott Brady had to bare his chest for that "traditional Indian duel" in the olden days, Johnson even keeps his vest on, for God's sake (perhaps it's just as well?), to accommodate a similar plot device in 1978.

FUN-LOVING INJUN TORTURES

It's all because the Indians have developed into such a nice bunch of fun-loving kids, of course. Justifiably guilt-ridden about its earlier handling of the "best-Injun-is-a-dead-Injun" image in the past, the American film industry, honoring long-time tradition, has completely over-compensated. Rare is the villainous varmint (unless excused as a "renegade"); rarer still the heroic white-eyes.

Graveyard is supposedly based on a Cheyenne legend, and deals with the kidnapping of Ben Johnson's daughter (grim-visaged Lana Wood) by a Cheyenne brave (Alex Cord, still in search of an image), and Johnson's attempt to get her back. There are the customary chases, tomahawk fights, and star-cross'd lover interludes before the grand climax when it is revealed that Beth (Lana) is actually the daughter of Old Standing Bear (Iron Eyes Cody, poor thing).

Pierce not only wrote, directed, and produced this enervating epic, but also cast himself as a renegade whiteman. It is a Samuel Z. Arkoff production, released by American International. Jim Robertson is both cinematographer and editor.

You'll get more of a rise sitting at home for a late show airing of *The Last of the Mohicans*.

— E.F.



COMING HOME

For the first time in 1978 I am able to report, "Here is a film that must be seen!"

Hal Ashby's *Coming Home* has been wrongly characterized as "a Viet Nam War film." Thus to limit its scope is to demean its achievement. This is, rather, a *people* film, and the people involved in its affirmations just happen also to be involved in that late-unlamented war. One could just as rationally call it "a love story," "a social document," or "a psychological melodrama."

To begin with, *Coming Home* represents a blend of some of the most viable talents in the 1970s cinema. A collaborative effort in the truest sense of the term, it is a product not only of director Hal Ashby, but also producer Jerome Hellman, screenwriters Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones, and star Jane Fonda, who developed the original story with colleague Nancy Dowd and associate producer Bruce Gilbert. It is released by United Artists, a Transamerica Company.

The story is set in Los Angeles in 1968, with Jane Fonda as Sally Hyde, an officer's wife who volunteers for work in a Veteran's Hospital while her husband (Bruce Dern) is fighting in Viet Nam. Jon Voight is an embittered Vietnam vet whose love of Fonda helps him regain a new sense of value in his life.

Each of the principals has surpassed all earlier accomplishments. Voight tears your heart out as the paraplegic vet not because he plays *on* your sympathy; but because he plays *with* your sympathy. A high point of the film is his halting speech before an assembly of high school boys, its peroration, delivered with a voice barely avoiding a break, counseling the kids to avoid the draft: "There was a lot of shit over there I find fucking hard to live with."

Jane Fonda betters her substantial earlier work in *Julia*, growing in sensibility from a conventional service housewife to political radicalization and feminist commitment. And Bruce Dern proves an equal to the others, showing that some of his former movie work was more a result of bad judgment than of bad acting. The scene in which he silently reveals that the will to live has been lost to

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him may well become a minor cinema classic.

Both language and sex scenes are as graphic as they can be without crossing over into hardcore, but not a moment seems forced or false. The opening sequence alone is worth the price of admission, but the best is yet to come.

— E.F.

THE FURY

Self-serving sycophants have been comparing him to Alfred Hitchcock for so long and with such fervor that Brian de Palma has begun to believe them, as witness his efforts in *The Fury*. While not an affectionate spoof in the manner of Mel Brooks' delightful *High Anxiety*, de Palma's latest work begs for comparison with the master. There is just one small — but critical — element that the idolator lacks: taste.

The adherence here is to the theory that if one drop of blood at the right moment is mildly effective, buckets of it at any time at all must be superlatively so. Wrong. We spend so much time averting our eyes from the screen that we can't even enjoy the acknowledged skill of the special effects. It is as if Sam Peckinpah were into psychodrama, and the combination grates when it should gratify. How much blood do you recall ever having seen spilled — especially in glorious technicolor — in a Hitch flick?

In *The Fury*, de Palma reaches the apogee of his fascination with ESP, bio-feedback, telekinesis, levitation, telepathy, and all those other fun things so redolent of his bioplastic universe. The gimmick here is that those so gifted — hunky Andrew Stevens and talented Amy Irving — are able to punish their tormentors by causing them to bleed from every conceivable orifice. Naturally a secret government agency (the ubiquitous "they") are interested, no matter what the cost, in harnessing these awesome energies on behalf of the good guys.

Well, "they" should have known when the boy turned out to be Kirk Douglas's son that they'd be in real trouble by kidnapping him. From the coast of Israel, where a promising opening scene has Kirk



and Andrew wrestling in bathing trunks, the plot wends its way to an apotheosis of gore in Chicago and environs. Me, I wish I'd gotten off in Hoboken.

This is Frank Yablans' first "presentation" after quitting Paramount for Fox, and he has assembled some fine talents to do his virgin bidding — John Cassevetes, Carrie Snodgrass, and Charles Durning figure among the performers; John Williams did the throbbing score; and the screenplay is by John Farris, based on his own novel. He, too, overlooked that one precious commodity neither money nor power can buy: as mentioned above, taste.

— E.F.

FINGERS

The probability that its leading character, a part-time gangster and sometime classical pianist (broodingly enacted by Harvey Keitel) might be a latent homosexual is never far below the murky surface of *Fingers*, a Brut production written and directed by James (The Gambler) Toback. Slyly cruising some obvious faggots at a bar, Keitel confides to his Mafia father "my dick's been hurtin' me."

Later, in one of the most curiously repulsive scenes in recent screen permissiveness, he reacts to an on-camera anal probing (justified as a "prostate examination") with groans of pleasure/pain that can have but one meaning to an S and M initiate. Still, these signals are left unexplored in the bulk of the film, and a knowing audience remains understandably bewildered.

Fingers is the study of a young New Yorker who, we are expected to believe, longs to be a concert pianist but, rather, becomes involved in the underworld — thanks to that Mafia daddy. The film ostensibly chronicles his conflicts and obsessions, including his fixation on a beautiful young woman (Tisa Farrow). Why the accompanying visuals are so relentlessly phallus-oriented is yet another enigma of this dreary exercise.

The shock tactics are gratuitous when not pretentious, and the performances — including Jim Brown as a stereotypical black stud — at best predictable. Only the cinematography of Mike Chapman, who gave *Taxi Driver* so much of its verisimilitude, emerges with at least one career intact.

— E.F.



DRUMMER Reads The Books

SAVAGE CINEMA, by Rick Trader Witcombe. Bounty Books, a Division of Crown Publishers, Inc., 419 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. Hardbound, 95 pages, profusely illustrated.

"No medium," we are instructed, "is as well equipped as the cinema to bite deeply into the scale of twentieth century violence and its terrible complexity." In *Savage Cinema*, author Rick Trader Witcombe explores this theme, moving through the worlds of such as Hitchcock, Polanski, and Kubrick. The question posed here is who is to blame and who is the villain?

An anonymous Preface asserts, "The Poles of mental energy are dynamism/passivity, male/female, plus/minus, yin/yang, according to one's terminology. Aggression is part of the natural dynamism of mind. Children exhibit it without inhibition, as do animals, thus competition is as natural an instinct as cooperation. Aggression becomes violence when it is no longer linked to an exploratory function. Violence is aggression turned into destructiveness by frustration or fear, aggression displaced from its real object, the self, back onto the world."

In this well-illustrated (250 stills), stridently-written but thoughtful compendium of violence in the movies, Witcombe takes a less conservative attitude toward his subject matter than does the unidentified Preface-writer: "To understand," he explains, "it is helpful to categorize."

"So we can say that violence and brutality, either physical or mental, can be viewed in two ways — realistic or topical violence, and psychic or timeless violence. Savage cinema, in its realistic presentations of violence in the environment, has always fought like a super-rat to stay alive and on top, and it has used the materials to hand, whether these are rocks or sub-machine guns. The cinema has always told stories, but savage cinema has always known that not only the story, but the deed of violence, has been its crucial underpinning when it comes to attracting and holding audiences."

HUMAN DEGRADATION EMPHASIZED

He continues that "The most affecting symptom of violence is probably the degradation of the human body, and the most primal form of physical degradation may well be flogging. Savage cinema has not refrained from using the whip — stylistically in a historical extravaganza like *Ben Hur* or in the absurd erotica of the Italian Amazon films — yet with sickening realism in a movie like *One-eyed Jacks* in which the gunman, Marlon Brando, gets himself whipped by a sadistic marshal, Karl Malden.

"Brando directed this western himself and presumably cast himself for the masochistic role, which had been a tendency of Consciousness Two 'liberal' movie stars. Brando has frequently played roles in which he has been physically and emotionally degraded, as in *On the Waterfront* or *The Chase*, in which he is beaten to a pulp."

PAUL NEWMAN A MASOCHIST?

"Paul Newman, to a less extent perhaps, is another 'liberal' actor who appears to find it necessary to sublimate his sorrow for the world gone awry by getting tortured on screen. In *Sweet Bird of Youth* he gets castrated, in *The Hustler* his knuckles are crushed, and in *Hombre* his head suffers." (Editor's Note: And what about all the punishment he takes in *Cool Hand Luke*?)

"James Fox is a British actor with a similar screen propensity. Notably in *Performance*, in which he plays Chas, a young hood, he is beaten up one night in his flat, tied to the bed, stripped and whipped by one of his assailants from a rival mob. Moments later Chas retrieves his gun and the situation, but the brutal imagery has already done its work. *Performance* was considered so violent at the time of its production in 1968 that the producers, Warner Brothers (sic), delayed release until 1971."

After citing example after example, all fully illustrated with appropriate stills, Witcombe states, "Violence is a complex series of behaviours. There are exposed and hidden conflicts at work. One of the interesting points about the savage cinema is that those movies which may well have made most impact in their handling of violent themes have not been movies dealing explicitly with acts of violence."

"The films of Alfred Hitchcock demonstrate aspects of this complexity. They are, for instance, hard to define within one or other of the appropriate categories — realistic or psychic, for although most of his films treat violent themes as they affect the human mind, the texture of his movies is naturalistic, as sometimes is the subject matter."

EXPLICIT VIOLENCE IN MOVIES ON THE RISE

"What the recent burgeoning of scenes of protracted violence in movies has done is to throw the whole topic into sharp relief against a background of alleged 'moral concern.' This concern from the various white houses of the West

might be a misinterpretation of the real problem — social violence — and it probably is; but it has had the effect of making moviemakers self-conscious and has possibly distorted their ability to see clearly their own identity as artists."

"Many of those involved in making celluloid bloodshed are not particularly violent men; but there is no doubt that, even if their movies may carry messages of anti-violence, the directors themselves 'get off' on violence, and find such elements give them what they need as filmmakers."

"They can get grace of movement in a frame, (no one can shoot men down as prettily as Peckinpah and Penn, often in slow motion to enhance the sheerly balletic aspects of the action); there is sudden adrenalin in the audience, which keeps them in the cinema, useful dramatic and formalistic tension — the surprise element, the kick in the groin, the slap on the kisser, a knife in the back; all of these are useful to keep the attention of the technicians and the fat cats in the viewing theatre (many of whom really cannot understand a story told in any other way!), and then of course Joe Public."

Many of Witcombe's conclusions are arbitrarily arrived at and pedantically set forth, but, what with all those juicy pictures, this book deserves a semi-permanent place in your library.

— E.F.

ESCAPE, by Dwight and Barbara Worker. San Francisco Book Company, Inc., 2311 Fillmore St., San Francisco, CA 94115. Hardbound, 247 pages. \$8.95.

Nonfiction humiliation and torture can happen here and now, as reported by Billy Hayes in last season's "Midnight Express" about his experiences in Turkish prisons, and currently in "Escape," about hunky Dwight Worker's inquisition and incarceration just a few years ago in Mexico City's "maximum security prison," Lecumberri. Both Hayes and Worker were busted for drug-smuggling, both freely admit their crimes, and both made hair-raising escapes.

Worker's introduction to the Mexican system of injustice is horrifyingly graphic. It begins in "a small room in back of the airport customs area" at Mexico City. "Agente Valdez" had escorted him there, and "told me to take off my shirt" — Worker had ten kilos of cocaine hidden





under a fake shoulder cast — "(and) he pushed his hand under the cast from below, pressing hard against my stomach. He punched me in the stomach and pushed his hand up harder . . . From the table next to us he grabbed a pair of pliers with tips fifteen inches long and jammed them up the bottom of the cast.

"He punched me in the jaw and I fell in a clutter on the floor. He climbed over me and forced the pliers up my cast. He maneuvered and pinched the pliers again and again. The pliers pinched my arm and I screamed. I made one last feeble effort to resist him, but he punched me hard, several times, in the face. I was panting and subdued . . . A Mexican doctor came in (and) cut off my cast within a minute. There was the cocaine. They had me . . .

"The agents led me into a back room and pushed me against the wall as though I were the trophy of a day's hunt. The chief agent wanted to know from whom I had bought the cocaine . . . I told them I wanted a lawyer. They laughed. Then several of them closed in on me and worked me over good this time. My head was banging against the locker behind me from the blows — no recoil. I was freaked out. They meant business. But I remained silent — from a combination of shock, terror, Valium, and fear of signing anything, not out of courage.

"They led me down a narrow hallway to a bare cement room. One of the younger agents pushed me in and told me to undress. Numbly, I did as I was told.

"The other agents came into the room together. One of them quickly threw a bucket of cold water over me. Valdez then came at me, holding a long, tubular, aluminum rod with two rounded points on its end and a cord attached to the rubber-coated handle. He poked it into my chest. In one reflex motion, I jumped and screamed.

"It was an electric cattle prod.

"He began poking it at my genitals. I turned away, covering myself with one hand while fighting the cattle prod away with the other. Other agents grabbed me while he jabbed with the cattle prod . . . (It) was too much. While the electricity was going through my body to my brain, the only thing I could think of was to stop that electricity by whatever means possible, *stop the electricity. STOP THE ELECTRICITY!*"

SHEER HELL IN DORMITORY "H"

Worker capitulated, and soon found himself in dormitory "H," the temporary

"holding" dormitory at Lecumberri for new prisoners: "I saw something that shocked me — although from then on I would be seeing it every day. The Mexican prisoners were constantly reaching for, touching, and massaging each other's asses — while flirting and leering their semitoothless smiles at each other. Foreplay and stroking behavior among the chimps . . .

"And then suddenly I felt someone's hand touching *my ass* . . . Throughout the remainder of the lineup, someone from behind continually *touched my ass*. I finally managed to see who it was out of the corner of my eye. When they told us to break formation and get to our cells, I quickly turned around and hit him a good one . . . Immediately there were four or five Mexicans swinging at me . . .

"That night I was locked in a three-bunk cell with ten other Mexicans. None of us had a mattress or blanket. There was no electricity, running water, or toilet. When someone had to urinate or defecate, he did it on the floor, and (you hoped) in the far corner. Suddenly I heard the guards outside begin yelling "FAJINAS! FAJINAS! FAJANIS!" Everyone raced outside to the small stone patio. The guards . . . flung rags in our hands and proceeded to run us back and forth over the stone patio in a fast backward duckwalk, scrubbing the floor. It was about 2:00 a.m.

"They drove us again and again, randomly kicking anyone any place while stomping the hands of those who weren't scrubbing fast enough. The floor was clean but they continued driving us non-stop to the cadence of furious jackboots and violent staccato Spanish, kicking, stomping, hitting. Whenever I got out of line with the prisoners around me, the guards whacked me with a club. This went on for two grueling hours. It was a vision of galley slaves from some dungeon hundreds of years ago.

" 'BANOS! BANOS! BANOS!' The guards were screaming, swinging their clubs as they lined us up. Then they proceeded to run all of us through a series of winding corridors and narrow gates . . . All ninety of us had to cram into a hot, humid fifteen-by-fifteen-foot room. We were chest against chest and back against back . . . Everyone frantically began to undress all at once, elbows, knees, and hands banging into everyone else. Fists were thrown and a guard waded through, whacking everyone in front of him.

"Another command was shouted and the nude bodies began forcing themselves

through a narrow, rusty metal door into yet another small room, no more than twelve by twelve feet. Motion was impossible. Then a sputter, followed by a roaring hiss. Hot steam. There were a few screams. More fists were thrown. I couldn't breathe . . . The room temperature was unbearable . . ."

BEATINGS AND RAPES THE NORM

Unprovoked beatings became standard operating procedure. One of many such is described thusly: "Four guards held my limbs while the others proceeded to take turns kicking and beating me in the guts. I was screaming and squirming . . . The blows came raining down. I could not avoid them or protect myself. I was getting hit in the face too, but they were after my torso. One kick caught me in the balls and I screamed and flinched and let my stomach go loose for a moment.

"Then the blows really hurt. I was pissing in my pants. Then they spread me open and a big Mexican stepped in front of me and really began punching. He knew how to swing and he worked me over until I couldn't breathe. My guts went into a spasm and I vomited. They went on and on and on and I was thinking *they're killing me* when finally they left me lying on the floor . . ."

Transferred permanently to dormitory "A," Worker encounters "one who . . . called himself 'Marciano.' Marciano ordered me to follow him. Escorted by six other *commandos*, I was led into the *bano* and told to undress. I did. Seeing my body covered with bruises and welts, they laughed. Then Marciano motioned for me to bend over. The thought of that sick excuse for humanity checking my rectum for money was too much for me. I just couldn't let him.

"The other *commandos* quickly grabbed my arms, legs, and body and bent me over. I began to resist, expecting to feel Mariano trying to force his fingers up my ass. But as they braced me down over a concrete bench, nothing happened. I looked over my shoulder and saw Marciano drop his pants.

"Marciano was going to try to fuck me in the ass — to rape me —

"I went insane — screaming, bellowing, kicking, fighting, pushing them off. They tightened their grips and punched me. I had never felt such panic, and from that panic came the insane energy to fight them off, to keep moving. They would have to knock me out cold, they would have to *kill* me before —

"I could feel Marciano's thighs pushing against me like some wretched boar pig against his mount. But he couldn't get close to my anus; I was moving too much. I managed a look over my shoulder. Marciano did not have a hard-on. Ratface switched positions with him, and was getting his chance.

" 'Coje el culo de ese pinche gringo! Cojelo! Dalo la madre!' (Fuck that gringo's ass! Fuck him good!)

"That explained it. *To fuck a gringo in the ass*. The ultimate Mexican revenge against the *yanqui* who stole Texas and California and who had beaten them in war. To fuck that white, blonde asshole of that *gringo*. *The ultimate humiliation*.

"Ratface tried harder than Marciano. He was stronger. They all clenched me as tightly as they could, but I kept squirming and shaking and kicking and screaming. Then Ratface picked up a heavy black hose, the kind with cable inside it that remains in whatever shape you twist it. He lifted it with two arms and brought it down as hard as he could across my ass.

"I screamed like never before. He brought it down across my buttocks again and again. I screamed and screamed and screamed — deep, primal, reflex-reaction bellows of agony. They took turns beating me. Finally, after what seemed like forever, they stopped and dropped me to the floor."

RAMPANT HOMOSEXUALITY

Worker was constantly astonished by the widespread homosexuality to which he was exposed, partially a result of the crowded conditions in which fifty men were jammed into a *cuartel* fifteen by twenty feet where "there were six wide cement bunks where the work gang leaders slept. The remaining forty-four had to sleep on the floor, which was so packed that everyone had to lie on his side. I would have to do that anyway since my buttocks were too sore for me to lie on my back.

"The head *commando* was known as 'La Maria.' La Maria was an old, skinny, toothless homosexual junkie whose face resembled what Popeye might look like with terminal skin cancer at the age of 110.

"Stoned on junk, La Maria commanded me to stand up. I did. Then he told me to strip. I refused. The other *commandos* punched me around and pulled off my clothes. They all laughed at my bruises and especially at my '*nalga de mono*' — my purple monkey's ass... Then Maria commanded me to walk around naked over and on top of the others, while the *commandos* all whistled at me. They whooped and shouted and jeered.

"Maria told me to get in bed with him/her. I refused, (s0) he made another boy get on the bunk next to him. Sounds came from the bed. I would later find that La Maria was an oral homosexual. All he did was suck cock. Every day in the *cuartel* I could walk in and catch him sucking off one of his current young favorites. The deal was that if you would let him suck you off, he would go easier on you... I would not have shit on him from fifty stories up...

"On the bunk above me sat two *commandos*. After much loud talk and laughter, they ordered a young boy to get up on the bed between them. The kid hesitated. They punched him and then dragged him onto the bunk and stripped him down. Then they took turns fucking him in the ass. I heard him whimpering and crying, and later that night, gagging and coughing as they made him suck their cocks. Within a few weeks the conversion would be complete..."

Worker claims never himself to have been "converted," but the way he made his ultimate escape was in drag, using makeup and female clothes smuggled in to him.

— E.F.

A Significant Experience, by Gwyn Griffin. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 383 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. Hardbound, 91 pages. \$3.00.

From "The Hill" to "From Here to Eternity," from "Two Years Before the Mast" to "Billy Budd," the uniquely sadistic nature of "service" punishments has fascinated writer and reader alike. Now, in his masterful novella, *A Significant Experience*, Gwyn ("Freedom Observed") Griffin subtly but unflinchingly reveals the latent homosexuality that provides the foundation for such exercises.

The scene is a British regimental training school in Egypt, and the story concerns the brutal disciplinary action taken against a young cadet, Van der Haar, a boy with "big, dark eyes... smooth oval of a face — even though he was eighteen he still had no reason to shave — childish, full-lipped mouth." Repelled by his attraction to the lad is one Captain Lutwyche:

"Lutwyche appeared to be playing an odd, spidery sort of game with him; a mixture of high-minded lectures, continual soft-voiced corrections, and more-or-less overt torture. The Captain seemed unable to let him alone; at every morning inspection those long cool fingers moved over him, smoothing his collar, adjusting his belt, squaring his white shoulder tabs.

"Lutwyche had once made him stand out in the open sun with his rifle at full stretch above his head for nearly half an hour, and had shouted furiously at any movement of his trembling, dripping body... Then there had been the time of the night exercise out in the desert. Van der Haar had been posted alone behind a light machine gun sited in a small declivity between two rocks, the big Egyptian moon bathing the desert in calm silver. Lutwyche had come silently up over the soft sand and had sat down beside him...

"And Van der Haar, motionless, still staring fixedly over his gun, had felt a cool hand laid on his bare knee. He had swallowed, saying nothing and Lutwyche had waited a moment... and the hand had moved further up his thigh, pushing gently under his shorts..."

HE MUST BE BROKEN!

Determined that Van der Haar must be broken, Lutwyche revives the outmoded disciplinary technique of flogging, described to the bewildered victim, with reference to a gymnast's vaulting horse that is to be used as his "whipping post," as follows:

"I think I'd just better give you a nod, see? All right. You drops your trousers — you won't be wearing anything underneath them, of course — an' with a sergeant on each side of you, you goes to the horse and bends over it with your arms along the top. We'll have to lower the horse to your height first, of course — must remember that.

"Then the two sergeants get a hold on your arms; it's their job to hold you still, so don't struggle against them 'cos you'll only hurt yourself. I says to C.S.M. Ross, 'Twelve strokes, Sergeant-major, carry on.' He says, 'Yessir.' I counts each one out loud, and when we gets to

twelve I'll say to you — quietlike, of course — 'All right, get up.' Then you goes back to where you was and puts your trousers on."

The evening of the caning arrives. "Van der Haar slowly crossed the long shadowy room and uncertainly entered the pool of bright light. He was wearing nothing but his belted shorts... He looked silently at the heavy, shiny cane... feeling the arc lamps beating down on his bare shoulders, while the swear pricked out over his skin and dripped from his armpits and down the backs of his legs. He was acutely conscious of his body and what was about to be done to it... in only his shorts and with a curving streak of dark hair fallen forward across his forehead, he looked about fifteen at the most..."

"Ulick nodded briefly to Van der Haar. For a second the boy stood motionless under the huge white glare of light; then a sighing shudder seemed to pass over his whole body, his scarred, sunburnt hands lifted slowly to his childishly thin waist and fumbled with the glittering clasp of his Army belt. It came apart with a metallic click and hung heavily, and after he had opened the first three buttons of his shorts that weight brought them falling of their own accord past his narrow hips to his ankles. He stepped out of the crumpled circle of beige drill and stood completely naked, his eyes lowered, his face a dull burning crimson, before them all.

"And Seligman understood at once that for Van der Haar this was perhaps almost the worst part of what they were doing to him. For, after all, he was a boy, not a man; that dark-skinned body with the slick, flat angles of male youth was completely hairless save for the small triangle at the base of his flat belly... Seligman slid his eyes to Lutwyche and saw, as he had half-expected, that the Captain's face was slightly flushed, his eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles gleaming with avid fascination..."

"Seligman saw Ulick motion quickly to the two sergeants, who had automatically taken a pace forward with Van der Haar when he stepped out of his crumpled shorts. Now they each laid a hand on his arms and led him the three steps to the box below the vaulting horse. Van der Haar moved slowly, head hanging, eyes dropped; he stumbled over the box, mounted it, and more or less fell face down across the long leather top of the horse.

"The two sergeants pulled his arms straight out in front of him while Ulick moved up... Ulick's voice shouting 'One!' brought Major Seligman back with a jerk from his second's escape into reflective irony. He saw Ross take a sharp pace forward, saw the long cane swing flashing in a wide arc under the lights, and heard the sound that was neither a crack nor a thud but something of both as it struck Van der Haar's small taut buttocks.

"Ross took a step back and lifted the cane once more while a long red welt sprang up, showing the site of the first stroke. It would be upon that thickening red line and on either side of it that Ross must lay the next eleven."

THE BRUTAL FLOGGING CONTINUES

And so it goes, for the entire twelve strokes, during which "both sergeants were having to hold the boy down with all their strength. As the cane struck, the whole of Van der Haar's body jerked convulsively, and from his head came a queer half-stifled groan . . . It was now apparent to Seligman that the two Sergeants had the boy's mouth clamped in some way — probably that they had a gag between his jaws. For a dreadful second he pictured the terror of Van der Haar at this moment — held down in that iron grip, his body one blazing agony, his lungs bursting for air . . ."

"Every time the long cane struck, a cold hand seemed to clench itself into a fist in Seligman's stomach. He glanced at Lutwyche and saw that his face was pale, his eyes wide with a fascinated revulsion. What was being done to Van der Haar was, in a measure, being done to him, too . . . The whole area of Van der Haar's buttocks was one blue-red tumescent bruise; a small trickle of blood wriggled down his left thigh, mixed with the sweat under the back of his knee, and slid pale pink down the smooth brown calf . . ."

This is only to sample a book recommended in its entirety without reservation.

— E.F.

More Letters

Continued from page 7

OUR MAN IN RUSSIA

I'm either in the midst of the adventure of my life or the mistake of my life.

Anyway, I'm taking a solo Paris-to-the-Pacific rail journey — without any knowledge of Russian — and while the trek has had its rewards, it's had its share of miseries as well.

From the east coast of Siberia I'll catch a Soviet ship to Japan and then fly home from Tokyo to Minneapolis — via San Francisco.

Many interesting uniforms spied en route — especially all those border guards who came on the train to check the passports of all passengers on the Paris-to-Moscow Express.

For four nights east of Moscow on the Trans-Siberian, I was stuck in 4-berth 2nd class with three Russians: two women and a man. Things improved after Irkutsk. I moved up to 1st class and bunked with an Arkansas lawyer — one of the three Americans I've met east of Moscow.

How's the BEST OF DRUMMER II coming?

Allen Eagles
Minneapolis, MN
(Movie Mayhem)

B.A.S. ANSWERS

- In answer to D.C.'s letter in the 21st issue of Drummer, yes, the B.A.S. is alive and kicking (if you'll pardon the expression), but many changes have been made since your last issue. Not because of any legal problems, etc., for there is no law against fetishism, but there has been such a turnover in our membership and staff

that my head is still spinning. As a result we have held no recent club meeting despite a number of calls from the magazine, as well as members.

I have enjoyed writing the Boot Back column, so more articles, letters, and stories are on the way, but I particularly liked the opportunity to communicate with other boot enthusiasts.

I was, however, somewhat perturbed by D.O.'s remarks, using the word 'funny' three times in one paragraph. It could have been a typographical error, but we do take our boot fetishism seriously, and remarks like these cause an immediate turn-off.

"The Bootstrap," our newsletter for members, has been discontinued, due to the high printing costs, and the problem of getting adequate clerical help. We do plan to continue our private meetings, where you can get down on a guy's boots or shoes, or gaze at the hundreds of slides belonging to the club — whichever is of interest. The meetings are naturally for members only, but guests will be admitted if preceded by a letter of request, and listing your preference in footwear. It is a club where no one laughs at you, or your love for boots, for we are all in it together.

No dues are required, just a self addressed, stamped envelope should be included, and addressed only as follows:

ARNE
P.O. Box 70
La Canada, CA 91011

Thanks, booted comrades

Arne

ROGER, ROGER, ROGER

I bought Issue 21 for one reason only: the *Pumping ROGER* article by Jack Fritscher. Fritscher almost has the right attitude about ROGER — but how dare him summarize the hardening of ROGER's magnificent Cock and the spurting of his glorious Load with one sentence: "ROGER's act climaxes."

Who does Jack Fritscher think he is? He could have written an article ten times as long just about those few awe-inspiring moments. And nowhere does he mention the glory and beauty of ROGER's Asshole or the absolute perfection of his Nuts. Jack Fritscher simply doesn't appreciate ROGER as much as ROGER deserves.

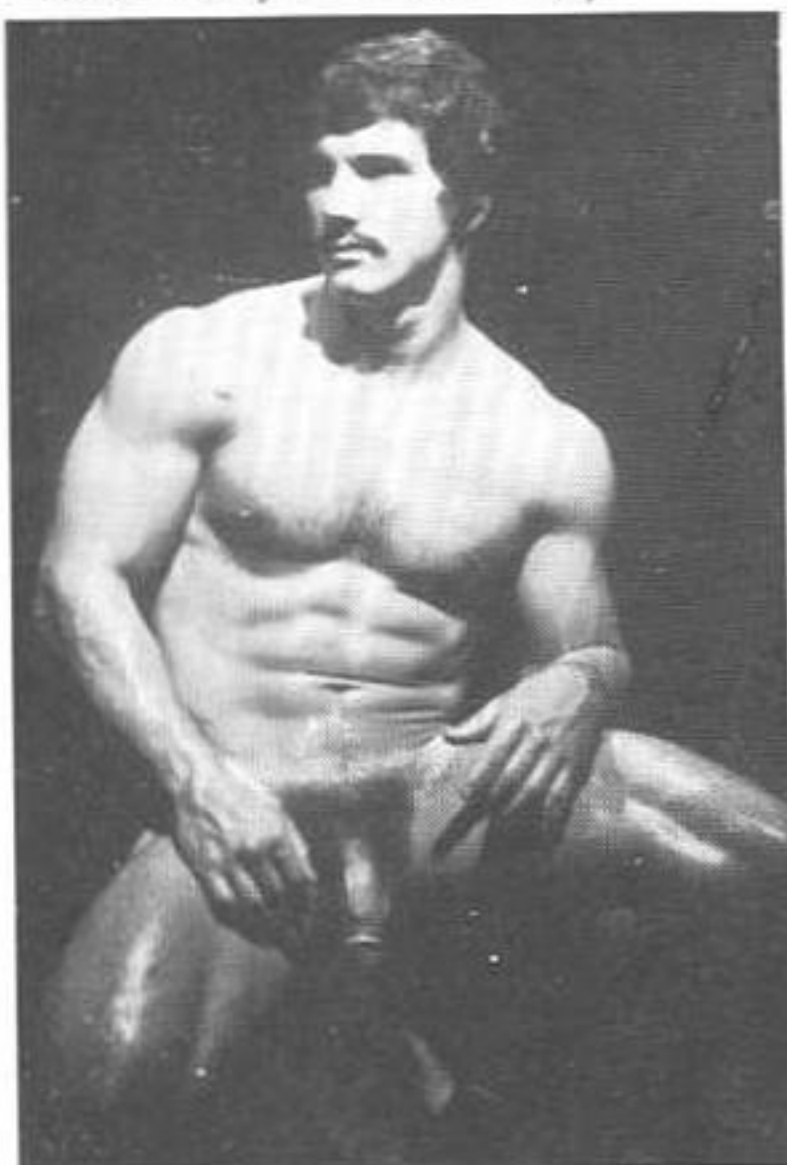
You should devote every page of every issue from now on to photographs and articles on ROGER — articles with titles like ROGER's Armpits, ROGER's Teeth, ROGER's Mouth, ROGER's Hair, ROGER's Eyes, ROGER's Whole Face, ROGER's Neck, ROGER's Chest, ROGER's Arms, ROGER's Hands, ROGER's Shoulders, ROGER's Abdominals, ROGER's Back, ROGER's Buns, ROGER's Thighs, ROGER's Calves, ROGER's Feet, ROGER's Suntan, ROGER's Pubic Hair, ROGER's Right Nut, ROGER's Left Nut, The Head of ROGER's Cock, The Total Perfection and Magnificence of ROGER's Cock, ROGER's Cock Soft, ROGER Takes a Piss, ROGER's Cock Hard, The Taste Temperature Force and Duration of ROGER's Load, etc., etc., etc., etc.,

ROGER is the greatest and deserves to be written about and photographed for

what he really is. Jack Fritscher's appreciation of ROGER just isn't strong enough. Why doesn't somebody start to give ROGER a little of the rapt, devoted attention, appreciation, praise, adoration, respect, homage, admiration, recognition, love, glorification, adulation, and idolization that he so obviously more-than deserves?

J.R.
Santa Monica, CA

(Roger and I are both most grateful for these understated words from J.R., whose face obviously seats five. — Ed.)



LEATHER FRAT LIVES!

I am sorry to hear of your disassociation with the Leather Fraternity for I think your magazine and the Fraternity made a good match. I have all your issues starting with No. 1 and think you are serving the Leather society well (but not too timely or regularly). I will be looking forward to your next 12 issues, however long it takes to get them out!

R.E.M.
Satellite Beach, FL

(Ed: Most of the Fraternity is still with us and more are joining every day. See *Unclassified/Leather Fraternity* section. Thanks.)

GAY WRITERS!

Sold any lately? Pro writer/editor/agent thoroughly critiques your poetry, fiction, articles, scripts! Erotic or straight. Novice writers also welcome. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for very reasonable rates and totally professional advice:

WRITER'S AID
4436 25th Street
San Francisco, CA 94114

Capt. O'Malley

Continued from page 35

O: Ummmmmm. The Captain wants to shoot his big load all over you, Corporal.
P: Give me a little in both holes, Sir.
O: Give you a little in both holes?
P: Yessir.
O: Give you a little what, Corporal, in both holes?
P: The Captain's come, Sir.
O: Both holes?
P: YESSIR!
O: Deep inside both holes.
P: Some in this hole, too, Sir?
O: The Captain will put it both places. The Captain will put that come both places.
P: Yessir, and it'll meet in the middle.
O: Both holes.
P: Yessir. It'll mix inside, Sir.
O: The Captain's so fuckin' hot.
P: Please, Sir.
O: The Captain's gettin' fuckin' hot.
P: Please, Sir.
O: Fuckin' hot.
P: Yessir, god fuckin' sweats drippin' down on the Corporal.
O: So hot! The Captain's gettin' hot, drippin' sweat in your face.
P: OUUUHHH.
O: Drippin' sweat in your face. Stick your tongue out, Corporal.
P: Yessir.
O: Stick your tongue out so you can take the Captain's come that's coming out of his big dick.
P: Ahhhggggghhh! Yessir. Please, Sir.
O: You keep that fuckin' mouth open. You keep that fuckin' mouth open . . .
P: Ahhhh.
O: Captain's gonna shoot a big load all over your fuckin' face . . . all over your fuckin' face. I'm gonna shoot a big load all over your fuckin' face, Corporal. It's gettin' close . . . Big fuckin' load from the Captain's cock . . . I'm gonna shoot all over your fuckin' face.
P: Oh please, Sir. My god! Yessir (WITH FEELING) YESSIR!
O: Your legs are quivering, Corporal.
P: Ahhhggggghhh . . . I want, Sir . . . Please, Sir. Hurry and come, Sir. Please, I'm ready.
O: Awright! Shoot that load. Shoot your fuckin' load.
P: Yessir!
O: C'mon Corporal, shoot your fuckin' load. Shoot your fuckin' load. Captain's close. Captain's close . . . Oh, look at that come coming out!
P: Ahhhrrrrghhh, Yes, ah yessir.
O: Look at that fuckin' come. Ah, Corporal, come's coming out. (VERY EXCESSIVE CRIES OF ORGASM) Ohhhhaaaahhhgggh, there it comes. All over your fuckin' face, it's all over your fuckin' face, Corporal. It's in your fuckin' eyes.
P: I can't see. It's in my eyes.
O: Ow your fuckin' mouth, your fuckin' chest, ahhh!
P: I can't see . . . It's burning my eyes . . .
O: The Captain shot a load. In your hair, Corporal.
P: Yessir.
O: You got come all in your hair.



P: Yessir. Ahhh.
O: The Captain wants to wipe your eyes, Corporal. (POSTORGASMIC MOANS INTERSPERSED WITH DIALOGUE) The Captain wants to hold you, Corporal.
P: Yessir.
O: The Captain wants you to hold him.
P: Yessir. Ahhh. Captain. Ah Captain. Just lay on top on me, Sir.
O: Big fuckin' Corporal to hold his Captain.
P: Oh, yessir.
O: UMMM.
P: Ahh, goddam, you're sweating, Sir. I can feel water all over you.
O: The Captain is drained. The Corporal drained his Captain.
P: Jesus, Sir.
O: Totally drained. You drained all the come out of me.
P: Yessir. Oh, god. Layin' on top of me, Sir. This is really fine. Oh god. I needed that sir. I had a rough day too, Sir.
O: You needed it?
P: Yeah, I needed to be pounded. Yessir.
O: Corporal, you just got pounded. You just got pounded and showered on. You got one of the biggest fuckin' loads of come you've ever had.
P: Jesus.
O: Biggest fuckin' load . . .
P: YESSIR!
O: I want you to lick it out, the rest of it out of the Captain's cock.
P: Yessir.
O: Lick the rest of the come out of the Captain's cock.
P: Yessir.
O: Lick the rest of it out of the Captain's cock. Get down on it and lick it.
P: Yessir. Does the Captain have to piss, SIR?
(CLOSE SHOT: CAPTAIN O'MALLEY'S FACE GRINNING. MEDIUM SHOT: SLOW MOTION. CAPTAIN O'MALLEY'S SEMI-HARD DICK PISSES HEAVY AND GOLDEN DOWN ON CORPORAL POWELL. POWELL DRINKS FAST. GULPING. O'MALLEY RUBS HIS TIGHT HAIRY BELLY. THE PISS SPLASHES IN SLOW MOTION, CATCHING THE LIGHT. BOTH MEN ARE LAUGHING.)

THE END

Cinninnatti

Continued from page 30

The Library tells us the gas isn't new. In 1772, Englishman Joseph Priestly prepares a gas he calls "Dephlogisticated Nitrous Air." He experiments with it, but never inhales. A dude named Humphrey Davy does, however. Davy, a young, self-educated student of medicine in 1800 is a believer in self-experimentation. So he breathes nitrous oxide for several months, carefully noting its effects on himself. It is during this time that Davy is working at Dr. Thomas Beddoes' Pneumatic Institution in Bristol, England. Dr. Beddoes and young Davy hobnob (and probably inhale) with such friends as poets S.T. Coleridge and Robert Southey, inventor James Watt, Joseph Priestly's son, and a smattering of other artists, scientists and writers. Soon, Beddoes' Pneumatic Institution is quite celebrated for its use of nitrous oxide on patients as well as on the other non-sick who flock to its doors.

Gluck and I read on.

For sixty years the gas goes into hiding, used only by students of medicine in the United States and England. The 1840's see it resurface as "itinerant chemists," some sincere, some quacks, tour the country lecturing on nitrous and illustrating its effects on audience volunteers. Horace Wells, a young dentist, sees a demonstration and chooses to try nitrous oxide during the pulling of a wisdom tooth. Sure enough, tooth out and no pain. By 1845 the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal can report: "The nitrous oxyd gas has been used in quite a number of cases by dentists, during the extraction of teeth, and has been found by its excitement, perfectly to destroy pain; the patients appear very merry during the operation, and no unpleasant effects follow."

Soon the gas becomes recognized as a pain killer and is used as it is today as a common anesthetic in surgery.

Scientific encyclopedias label the gas harmless if taken with oxygen. Gluck shudders when he hears of people how have strapped gas masks to their faces inhaling only nitrous oxide with no oxygen. Of course, many of them died. Gluck vows never to inhale nitrous without the ability to suck in oxygen too. The gas produces anesthesia, a loss of sensation or feeling in part or all of the body. This occurs with the interruption of sensory impulses or any portion of a nerve or the nerve pathways in the spinal cord, brain, or brain centers. Nitrous oxide causes this interruption. One encyclopedia of scientific fact declares that if nitrous oxide were "more potent it would be the perfect general anesthetic since it is non-irritating and has no side effects." Gluck is relieved.

But I'm still wary enough to check more sources. Surely anything this lacking in danger, so potently high, so easy to get, so very nice, has to become illegal, eventually. Gluck is part of a burgeoning nitrous clientele. The drug has not yet reached enough of the populace for folks to fear anything so pleasant and in true form consequently ban it. Gluck is on

the ground floor of a new-to-Cincinnati drug and couldn't feel higher.

"Good morning, the Food and Drug Administration, may I help you?"

"This is . . . ah . . . I was wondering if I could speak to someone about nitrous oxide."

"About what?"

"Nitrous oxide . . . speak to someone about it. It's a gas."

"Nortous excite . . . Hhmmm . . . Hold on a second, I'll connect you with someone."

Gluck is listening on my extension phone. He's convinced he'll hear the faint sound of a beep as they tap the phone line. He imagines the secretary alerting the bureau that she has "one of them." They would then activate the tape recorder and the automatic tracing device. Minutes later, cop cars would descend upon my apartment. And then, that knock at the door —

"This is Robert Keating, may I help you."

"Yes, I'm writing an article on nitrous oxide." (There you go, John, establish that Bernstein-Woodward credibility. You're on his side.) "And I need to know whether the Food and Drug Administration considers nitrous oxide an illegal or harmful drug."

Obviously Mr. Keating has been asked the question before. His answer is well rehearsed: no, it is not illegal; yes, like many other substances, nitrous oxide has abuse potential. Any propellant material can be dangerous when not used for the expulsion of materials it was intended for. Mr. Keating describes the process to get a gas a drug classification. It is a long one involving public hearings, the Drug Enforcement Agency, appeals by the company that produces the product and so on. I thank him for his help and the contact the Drug Enforcement Agency. They have little to say about N₂O. It has no drug classification.

We're surprised that anything so nice is not illegal. Why hasn't nitrous gone the route of alcohol during prohibition, or marijuana in the 60's or snow in the 70's? Was it just a question of time before a special license was needed to buy whipped cream chargers? Would a paranoid society do this to itself? Or would exposure to the pleasures of gasing oneself in the Queen-City convince enough people that they had found a new and exciting social drug, totally different from the marijuana, alcohol, coke, acid, upper, or downer experience? TNT, a friend of Gluck's said it best: it's as intense as an orgasm.

I had met Mark, the manager of Wildberry sometime before. So when Gluck and I walk into his Vine Street head shop, he smiles and says hello knowingly, but with enough hesitancy to indicate he's forgotten my name. "John Trojanski, Mark, and this is my friend Gluck, ah, Fred Gluck. I'm writing an article on nitrous oxide."

Hardly do I say those magic words when Mark turns pale white and blurts out: "I have no comment. Don't even put my name in it. I have nothing to say about it."

"Now, Mark, that's not too cool. In fact, that sounds pretty bad. Why don't

you just say: "We sell whipping cream chargers that contain nitrous oxide. They're sold exclusively for the production of whipped cream in whipping containers, which, I might add, we also sell for \$20? See, Mark, I would have given you free advertisement."

"I've been hassled before about this. I don't want any more hassles. You know, court case, lawyers, all that. It costs money and time. And I don't want the hassles."

I prod him hoping that he'll divulge more about his negative experiences with selling the gas. But he's hesitant to talk. He's nervous. Obviously we've touched a tender spot at the ole whipping post. So we leave.

Gluck calls around to see if Wildberry stands alone as the sole over-the-counter distributor of the gas. We think houseware departments in the area's major department stores would be the ideal place to push such a product. After all, we reason, if the public can be sucked into a peanut butter maker, why not a whipped cream maker, especially one with such delightful added features. But we're wrong. Shilito's, Pogue's, Mabley's and McAlpin's say no. Similar no's come from the city's headshops we contact with the exception of the Cupboard which boasts of whipping canisters at \$20, \$25, and \$40, and a new spot, Hot Stuff, near the University. Wildberry, you're not alone: you're not the only dispenser of the goods.

Gluck calls doctors and as we suspect, the opinions of the professionals vary from "It's very dangerous to be playing with an anesthetic" to "Yeah, med students have been getting off on that stuff for years." Tell me your professional opinion and I'll tell you mine. Doctors are no help.

Writing "The Whipped Creaming of Cincinnati" drags on through the Christmas holidays. Gluck and I talk about the article. I discover he hasn't imbibed in two weeks. Says he can't afford the chargers what with all the Christmas shopping.

"J.T., it's an expensive high. I went through five boxes of chargers in a week. Friends come over, and well, they go fast."

"You miss the gas, now that you've abstained for two weeks?"

There's a pause. "Yes and no. It's a great high and so I miss it. Did I go cold turkey? No way. There's no physical addiction."

"How about the quantity of gas you've been taking in? Do you have to take more and more?"

"Well, the more you take in one sitting the more you need to get off. Maybe about 25 to 35% more. But the next day you don't need that extra amount to get you off."

"In other words, you're back at point zero."

"Yeah, J.T., the last time I did the stuff, I filled a balloon with four chargers."

"That's a lot. Why the balloon?"

"Makes sense: everyone can have his own balloon. It doesn't waste as much. You can inhale more than one charger at a time. Four at a time is a real high. I

wanna get up to 10. But that's 10 chargers, a \$2 high, an expensive three or four minutes."

"Fred, you sound like you're not as enthused about nitrous as you were before."

"No, no, J.T. Really I am. If someone doesn't come down on the sale of the chargers, nitrous oxide will be the hottest drug to hit this conservative gulley since aspirin."

"Didja have any luck getting it in larger quantities, in tanks like dentists use?"

"It's just about impossible. Sure, for a price, you can get anything. But that's too difficult for popular consumption. It's gotta be easy and respectable. Buying a whipped cream canister and chargers is just that, easy and respectable, and, with moderation, not too expensive."

"The article's just about done. I want you to read it. I'll take it to Katz at Rivertown Times. He's a sucker for this kind of stuff. My only hassle's I don't know how to end it."

"J.T., I can think of the perfect way to end an article on nitrous oxide."

"Fred, I just thought of that same idea. Talk to you soon." ▲

GOLDEN DRUMSTICKS AWARDS

SLEEP TIGHT: General Telephone Co. of Wisconsin, located in San Prairie, distributes portable door locks to employees sent on overnight business trips. The locks, fastened to the inside of doorjams, preclude outside entry while a hotel room is occupied.

So how do the horny bellboys get in when you need them?

●
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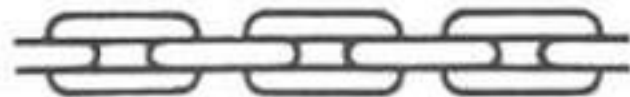
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●
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Continued from page 72

TIGHT, TORN, FADED

Why not run an article on Levi fetishes? From the number of ads in the Classified section of the Advocate there are many looking for others with Levi fetishes.

Just as an example, some run: "Tight, torn faded Levis," "Diggin old patched worn levis," "Levis guy wanted," "J.O. in tight faded 501 levis" and many others. There are a number of ads mentioning levis when asking for other specific interests.

Most fellows I see in Leather Bars are dressed in levis and they generally outnumber those dressed in leather by 10 to 1.

Levis have a great sex appeal and this accounts in large measure to their great popularity. They are especially sexy when the person wearing them is slender and shows muscular development. Boots and leather jacket really set the levis off.

For many years I have had a great love for faded levis and was easily aroused when seeing others in them. I had felt I was the only one so aroused and had a guilty feeling of having this fetish. It was not until I left college (many years ago) I was playfully wrestling with a fellow in worn Levis and found we both enjoyed body contact with them on. Some years later, when personal ads appeared, I discovered many ads expressed an interest in levis.

Just recently, I was able to obtain Drummer Vol. 1, No. 2 having a cover showing rear views of two fellows in old levis straddling a prone figure. I found this picture most arousing. Please show more such pictures, especially fellows in faded levis in wrestling positions. I would be interested in learning how the cover picture was taken and the circumstances under which it was taken.

Please do run an article on levis fetishes. There are many aspects to these fetishes.

Stan
Mission Viejo, CA

DEAR SIR

I am a very obedient and well mannered slave who would do anything for his Master and his Master's friends. I never complain, even when my Master beats me for whatever reason he sees fit, and I am very careful never to do anything that would displease him.

I have a very well defined body, and keep it in good shape for my Master, so that when I strip for him and do chores or do his bidding, I am a pleasing vision for his eyes.

I never get an erection unless I am told to do so; and I never abuse myself when my Master is away.

I would like to have my foreskin pierced, but since I never ask my Master for requests, I am hoping he will hear this letter (he is a member of the Leather Fraternity and has me read every issue of Drummer to him from cover to cover) and know that that would make me even happier than I already am as his loyal slave.

Thank you most kindly for letting me send this letter to you.

A Loyal Reader
DRUMMER 75

The solution to the Briggs Amendment might well be in the new issue of



Alternate

The NEWSMAGAZINE of GAY AMERICA



THE BRIGGS AMENDMENT facing California voters this fall, if successful, will be pushed all across the nation. For reasons of their own, reactionary sources are pumping millions into this anti-gay cause. Advocate is quoted as saying that the amendment (no. 6 on the ballot) has every chance of being passed. We agree. They also feel that it cannot be beaten. We disagree.

The California electorate is famous for its voting for anything. It outlawed pay TV (unconstitutional), elected Reagan and Hayakawa and defeated farm-workers' rights. There are parts of the state that would probably recall the Bill of Rights, were it put

on the ballot.

Dade county, Topeka, St. Paul and Eugene have shown us that the country is swinging like a pendulum to the right. These elections also proved that other minorities will not support the rights of other minorities, especially gays. We have also been shown how well organized and financed the right-wing Bible-benders are.

How then do we beat the opportunist Briggs and stop this cancer? We feel the answer is in the new ALTERNATE. Pick up a copy and read "BILLION DOLLAR BABY." It's in the Gay Newsmagazine for grownups.

Alternate / An idea whose TIME has come.



WHY WON'T THE ADVOCATE RUN THIS AD?

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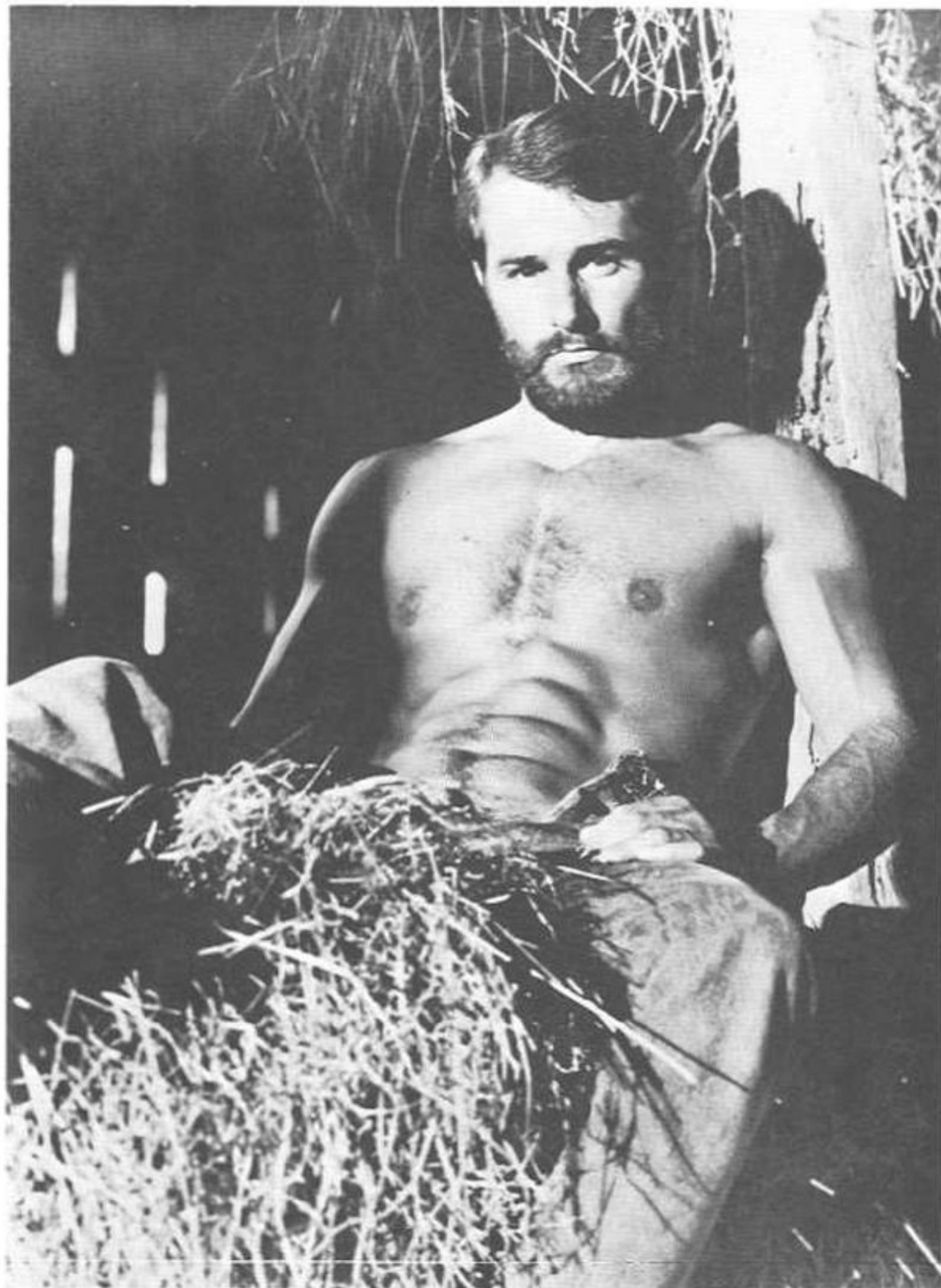
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outdoor ranch-life have molded a beautifully symmetrical body and a head as clear as a bright sun in a blue sky. He doesn't know

the meaning of the word "up-tight" and if, as they say, one picture is worth a thousand words, this magazine will easily fill up your shelves! (5 1/2" x 8 1/2"; 36 pages, 10 in full color; deluxe stock.)

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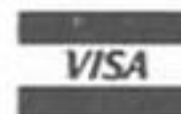
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SOME BABES IN THE WOODS

DRUMMER REVIEWS THE MAGS

They share housing in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of San Francisco. They are two of the biggest men in international track and field. Al Feuerbach at 6'1" and 242 pounds is the blond American shotput champ. Mac Wilkins at 6'4" and 253 is the dark American 1976 Olympic gold medalist in the discus.

SEMI-TOUGH

Like the hands-off straight trio in the Burk-Kris-and-Jill movie *Semi-Tough*, Big Mac Wilkins lives under the same roof as Feuerbach and wife. Mrs. Feuerbach is a Swedish stewardess who officially lives in Stockholm, but who spends plenty of time with Mr. Feuerbach when she is not flying charters.

The mountain hideaway is Thoreauvian in its spartan jock basics: a weight-training room, a shotput area, and a concrete discus circle. It also has two bedrooms located at opposite ends of the house. "We like to point that out," *SI* quotes the single, and sometimes heavily bearded, Big Mac.

DEDICATED ATHLETES

Feuerbach and Wilkins seek little other than self-improvement. *SI* quotes: "The goal," says Feuerbach, "is to gain as many feet and inches as I can possibly squeeze out of my body. The main concern is how well I can do, not how I com-

pare to the rest of the world." Says Wilkins, "My motivation is to throw the discus as far as I can, to come as close to my ultimate potential as possible . . . When I've got my throwing together, I'm competing against myself, because no one can beat me."

THE TIME/LIFE OF YOUR LIFE

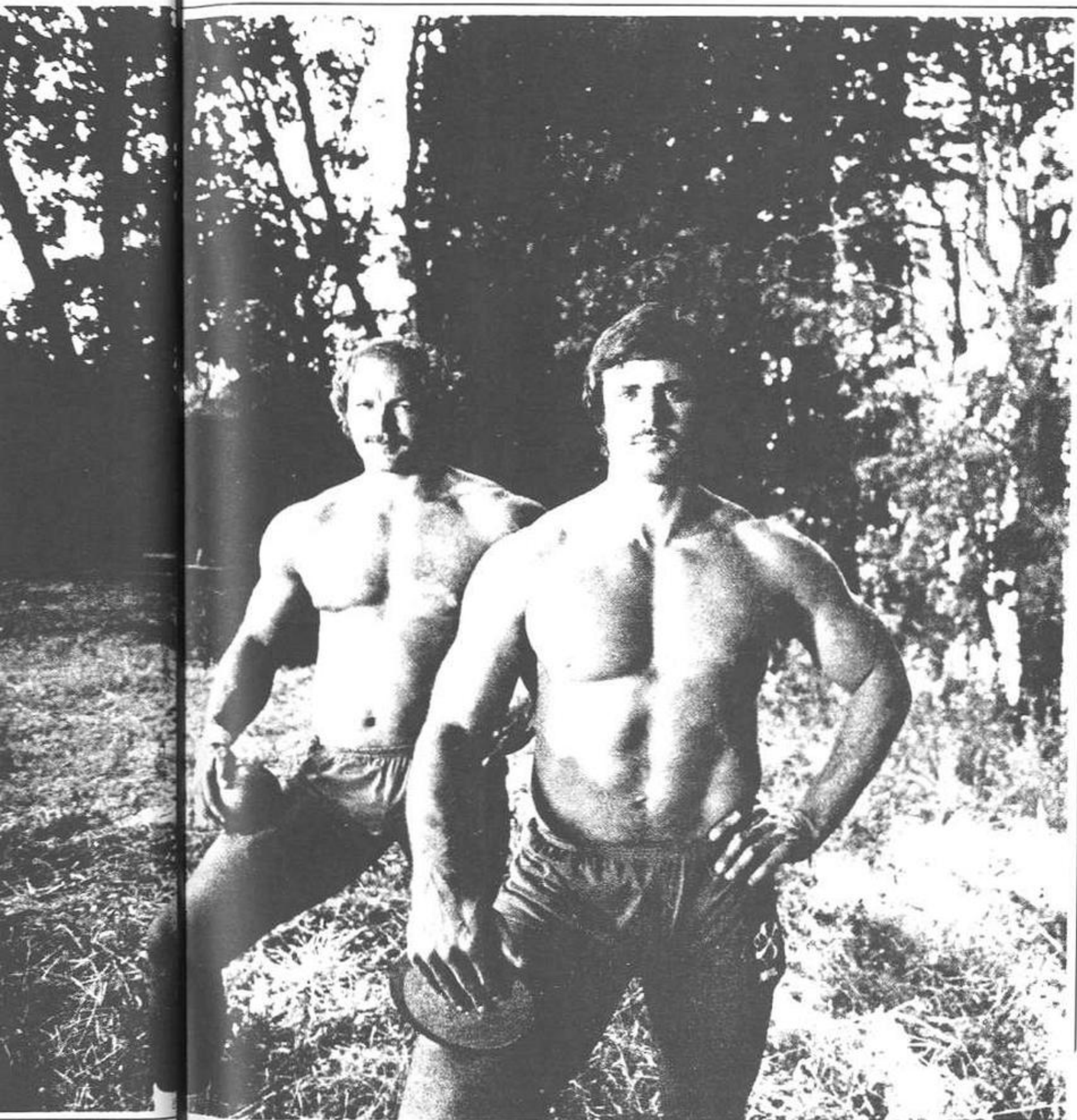
DRUMMER always reviews media: movies, books, and sometime magazines like *Easy Riders'* special issue *In the Wind*, or *The San Quentin News*. We search out things our readers don't want to miss. This time out, DRUMMER rolls its sticks in 4/4 time to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its July 3, 1978 issue, with its "Some Babes in the Woods" article excellently written by Joe Marshall and incredibly photographed in color by Rich Clarkson.

This feature is reviewed at a full-tilt boogie 10 on a Scale of 10!

To our macho readership, DRUMMER can only recommend that our progressive reviews of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED show that that Time/Life mag grows no-kidding better every issue. As gays show increasing interest in straight sports (and sex-preference be damned!), and after our own jock issue (DRUMMER 20), we highly recommend to the reader newly interested in sports that he pick up on, and even subscribe to, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

SI isn't any longer the Vatican Version of *mens sana in corpore sano* once sanctified by, forgodsake remember, Bonnie Prudden and Clare Loose Booth. *SI* now has attitude that athletic men can, without flinching, relate to. — Jack Fritscher





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Robert Payne

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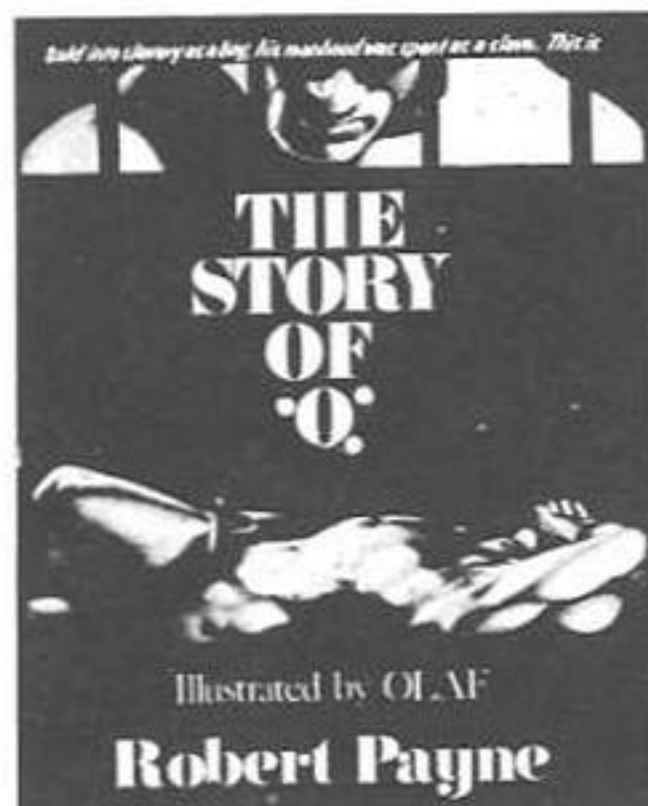


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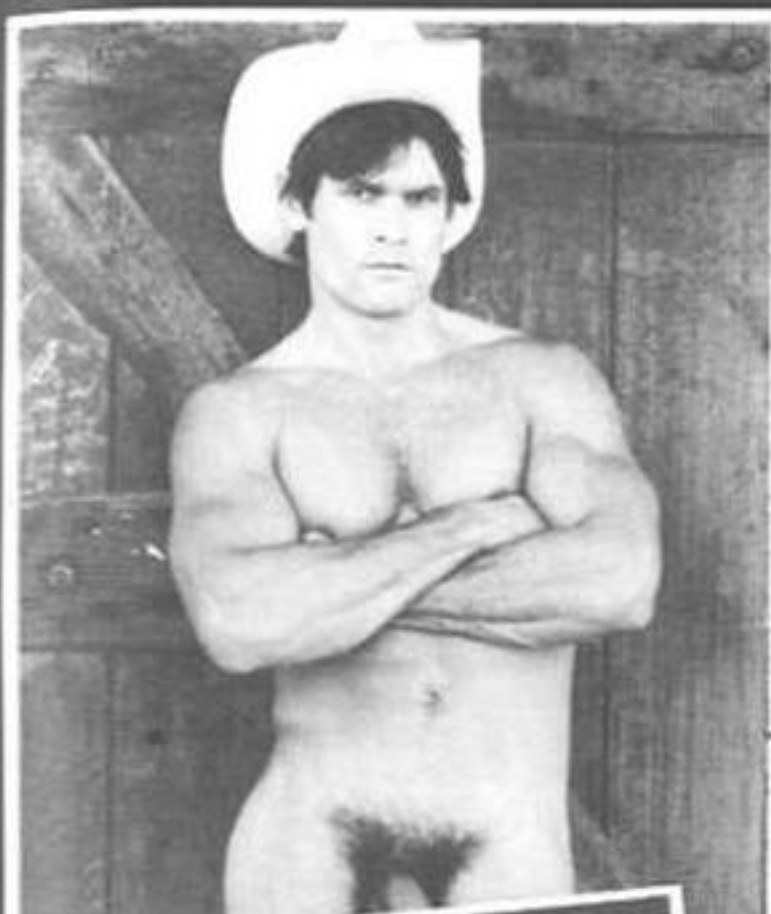
This new version of "THE
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BY G.B. MISA

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RECORD REVIEWS

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, Bee Gees, et al. RSO Records, RS 2-4001, 2 records.

As we all probably know by now, *Saturday Night Fever* is a hit, both the movie and its soundtrack. It has been the number one selling album for weeks and the film has been favorably reviewed by no less a figure than the prestigious New Yorker magazine's maven of film critique, Pauline Kael.

In her review of the film, Ms. Kael refers to the "percolating music of the Bee Gees," an apt descriptive phrase for a film score that includes their hits "Stayin' Alive" and "How Deep Is Your Love." The Bee Gees also provide an encore of their hit "Jive Talking" for the soundtrack. The Bee Gees have consistently provided rhythmic sounds and it comes as no surprise that the first film about the cult of disco dancing features their music.

Other artists whose performances are recorded for this soundtrack include Yvonne Elliman, Walter Murphy, Ralph Mac Donald, whose "Calypso Breakdown" is a highlight, Tavares, MFSB, Kook & The Gang, K.C. & The Sunshine

Band (good-ole-boys with a suburban-tract-house-garage band from Hialeah, Florida who hit the big time a couple of years ago with "Shake Your Booty"; Hialeah being to Miami what Anaheim is to L.A.), and David Shire, who contributes a Gershwin-esque "Manhattan Skyline" to the film's score.

KOSMOS, Tomita, TCA Records, ARL 1-2616, single disc.

If you find disco dance music too up-tempo for sex and are looking for something a little more exotic, try the classical electronic music section of your favorite record store for a recording called *Kosmos* by Tomita.

Isao Tomita, a Japanese purveyor of electronic synthesizer semi-rock versions of "standards" of the classical repertory (his previous recordings include adaptations of Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* and Holst's *The Planets*), has recorded *Kosmos*, in which he artfully packages the music of Bach, Greig, Ives, Strauss, Wagner and Rodrigo among others with his own version of the "Theme from Star Wars," thereby implying that the music of these composers is somehow "spacey" as well as cosmic.

Probably the most ambitious merger on the record is Tomita's use of the in-

troduction to Richard Strauss' tone poem, *So Sprach Zarathustra* (familiar to sci-fi movie buffs as the theme from *2001*) and music composed nearly a century earlier by Richard Wagner for his grand opera *Die Walkure* to depict the ride through the air of the flying horse-borne daughters of the gods Wotan and Erda, collectively known as the Valkyries (the musical interlude is called *The Ride of the Valkyries*), demi-goddesses and warrior maidens whose chief function is to carry the slain heroes of Teutonic legend to their reward at the great hall of the Norse gods, Valhalla. Adding his own variations to this juxtaposition of "space" music, Tomita calls this selection *Space Fantasy* and the record cover credits list the composers as Strauss/Wagner/Tomita.

Metaphorically moving southward on the Continent, Tomita adapts the music of contemporary Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo, the *Concierto de Aranjuez*. Listed simply as Aranjuez on the record, Tomita has taken pieces of the composition, with its authentic Spanish folk flavor and added the burnished sheen of the synthesizer to great effect.

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DRUMMER 83

Tough Shit!

HEAD FOUND IN CONVENT

QUITO: The kidnapers of an industrialist, frustrated in their attempt to get \$600,000 in ransom, left the man's head in a convent yesterday, police said.

Antonio Briz Lopez, 35, had been dead between four and eight days, police said after a preliminary examination.

Briz was kidnaped November 29, and in messages to the archbishop of Quito and a nun, the kidnapers demanded \$600,000 for his release.

Sister Francisca Lopez, the nun, was entrusted with carrying the ransom to Cuenca, a town 190 miles south of Quito, where she was to leave it in the house of a Father Pedro Soto, police said.

Sister Francisca, however, failed to find the house and returned to Quito with the ransom.

— United Press

SHOCKING SECRETS

Do you want muscles that bulge and ripple? In a *Coast Dispatch* article, Melanie Kaestner reveals the training secret confided to her by Jim Yasnchok, Teenage Mr. America: First, his coach ties the youngster's arms and legs to the heavy weights that he trains with. Then, when Yasnchok "reaches the point where he thinks he can't go on (lifting), the trainer sticks him with a (20,000-volt) electric cattle prod, sending shocks through his body that . . . make one hundred additional lifts seem like nothing in comparison."

Just before each contest, Teenage Mr. America also "takes anabolic steroids under a doctor's supervision" and meditates so as to visualize "pre-pictures" of how he'll perform during the contest. "When I won (my title)," Yasnchok says, "all the crying and yelling and trying to kick the trainer was worth it."

Now Yasnchok's goal of goals is to become Mr. America within the next five years — a piece of news that should make the local electric power companies happy.

Saturday Review



ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

SAN DIEGO: The Marine Corps has court-martialed, convicted and sentenced to two years at hard labor a decorated Vietnam veteran for sexually abusing recruits while serving as a drill instructor at a San Diego Marine training camp. The 22-year-old Marine sergeant pleaded guilty to forcing recruits to engage in mass sexual acts while showering, to simulate intercourse in their beds and to perform other sexual maneuvers that the Corps found inconsistent with either military discipline or regular combat training.



SPITTER WHO COULDN'T STOP

BELFORT, FRANCE: Claude Antoine, 38, an out-of-work taxi driver, suffered fractures of his skull, both legs and wrists in a spitting contest Sunday.

Trying to prove his boast that "I can spit you all into the ground," Antoine performed his expectoration from the second-floor balcony of a friend's house by taking a running start from a bedroom inside.

He was unable to stop at the balcony and fell to the street.

— United Press

STRAIGHT SADISTS — NO SEX WITHOUT PAIN

by Aaron L. Rutledge

My husband and I have been married only a short while, and we have a problem. It seems he cannot become sexually aroused unless he inflicts pain on me. He likes to squeeze my neck very hard, "until you pass out." I've begun to pretend I've passed out because I'm so afraid he will go too far. I wouldn't mind so much if it was just a kinky fantasy and I could get by pretending once in a while. But he needs it every time, and wants to hurt. I try to get him interested in other ways, but before I know it he is at it again.

He won't even try to explain why he does this — maybe he doesn't know. Could you explain it? I'm worried, frustrated and really afraid.

— R.D.

About twice a week my wife awakens me by screaming. She says she wakes up feeling choked, can't breathe and fights to get away or break my grip so she can scream. At first I accused her of having bad dreams and blaming me. But after last night my fingerprints are in black and blue around her neck. I'm a strong man, doctor, and am terrified that I may kill her. Incidentally she says I am trying to have sex at the same time.

— S.R.

Both of these couples have every reason to be concerned. Although much sadistic fantasy exists in people's sex lives, usually it is only expressed in play-acting while avoiding pain or injury. Still it must be said that the individual who derives intense pleasure from fantasied or real violence — particularly when totally dependent upon it for sexual response — well may be dangerous because of massive repressed anger.

This individual often is denying deep-seated feelings of weakness and inferiority. Forcing the partner to submit to indignity and pain makes him feel powerful and potent, when he fears impotence.

In such cases it is doubtful that the marriage relationship as a whole is very good. How could it be when most sadistic men deeply dislike women? He may have homosexual interests, but not necessarily.

These men need psychotherapy very much. If the wives do not know how to get them to consult a psychologist or a psychiatrist, the women should seek guidance themselves. If women do not follow through on this, then it may be that they are the ones the men were really seeking — masochistic partners who will take whatever they dish out.





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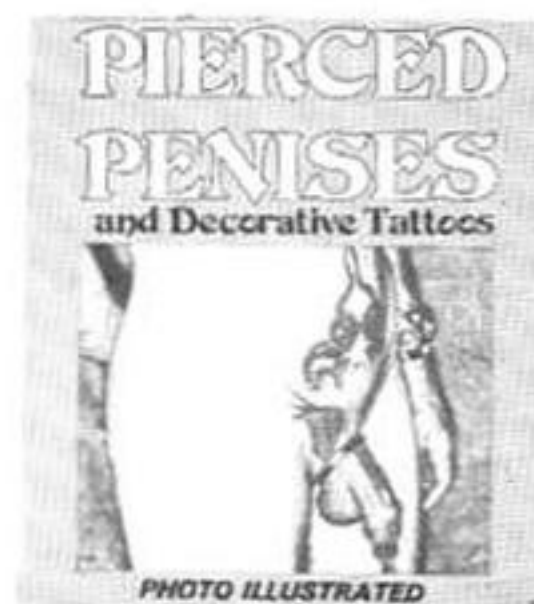
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By Harry Chess

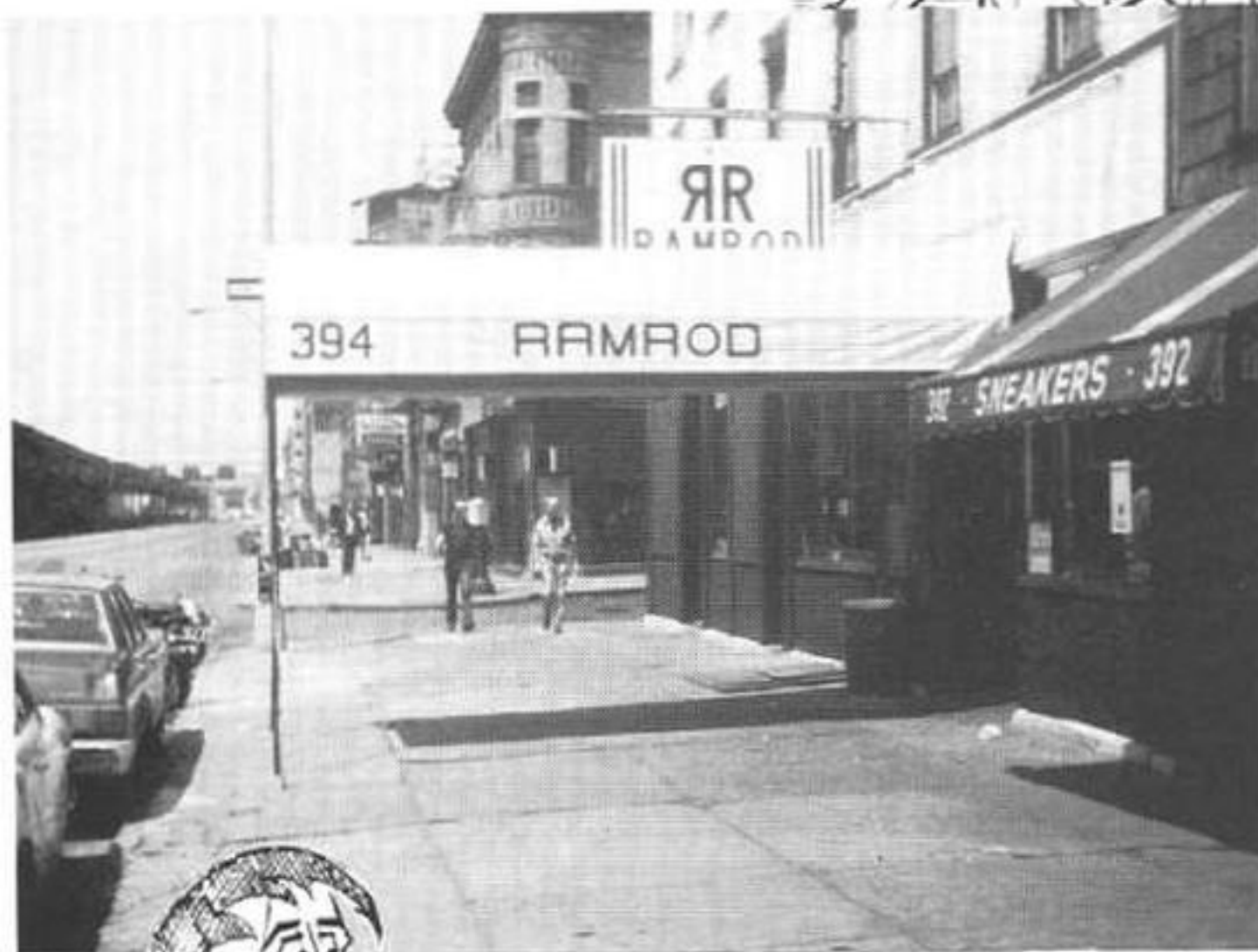
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Movie buffs, *The Adonis* at 8th Ave. 56th St. is still the best with *Big Top Theatre*, 1604 Broadway and the *Metropolitan Theatre*, 235 East 14th Street coming in a funky second.

Closet culture: even the horniest stud must rest his meat and potatoes for a couple of hours, so I suggest dragging your sore ass over to *The Time Square Ticket Center*, Times Sq. (actually Duffy Sq.) at 48th St. You can't miss it... just look for long lines of eager theatre goers. And just what the fuck is the Time Square Ticket Center?

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Naturally, the shows up for grabs are not the super smash hits, but the ones that have been around for a while, or just breaking in. Ballet, opera, off-B'way tickets are often available also. "On the 20th Century," "Hello Dolly," "The Act" with Liza were just a sampling of what was offered late June. It's a good way to catch a couple of shows at budget prices.

Attention all uniform freaks: *Weiss and Mahoney* on Fifth Ave. at 19th Street and *Kauffman's* with two stores at 42nd Street near 8th Avenue and B'way near Houston are two must-visits! Also check out Canal Street. Lotta funky there too.

Nothing beats the Big Apple's summer heat rash... unless it's that damp, smelly jock you've worn and cultivated all week. And what could be a better souvenir to show the guys back on the raunch. After all... it's loaded with a hundred wonderfully disgusting scenes.

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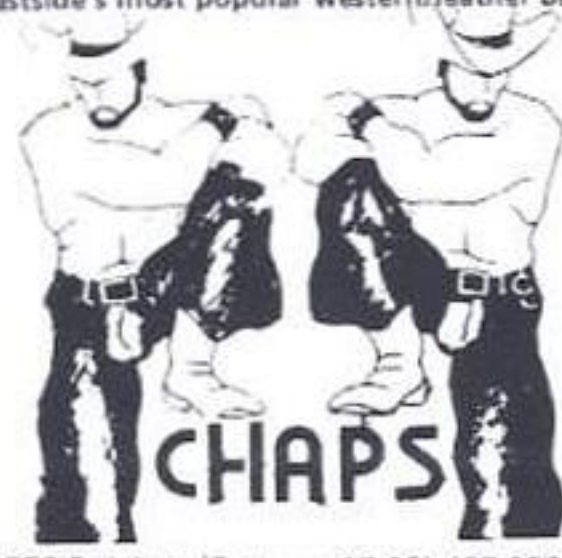
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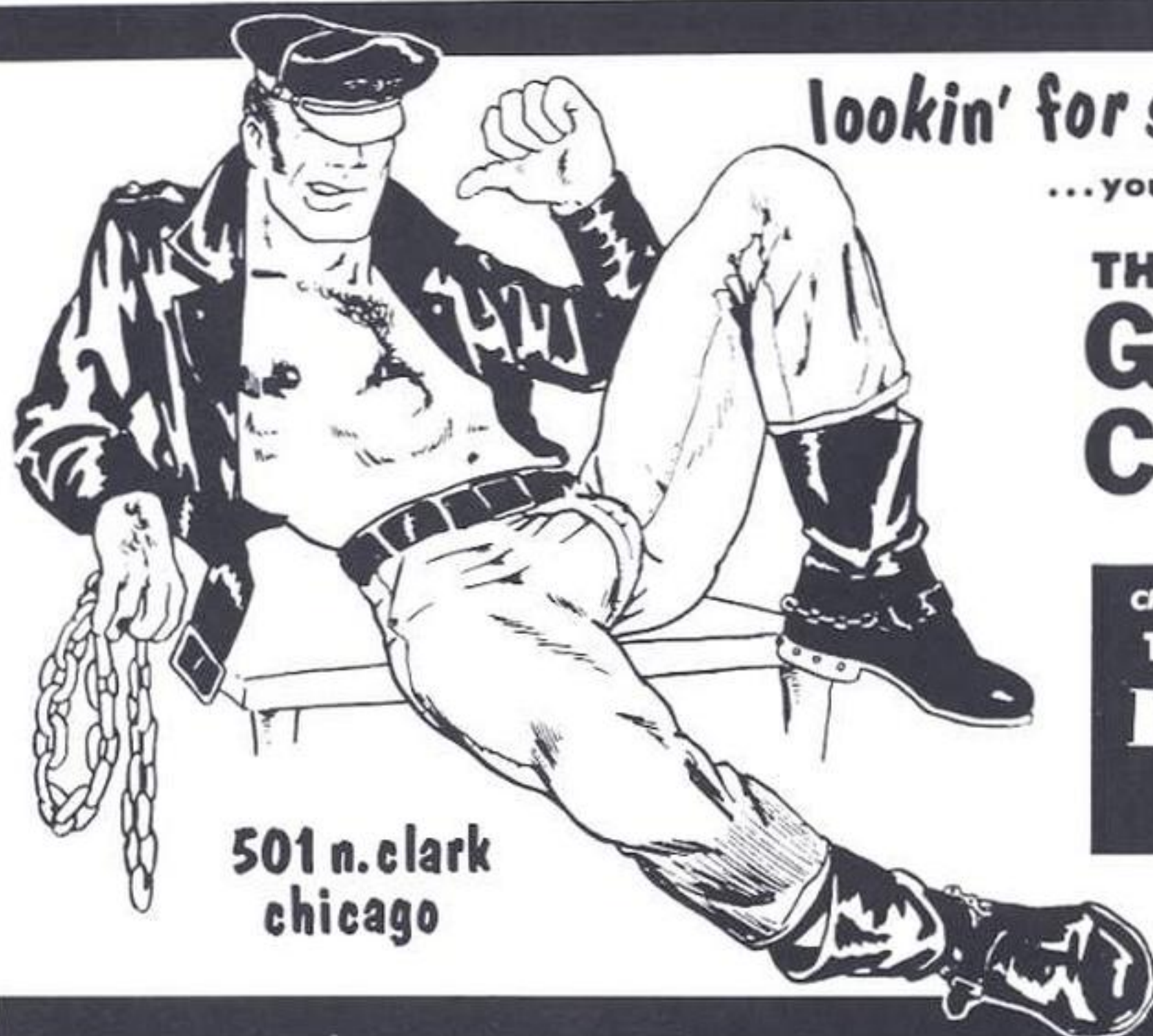
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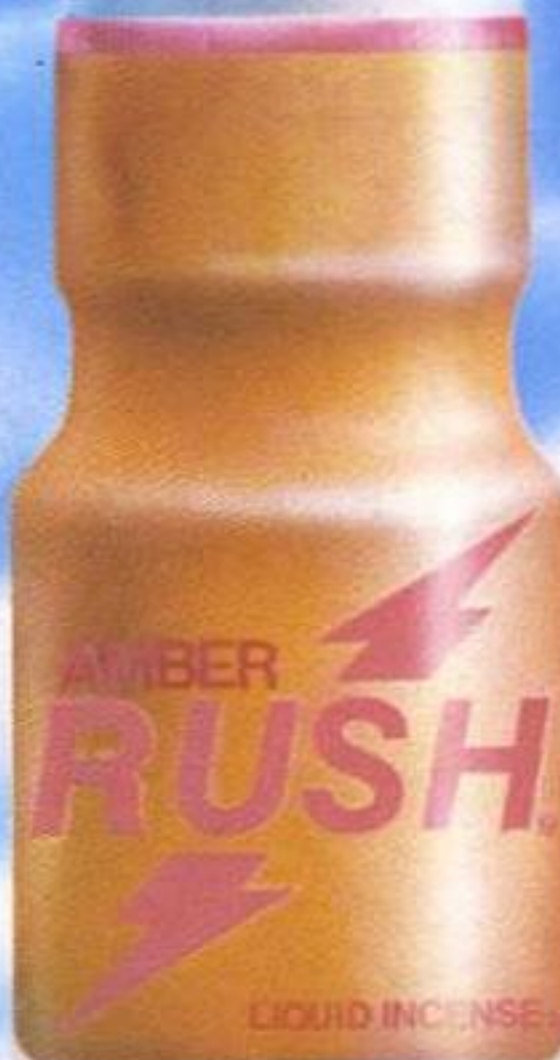
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